★Nov. 30, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

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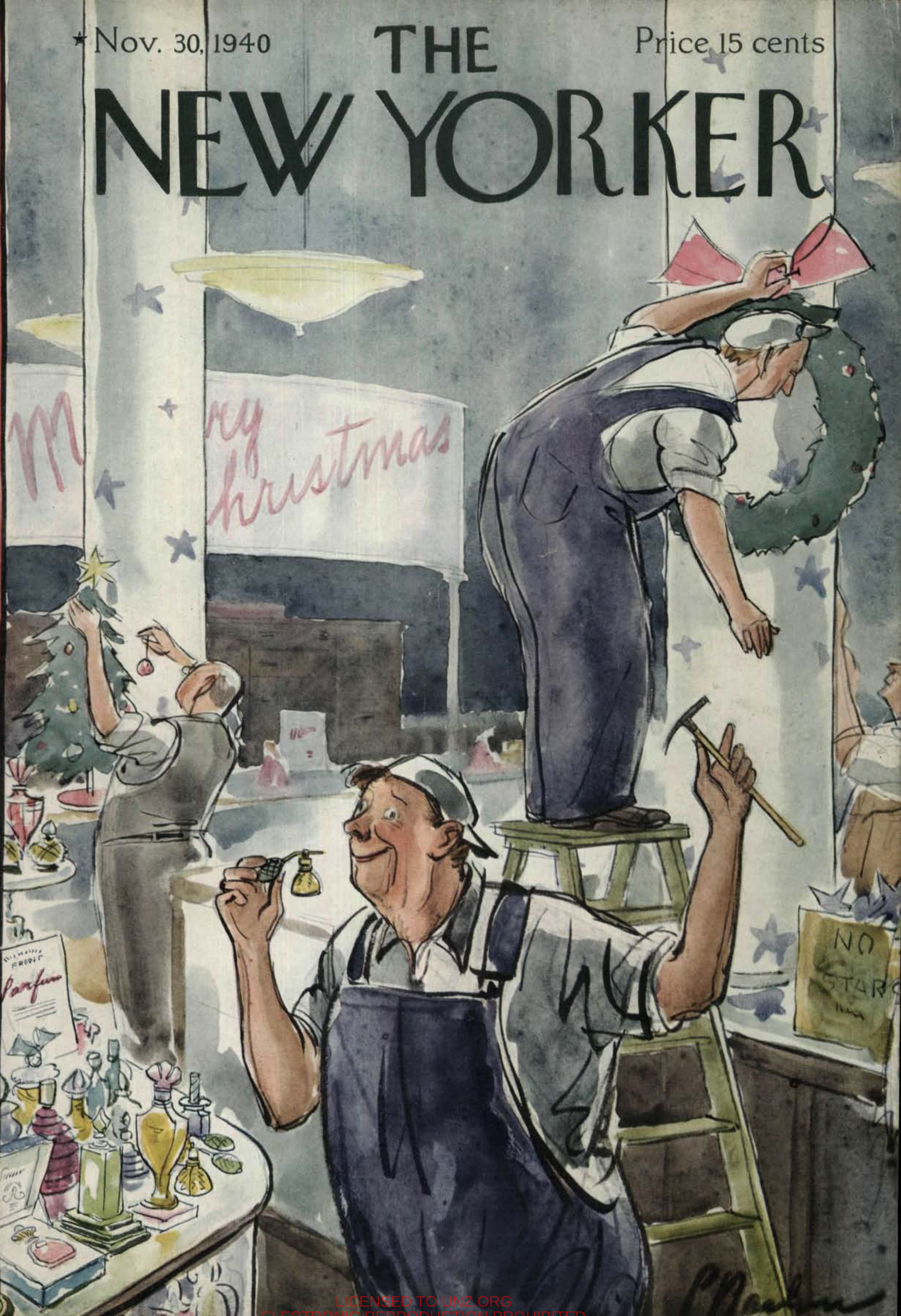
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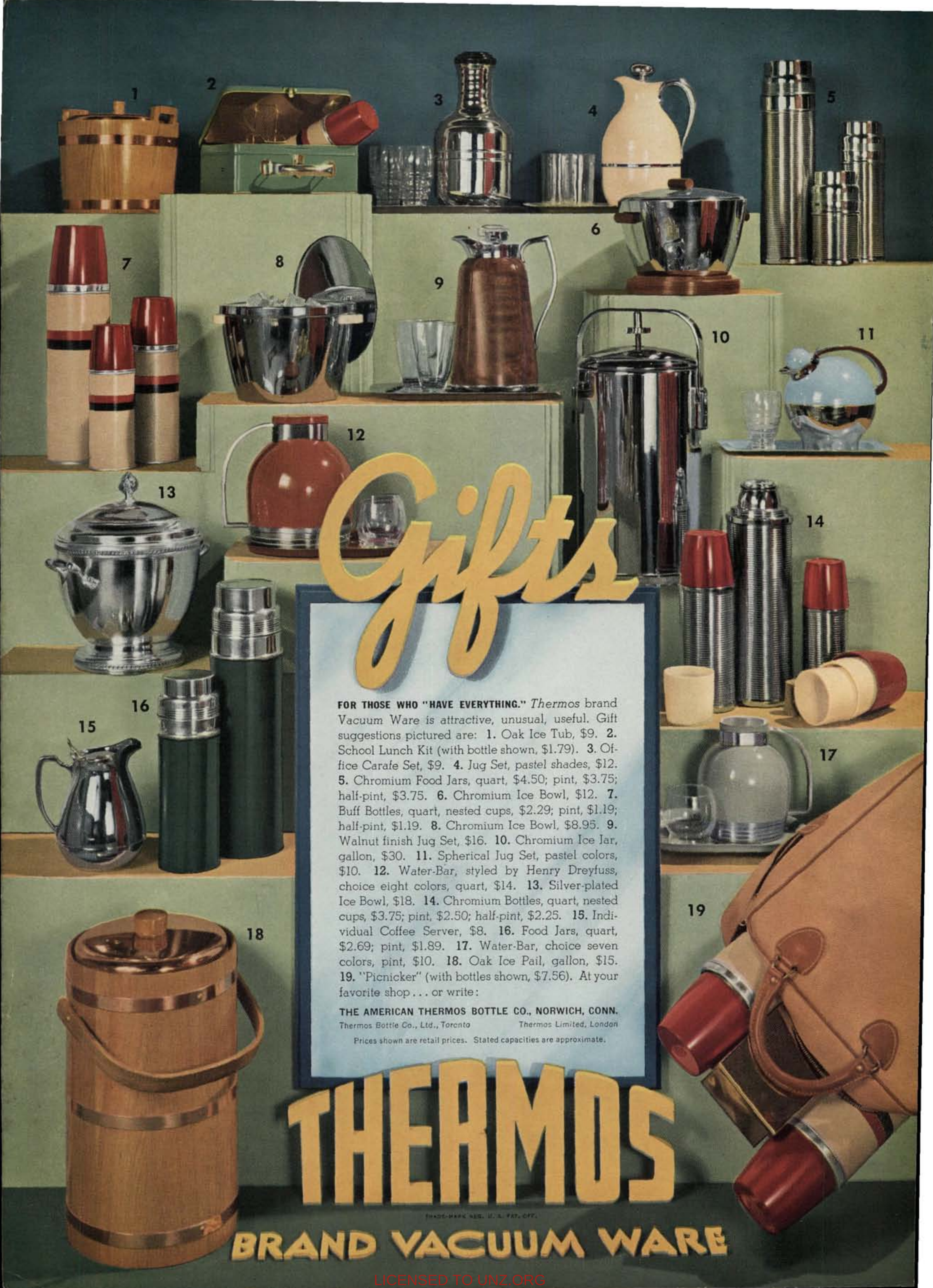

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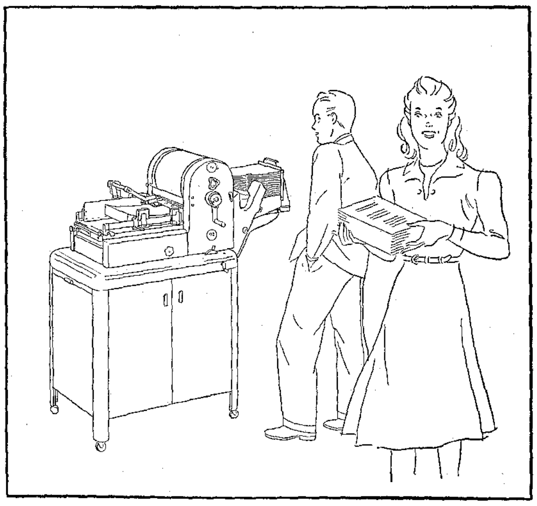

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Most of the managers are undecided about whether or not to continue the experiment of substituting Sunday-night performances for those of Monday or Tuesday. You'd better phone the box office before making definite plans for any of those evenings. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blind Alley—Roy Hargrave tough and fine as the gangster who is driven to suicide by psychoanalysis in a melodrama last seen here in 1935. Not very plausible, but fairly good fun. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Every night, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 28.)

Charley's Aunt—Remarkable direction and a superior performance by José Ferrer make this old relic something you're almost certain to enjoy. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Every night, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

George Washington Slept Here—Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart discuss life in the country in a way to make your blood run cold. The excellent cast includes Ernest Truex, Jean Dixon, Percy Kilbride, and Dudley Digges. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Every night, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Kind Lady—A gentle old lady is kept prisoner in her house by a lot of thugs who pretend she's crazy. Grace George is still splendid in this revival of one of the best melodramas in years. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:45. Mat. 2:45, Sat. Closes Sat., Nov. 30.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. A very agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A writer who talks like Alexander Woollcott drops in on an Ohio family who have been bothering nobody. Monty Woolley is brilliant in the principal part. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Every night, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Separate Rooms—Old-time bedroom roughhouse that's pleasant enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Every night, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 28.)

Tobacco Road—This will start its eighth year on Wed., Dec. 4. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Every night, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 28.)

Twelfth Night—The Theatre Guild's first production of the season is worth seeing for a very touching performance by Helen Hayes and a very subtle one by Maurice Evans. They are supported by Wesley Addy, June Walker, and Mark Smith, among others. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore in a play by Emlyn Williams, staged and produced by Herman Shumlin. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Nov. 28 and 30, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Fledgling—A dramatization by Eleanor Carroll Chilton and Philip Lewis of Miss Chilton's novel "Follow the Furies," with Ralph Morgan, Tom Powers, and John Hoysradt. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Boys and Girls Together—Ed Wynn as Ed Wynn in a very engaging and handsome revue. Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, and the De Marcos take over briefly when the great man gets tired. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Cabin in the Sky—An all-colored musical fantasy which combines some of the qualities of "The Green Pastures" and "Liliom." Ethel Waters' strong and beautiful performance probably makes it seem better than it is. With Katherine Dunham, Todd Duncan, and Rex Ingram. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—This free-for-all is now in its third year and may well go on forever. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Every night, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 28.)

Hold On to Your Hats—Al Jolson back singing all the old songs, and a lot of new ones, too. He is disguised as a radio cowboy, but you can just ignore that. Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and many other industrious people do their share to keep things moving. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7.

It Happens on Ice—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages in a show that starts off by being very exciting and then gets a little tiresome. Sonja Henie, who sponsors it, doesn't appear, but Joe Cook does. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Every night, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 28.)

Louisiana Purchase—Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer in this fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 28.)

Panama Hattie—An excellent musical comedy, with Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. Cole Porter wrote the music and the cast includes Arthur Treacher, Phyllis Brooks, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Romantic Mr. Dickens—A play by H. H. and Marguerite Harper, with Diana Barrymore and Robert Keith. Opens Mon., Dec. 2. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Delicate Story—A new play by Ferenc Molnár, translated and staged by Gilbert Miller, who, with Vinton Freedley, is producing it. Edna Best and Jay Fassett head the cast. Opens Wed., Dec. 4. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., except Dec. 5, and Sat.)

Mum's the Word—Jimmy Savo's one-man revue. Opens Thurs., Dec. 5. (Belmont, 48, E. BR 9-0156. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Children's Entertainment—"Hansel and Gretel," adapted for the stage by Terry Morgan and Jeanne Elgart, and produced by the Hilltop Theatre: Fri. Afts. at 4, Sat. Morns. and Afts. at 10:30 and 2:30, and Sun. Afts. at 3. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal. GR 5-8515.) . . . The Sue Hastings Marionettes presenting "Cinderella": Sat. Aft., Dec. 7, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry and his orchestra play for dancing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Something, and a very good thing, that Felix Ferry thought up not so long ago. Bob Knight's orchestra provides the music at the supper hour.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—It's reverted to type, or rather stripe, and looks much the better for it. Jack Towne's orchestra and a rumba band.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—This started out as one of the best, and has never faltered. Ted Straeter's orchestra and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A shiny face-lifting job by Norman Bel Geddes hasn't changed Larue's essential character, which, as you know, is a superior one. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has Paul Haakon at the dinner hour, the De Marcos at supper, and Dick Gasparre's orchestra all evening. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The present show, with Jack Cole, Elsie Houston, and Vicente Gomez, will be replaced by a new one, with Elvira Rios, Gali Gali, and a dance team, on Wed., Dec. 4. Eddie Le Baron's orchestra will remain. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra keeps right on playing in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room is holding out stoutly against the trend toward the tropics with an ice show headed by Dorothy Lewis and Hazel Franklin. Hal Saunders' orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Dwight Fiske's lilting lectures on the facts of life are the main attraction in the Café Lounge. Emile Petti's orchestra will be replaced by Bob Grant's on Fri., Nov. 29.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one on the East Side, with a touch of Broadway about it. Jane Froman and John Buckmaster will be replaced on Thurs., Dec. 5, by Mitzi Mayfair. Music by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Eddy Duchin's orchestra and the South American dance team called Los Chavalillos are in the informal Empire Room. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the Sert Room, which is now informal, too.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Casper Reardon, Paula Laurence, and a new little stage over in the corner. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): the entertainment here includes old-fashioned movies and, of course, songs by Spivy. . . . **algonquin**, 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): Greta Keller singing charming songs and Cy Walter playing piano. . . . **brevoort**, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): with the Virginia Morley-Livingston Gearhart piano team, and some others. . . . **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

Miscellaneous—At the **copacabana**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): the reservation desk hasn't quite got the hang of things yet, so you'd better keep this for an unplanned evening. Pancho's orchestra and a show. . . . **montparnasse**, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. Two orchestras play for dancing. . . . **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a nice, small retreat, with Val Ernie's orchestra. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by Frank Mandella's orchestra and songs by Adelaide Moffett. . . . **la martinique**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a large, gay place, with Val Olman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. Closed Mon. . . . **club cuba**, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922): full of lively young people trying out their conga ideas. Charlie Wright's orchestra. . . . **pago pago**, 139 E. 55 (PL 3-8880): palm leaves, wicker chairs, and other approved South Sea fixtures, all where the old American Music Hall used to be. . . . **la conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a downstairs one, with South American

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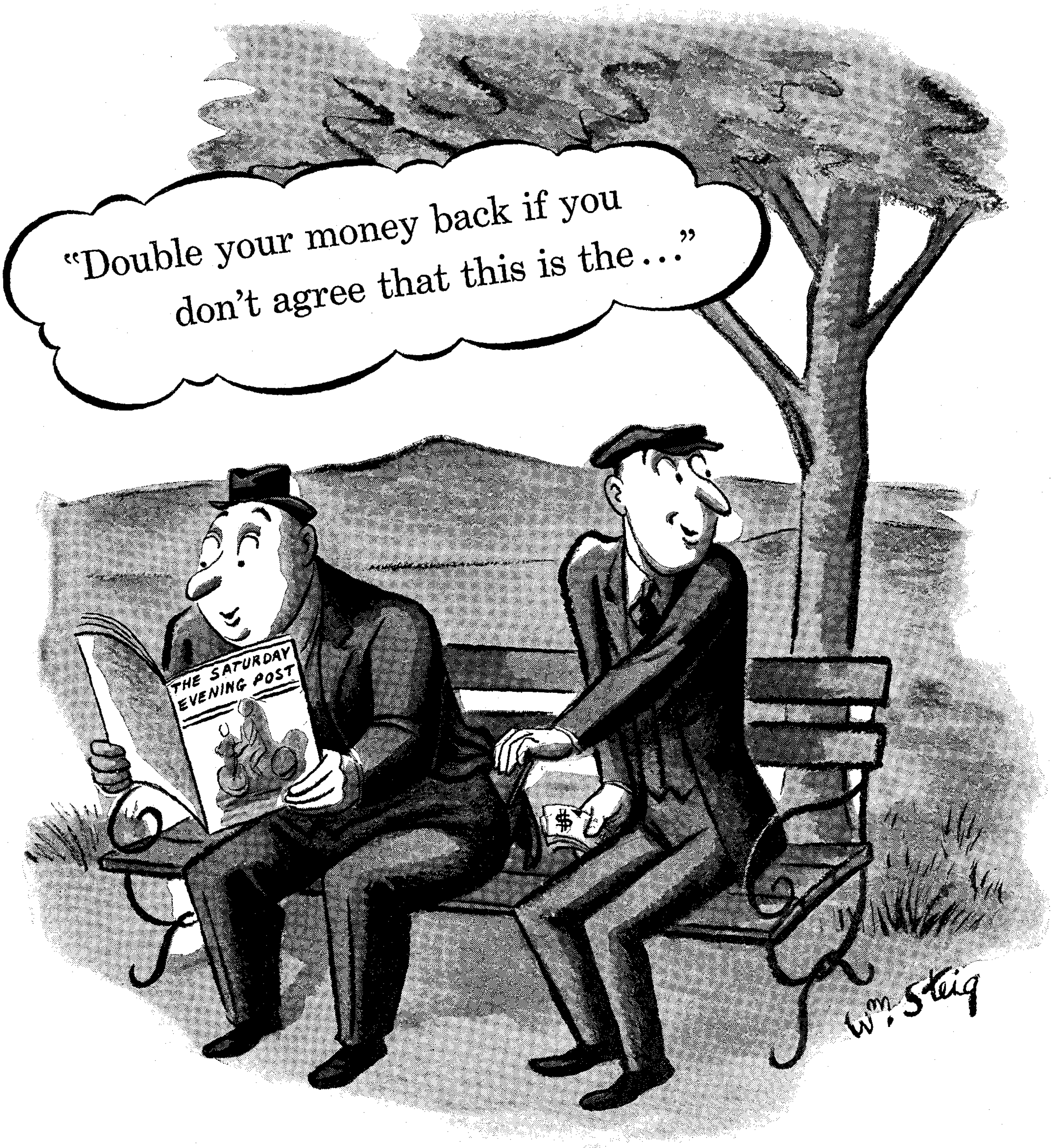
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7.

entertainment. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): only a step from Carnegie Hall, and a good place to drop into after a concert. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): new, and with all those Negro entertainers who used to be down in the Village—Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's band. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Will Bradley's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Joe Reichman's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Abe Lyman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with a mite of a dance floor and Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

●

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge in a Billy Rose show. . . . **BEACHCOMBER**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): South Sea atmosphere and, except Mon., Ernie Holst's orchestra. . . . **HURRICANE**, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical place, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White, Frankie Hyers, and Pat Harrington aren't any too delicate about their quips, but nobody seems to mind.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At the **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar admiring. Adele Girard is there with her harp, and so are the Spirits of Rhythm. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Ida Cox, Art Tatum, Meade Lux Lewis, and Red Allen's new band, which includes J. C. Higginbotham and Sidney Catlett. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another Village place, with, except Mon., Bobby Hackett's orchestra. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with, except Mon., some Calypso singers and, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY**, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

(In addition to their regular exhibits, many of the galleries are participating in National Art Week, through Dec. 1, by showing works of contemporary American artists.)

AMERICANS—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by, among others, Ryder, Homer, Eakins, Costigan, and Wilson: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH—Gouaches by Utrillo, Dufy, Rouault, and other members of the modern School of Paris: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

COURBET—Twenty-five paintings by this nineteenth-century French master—the most comprehensive showing of his work we've had in twenty years: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

DE CREEFT—New sculptures, ranging in treatment from the archaic to a rather startling rococo: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 12.

DOVE, MARIN, O'KEEFFE—Some particularly fine Marins, both early and late, in a generally interesting group retrospective: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 11.

DRAWINGS—The Durlacher Gallery's annual exhibition. This year it ranges from the Renaissance to 1900 and from Bellini to Renoir: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

EUROPEANS—Arresting early paintings by James Ensor and Kandinsky in a collection mainly of moderns, chosen for color and contrast: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 28.

EUROPEANS AND AMERICANS—Oils by Albert Gleizes, Max Weber, Kandinsky, and other modernist pioneers: New Art Circle, 543 Madison, at 55. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

FRENCH ROMANTICS—A well-selected show of works by Delacroix, Fantin-Latour, Corot, and other early-nineteenth-century painters: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

GROUPS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: big housewarming exhibition that extends all the way from early American folk art to such moderns as Levi, Kuniyoshi, and Sheeler. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30. . . . **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: oils, subtle in mood, by Paul Mommer, along with pieces by Feininger, Nordfeldt, and Werner Drewes: Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30. . . . **JULIEN LEVY**, 15 E. 57: lively, richly contrasted show of oils, photographs, and sculptures by a variety of artists, all more or less "advanced" in style. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

HELIKER—Blocky, sombre, capably executed landscapes and figure studies: Walker, 108 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 29.

HOVANNES—New sculptures. His group pieces, done in high relief, are extremely effective: Robinson, 126 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

JONES—Further paintings by one of the most vigorous members of the social-protest school, proving again that he can handle big subjects and big canvases with distinction: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

KANTOR—Paintings that are higher-keyed and more fluid in design than his earlier works: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

MARC—First comprehensive exhibition in this country of paintings by an early and very talented German abstractionist: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

MARTIN—First Eastern solo exhibition by a California painter who has made quite a stir in the West. He's likely to make one here, too: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

MARTINO—First one-man show in town by a Philadelphian already well known in group exhibitions. The landscapes are especially good: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Selected paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 5.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Works by a group of American abstractionists, including Charles G. Shaw, I. Rice Pereira, and Penrod Centurion. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 15.

REISMAN—Recent paintings by an artist with a fine feeling for city genre; also, assorted pieces by students of Thomas Benton: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

SAWYER—Oils, water colors, and drawings, including landscapes showing alert observation: Milch, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY EUROPEANS—Twenty-eight oils by Italian, Flemish, and French painters of the Fontainebleau school: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 3.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—The big annual exhibition of contemporary American painting—as always, an important affair. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M. (also, Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Nov. 28-29, 6 to 10 P.M.); through Jan. 8.

HERE AND THERE—At the **MAYER**, 41 E. 57: lithographs and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 7. . . . **UPTOWN**, 249 West End Ave., at 72: water colors by Irving Lehman. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 12. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: animal sculptures by June Harrah. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 30. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 113 W. 13: water colors by James Lechay and wood sculptures by Leo Amino. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Tues. and Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Dec. 9. . . . **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: annual group exhibition of paintings by American artists. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 7, at 8:45. (Soloist: Gitta Gradova.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 3, at 8:45.

WOMEN'S CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Miss Scheerer conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 28, at 8:30.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 30, at 3. (Soloist: Shure.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Yehudi Menuhin and the New Friends of Music Orchestra, Schnéevoigt conducting, in a program of concertos, to aid European refugee music students: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 2, at 8:30.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Sascha Gorodnitzki, Fri. Eve., Nov. 29, at 8:30; Marian Anderson, Sun. Eve., Dec. 1, at 8:45; Jascha Heifetz, Sat. Aft., Dec. 7, at 3.

TOWN HALL—Harrison Potter, Sat. Aft., Nov. 30, at 3; William Beller, Sun. Aft., Dec. 1, at 3; New Friends of Music (Adolf Busch and Rudolf Serkin), Sun. Aft., Dec. 1, at 5:30; Alton Jones, Sun. Eve., Dec. 1, at 8:30; Musical Art Quartet, Mon. Eve., Dec. 2, at 8:45; Leo Smit, Fri. Eve., Dec. 6, at 8:30; Ruth Slenczynski, Sat. Aft., Dec. 7, at 3; Iso Briselli, Sat. Eve., Dec. 7, at 8:30. (BR 9-9447.)

ELSEWHERE—At **WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL**: Mischa Levitzki, Sat. Eve., Nov. 30, at 8:30. (40 Irving Place, at 16. ST 9-1391.) . . . **FRIENDSHIP HOUSE**: Huddie Ledbetter and others in a program of American folk songs and Negro spirituals, Tues. Eve., Dec. 3, at 8:30. (1010 Park Ave., at 85. BU 8-8065.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Un Ballo in Maschera," opening performance of the season, Mon. Eve., Dec. 2; "Die Walküre," Wed. Eve., Dec. 4; "Madama Butterfly," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 5; "Samson et Dalila," Fri. Eve., Dec. 6; "Le Nozze di Figaro," Sat. Aft., Dec. 7; "Der Rosenkavalier," Sat. Eve., Dec. 7. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

BALLET

ORIGINAL BALLET RUSSE—Colonel W. de Basil's company in a repertory of new and old ballets: "Carnaval," "Choreartium," and "Le Coq d'Or," Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Nov. 28-29. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Cinderella," and "Cimarosiana," Sat. Aft., Nov. 30. . . . "Swan Lake," "Destiny," and "Schéhérazade," Sat. Eve., Nov. 30. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Cinderella," and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Aft., Dec. 1. . . . "Les Sylphides," "The Eternal Struggle," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Eve., Dec. 1. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Fantastic Symphony," and "Graduation Ball," Mon. Eve., Dec. 2. . . . "Swan Lake," "Paganini," and "Aurora's Wedding," Tues. Eve., Dec. 3. . . . "Swan Lake," "Destiny," and "Aurora's Wedding," Wed. Eve., Dec. 4. . . . "Swan Lake," "Le Coq d'Or," and "Aurora's Wedding," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 5. . . . "Carnaval," "The Firebird," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Prince Igor," Fri. Eve., Dec. 6, and Sat. Aft.,

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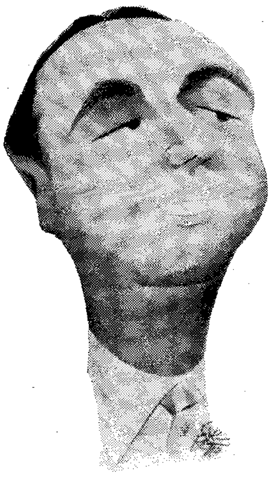
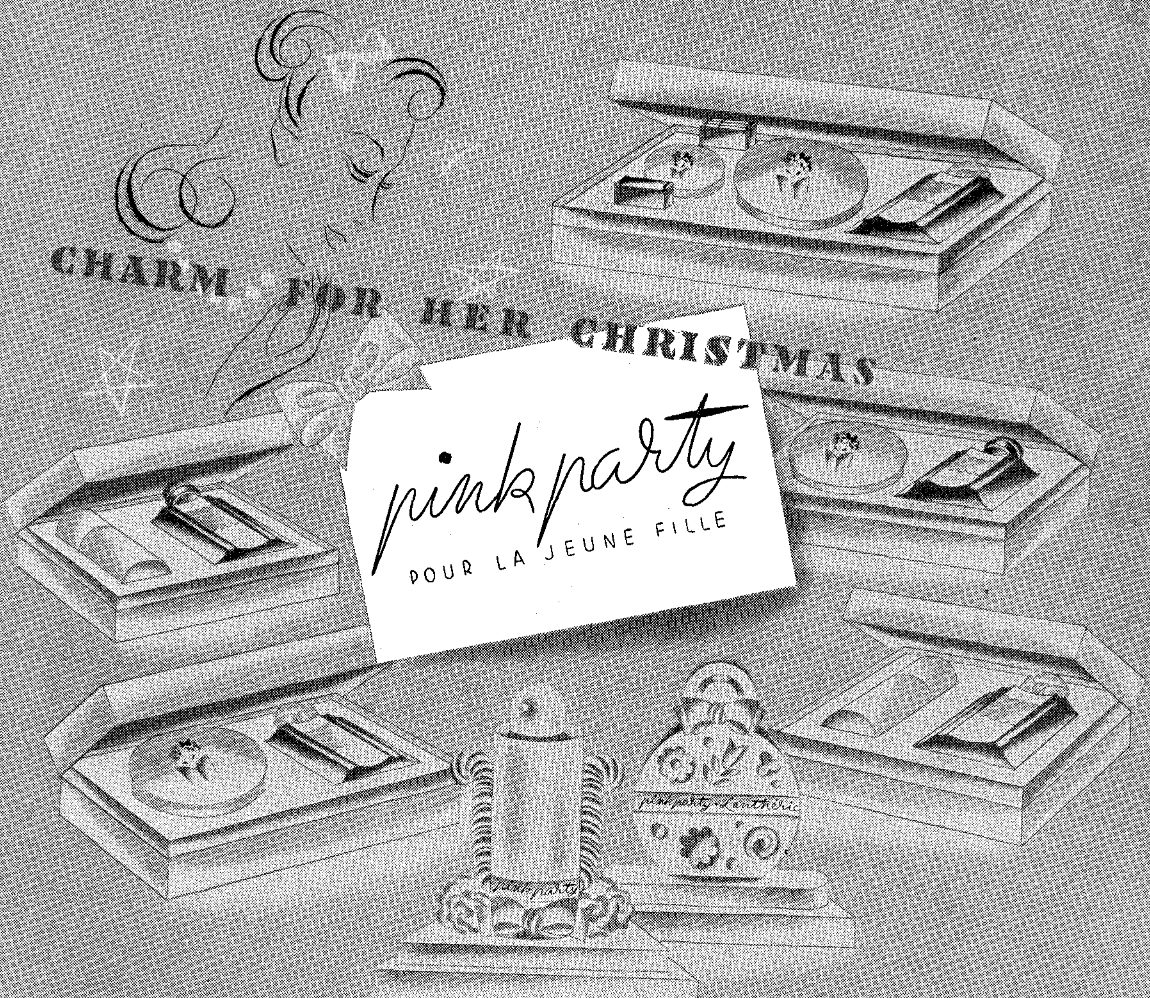


LADISLAUS CZETTEL,

who has designed some very surrealist costumes indeed for the Metropolitan's production of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera." Czettel was born in Hungary, studied costume design with Léon Bakst in Paris, and worked for Reinhardt in Vienna, Salzburg, and Berlin. Since arriving on these shores, he has learned to like swing music and Southern fried chicken.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dec. 7. . . . "Carnaval," "Paganini," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Eve., Dec. 7. (51st Street Theatre, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Eves. at 8:30; Mats. at 2:30.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Billy Conn vs. Lee Savold, heavyweights, Fri. Eve., Nov. 29; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (12 rounds) at about 10.

Football—On **THURS. MORN., NOV. 28:** Brown vs. Columbia, Providence, at 11.

SAT. AFT., NOV. 30: N.Y.U. vs. Fordham, Yankee Stadium, at 1:30; Army vs. Navy, Philadelphia, at 1:30 (frequent special trains from Penn. Station from 8:45 to 10:45 A.M.).

PROFESSIONAL GAME: Giants vs. Dodgers, Polo Grounds, Sun. Aft., Dec. 1, at 2.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:30 P.M.: Americans vs. Rangers, Thurs., Nov. 28; Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sat., Nov. 30; Americans vs. Boston, Sun., Dec. 1. . . . Amateur games, 1:30 P.M.: Sat. and Sun., Nov. 30 and Dec. 1.

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club, Scarsdale, Fri., Nov. 29, at 8 P.M., and Sat., Nov. 30, at 9 A.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Ice Follies—The annual visit of this figure-skating carnival: Madison Square Garden, Mon. through Sat. Eves., Dec. 2-7, and Mon. through Wed. Eves., Dec. 9-11, at 8:30; also Sat. Aft., Dec. 7, at 2:30.

Morgan Library—An exhibition of animals and birds in art, with illuminated manuscripts, woodcuts, and drawings from the ninth to the nineteenth centuries: 29 E. 36. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

Jewelry—A large collection of pieces from 4000 B.C. up to the nineteenth century, all from the Metropolitan Museum's permanent collection: at the Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 26.

Fashions—Sketches, costumes, and photographs in a retrospective of the Paris openings from 1932 to 1940: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 11.

Benefits—The Snow Ball, formerly called the December Ball, for the Grosvenor Neighborhood House: Ritz-Carlton, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 5, at 10. . . . Waltzing Party, for the Community Service Society: Hotel Ambassador, Fri. Eve., Dec. 6, at 9.

Photography—A hundred or more photographers from all over the world are exhibiting their work in this show sponsored by the New York Salon of Photography: Camera Club, 121 W. 68. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Frank Lloyd Wright—Models, photographs, designs, and plans executed and assembled in a show by this distinguished architect: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 5.

Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES,** 30 E. 57—English, French, and American books, from the libraries of Philip G. McFadden, Charles Rubens, Mr. and Mrs. Hall Clovis, and others: Thurs. Aft., Nov. 28, at 2. . . . English, European, and American furniture and decorations, owned by the estate of the late Lucy Wortham James and others: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Nov. 28-30, at 2. . . . The sportsman's library collected by William Mitchell Van Winkle: Wed. Eve., Dec. 4, at 8:15, and Thurs. Aft. and Eve., Dec. 5, at 2 and 8:15. . . . Persian, Egyptian, and Chinese art, belonging to Mrs. Godfrey Goldmark and Seth B. Robinson: Wed. through Fri. Afts., Dec. 4-6, at 2.

KENDE GALLERIES, 730 5 Ave., at 57—English eighteenth-century furniture and porcelains, and glass, silver, paintings, and rugs, collected by Julia Folger MacGregor and others: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 29-30, at 2. . . . English and European furniture and decorations and Oriental rugs, belonging to Mrs. Clara S. Graves: Fri. Aft., Dec. 6, at 2.

Note—The Rockefeller Plaza ice-skating rink is now open for the season.

ON THE AIR

Football—Brown vs. Columbia: Thurs. Morn., Nov. 28, at 10:45, WOR. . . . Army vs. Navy: Sat. Aft., Nov. 30, at 1:15, WABC, WEAF, WOR, and at 2, WJZ. . . . Notre Dame vs. Southern California: Sat. Aft., Dec. 7, at 5:15, WJZ. . . . Professional game: Giants vs. Dodgers, Sun. Aft., Dec. 1, at 1:55, WOR.

Boxing—Billy Conn vs. Lee Savold, heavyweights: Fri. Eve., Nov. 29, at 10, WJZ.

Paul Robeson—Soloist with the Women's Symphony Orchestra of Chicago: Sun. Aft., Dec. 1, at 5, WABC.

Metropolitan Opera—"Le Nozze di Figaro," with Rethberg and Pinza: Sat. Aft., Dec. 7, at 1:55, WJZ.

Symphony Orchestras—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Thurs. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Fri. Afts. at 3:15, WOR. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Fri. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sat. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . N.B.C. String Symphony, Black conducting, Sun. Afts. at 2, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Aft., Dec. 1, at 3, WABC. . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7.

Dance Bands—Bob Crosby, Thurs. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Tommy Dorsey, Thurs. Eves. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Guy Lombardo, Mon. Eves. at 10, WABC, and Wed. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Glenn Miller, Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 10, WABC.

This and That—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eves. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . Maxine Sullivan and John Kirby's orchestra, Sun. Afts. at 2:35, WABC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun. Eves. at 6:05, WJZ. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

News Commentators—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:15, and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. Eves. at 8:45, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:45 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

Television—Hockey: Americans vs. Boston, Sun. Eve., Dec. 1, at 8:35, W2XBS.

MOTION PICTURES

Angels Over Broadway—Underworld high jinks and considerable excitement in a neat little sketch, all composed and produced by Ben Hecht. With Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Sat., Nov. 30.)

Arise, My Love—Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland as a couple of lovers abroad who are right on hand for every European crisis. Love triumphs. Gay and bright. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Dec. 2. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Nov. 29-Dec. 1. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 29-Dec. 2.)

The Baker's Wife—French and sprightly and unusual. Of a small village in France and the troubles a pretty wife can make for an older husband. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Blackout—A British film and a prize thriller of London, spies, and romance—slick and handsome. With Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (Globe, B'way at 46; opening Sat., Nov. 30.)

Fantasia—Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse, interpreted by Stokowski with his symphony orchestra, by Deems Taylor in a professorial rôle, and, of course, by Walt Disney at suitable moments. Very grand and exalted. (Broadway, B'way at 53.)

Foreign Correspondent—Another one about the war in Europe, with blackouts, spies, plots, and planes. An Alfred Hitchcock thriller of the first rank, with a fine cast that includes Joel McCrea in the rôle of his life. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Nov. 30. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; through Tues., Dec. 3. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 30-Dec. 3. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 3-5. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; starting Fri., Dec. 6.)

The Great Dictator—Charlie Chaplin's strange dissertation on the ways of dictators. A film that is quite wonderful and certainly unique. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M. . . . Capitol, B'way at 51; continuous on weekdays from 10 A.M. and on Sun. from 11:45 A.M.; through Tues., Dec. 3.)

The Letter—Bette Davis in the famous Somerset Maugham drama of Singapore society, with Gale Sondergaard, Herbert Marshall, and James Stephenson. Atmospheric and active. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

Pride and Prejudice—A good-humored, literate adaptation of Jane Austen's novel, with Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 4-5.)

The Ramparts We Watch—The March of Time tries out a full-length feature film which has to do with American history since the coming of the first World War and is perhaps too experimental in treatment. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Nov. 29.)

Seven Sinners—Sailor brawls, South Sea islands, and Marlene Dietrich singing "I Can't Give You Anything but Love." (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

They Knew What They Wanted—Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton, and William Gargan in a new version of Sidney Howard's old play of the grape-grower who wanted a wife. Well done. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 30-Dec. 3. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 5-7.)

The Westerner—Life on the wild plains, with such a fancy embellishment as Lillie Langtry, as well as plenty of orthodox shooting, guzzling, and the like. With Gary Cooper. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Dec. 2. . . . State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Dec. 4.)

REVIVALS

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The fantastic classic of the early era. With Conrad Veidt. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Thurs., Dec. 5.)

Club de Femmes (1937)—Life in a working-girls' home. French, with Danielle Darrieux. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 30-Dec. 3.)

It's a Wonderful World (1939)—With Claudette Colbert, as a funny poet, and James Stewart. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Nov. 29-Dec. 1.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. German. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Thurs., Dec. 5.)

The Mayor's Dilemma (1940)—French life during the last war. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Dec. 2-4. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 4-6.)

The Old Maid (1939)—Bette Davis interpreting the 1935 Pulitzer Prize-winner. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Nov. 29.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on Le Havre's waterfront. French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Dec. 1.)

The Sisters (1938)—Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, and the San Francisco earthquake. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Nov. 30.)

Stand-In (1937)—Hollywood satire. Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12. Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 3-5.)

The Women (1939)—The Clare Boothe play. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and Rosalind Russell. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 4-5.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of D. W. Griffith films weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30 and 4 P.M. On **THURS., NOV. 28:** "Hearts of the World," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Eric von Stroheim. **FRI., NOV. 29:** "Broken Blossoms," with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. **SAT., NOV. 30:** "Way Down East," with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. **SUN., DEC. 1:** "Orphans of the Storm," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Joseph Schildkraut, and Louis Wolheim. **MON., DEC. 2:** "Isn't Life Wonderful." **TUES., DEC. 3:** "Rescued from an Eagle's Nest" and "At the Crossroads of Life," both with Griffith; "The Lonely Villa," with Mary Pickford and James Kirkwood; "Edgar Allan Poe;" "A Drunkard's Reformation;" and "Resurrection." **WED., DEC. 4:** "1776, or The Hessian Renegades," with Mary Pickford; "A Corner in Wheat," with Henry B. Walthall, Mack Sennett, and James Kirkwood; "The Lonedale Operator," with Blanche Sweet; "The Musketeers of Pig Alley," with Lillian Gish and Lionel Barrymore; "The Unchanging Sea;" and "Enoch Arden." . . . **THURS., DEC. 5:** "The New York Hat," with Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore; "Judith of Bethulia," with Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, and Lillian Gish. **FRI., DEC. 6:** "The Birth of a Nation," with Lillian Gish, Henry B. Walthall, and Mae Marsh. **SAT., DEC. 7:** "Intolerance," with Lillian Gish, Constance Talmadge, and Eric von Stroheim.

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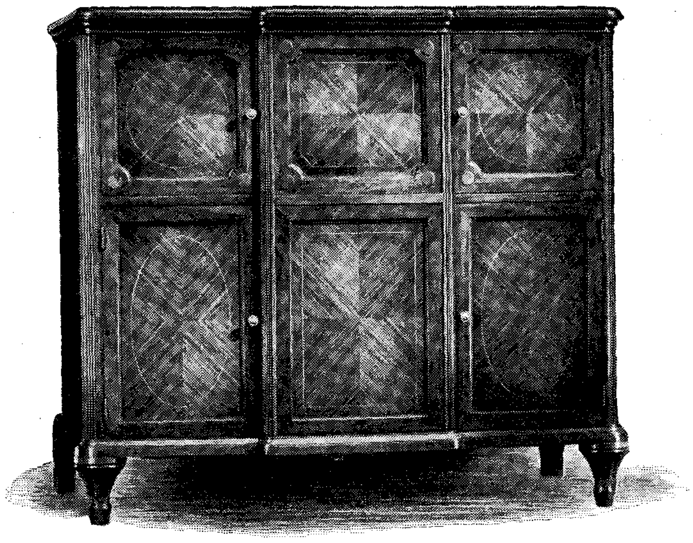

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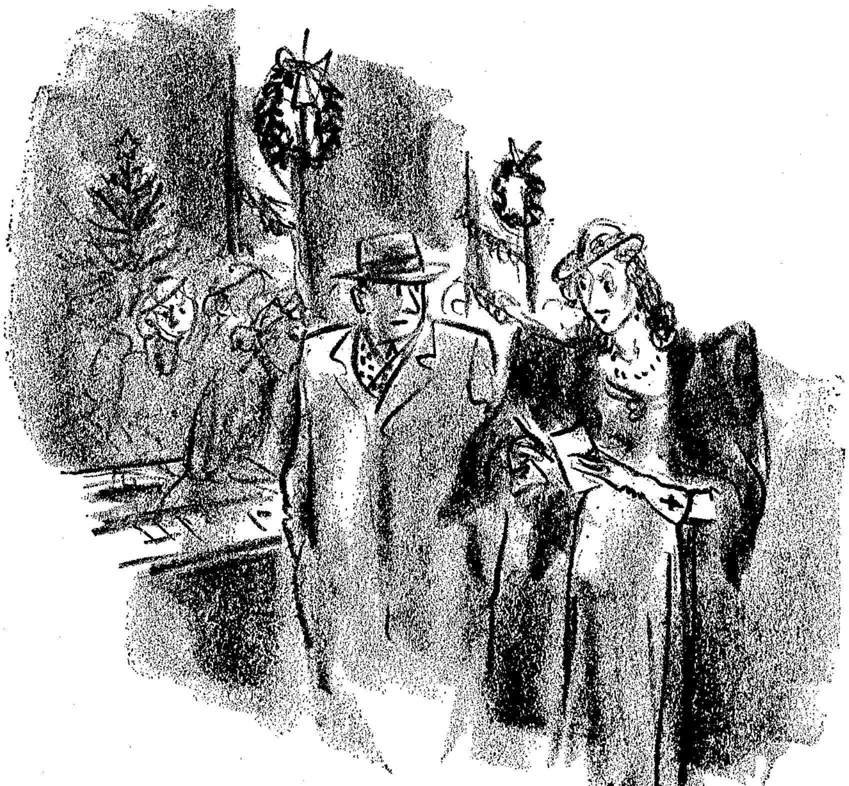

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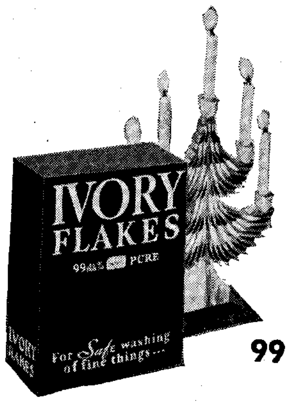

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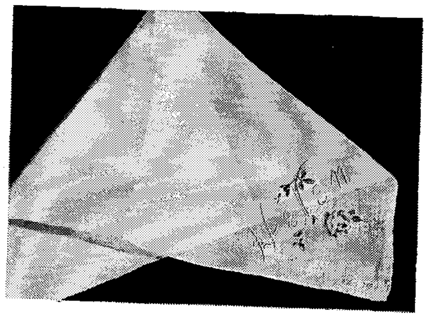
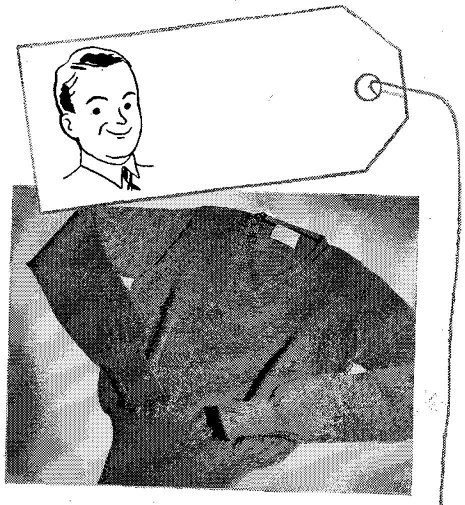
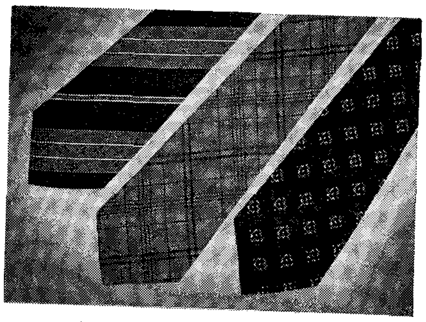


BURMEL handkerchiefs look expensive as anything—and aren't! Sheer, snowy white with delicate petit-point roses! Wise girls guard these dainty things with Ivory Flakes washings. (58 popular names) 50¢ each.



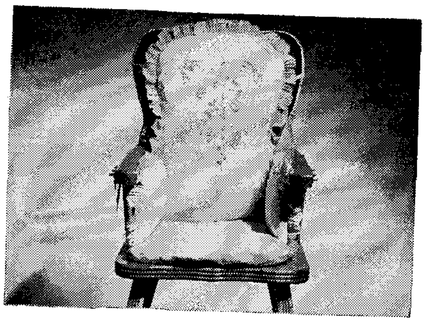
THIS "MIRAPACA" by Brentwood has wool for warmth—rayon for lustre—mohair for resiliency—and it washes like a charm in Ivory Flakes! No wonder it's popular! Warm, soft, light. About 4.00. Coat style 5.00



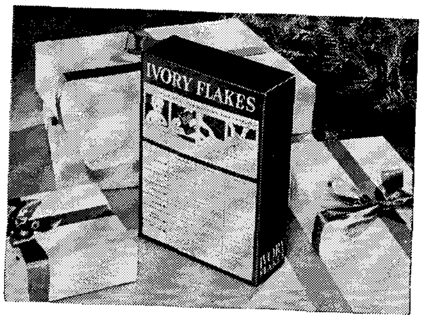
SURE! BOTANY wool ties that you suds out in Ivory Flakes—little upkeep here! A variety of rich patterns and colors—tartans, stripes, plaids, neat figures. Only 1.00

"PACER" by Holeproof — the sock with attached garter guaranteed by Holeproof for the life of the sock! Lots of swell new patterns! New colors—and Ivory Flakes do right by them all, 50¢ pair.

NODKIN is the wonderful 3-in-1 garment that serves as nightie, blanket, and day robe! Secure and escape-proof! Its makers advise careful washing in Ivory Flakes! Flannelette. About 2.00

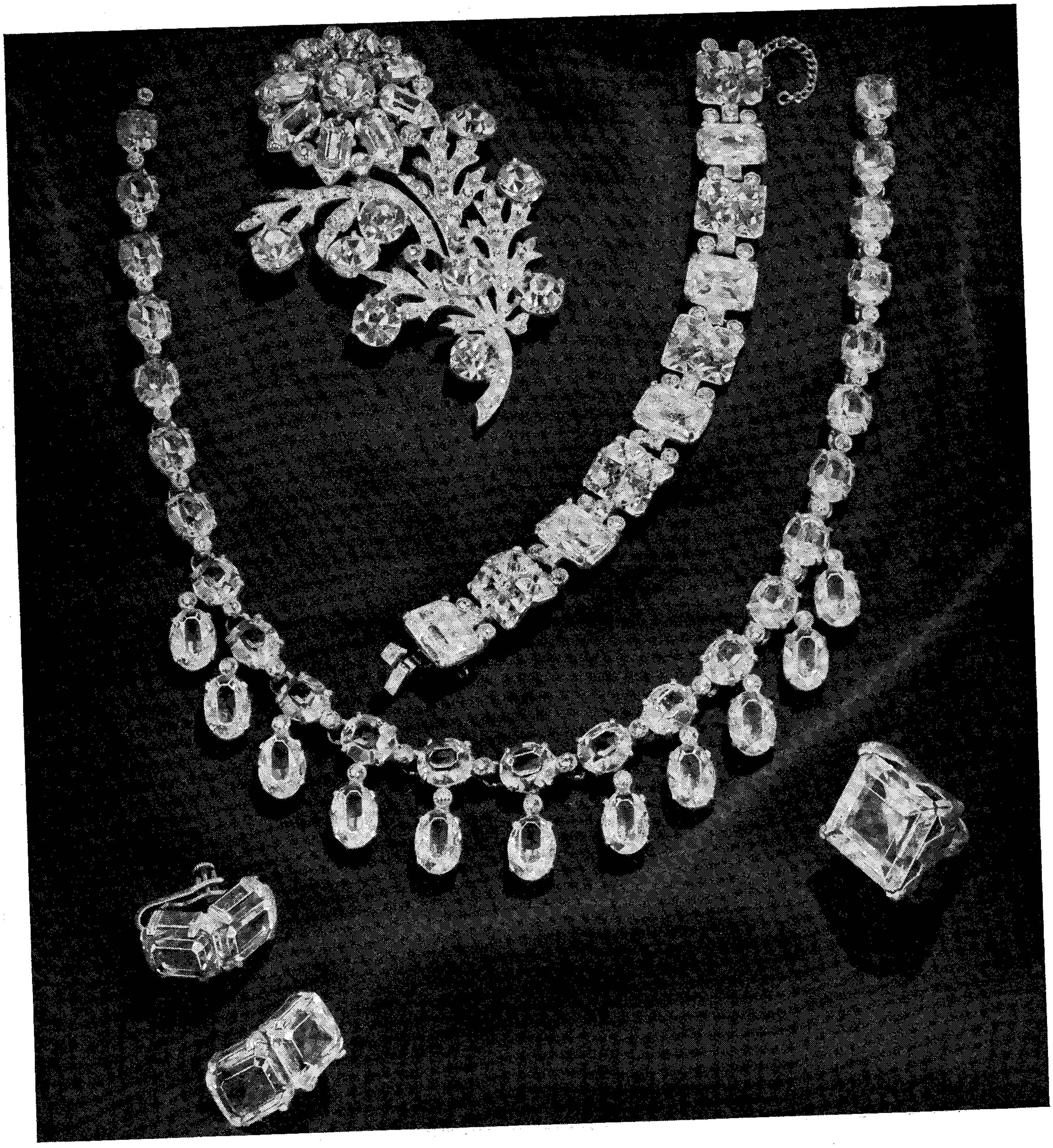


KLEINERT takes the highchair situation in hand with a pretty dotted swiss slipcover over rubberized cushion and pad—all Ivory-Washable and safe for His Nibs! About 4.00



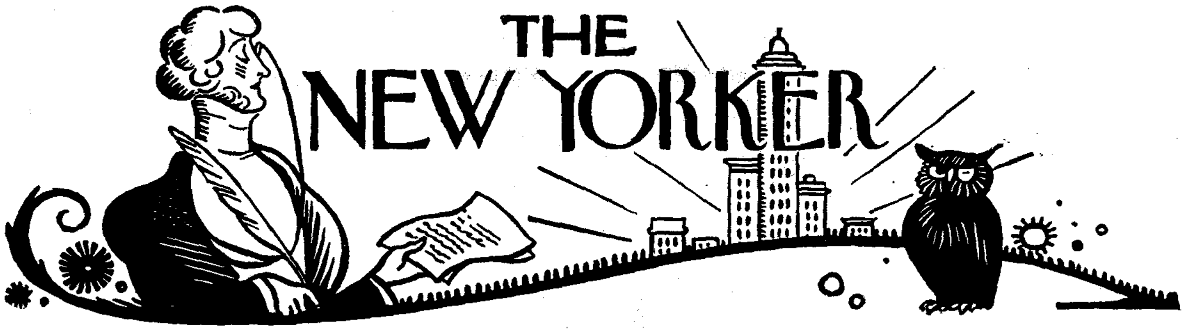
THE BACK OF THE BOX for washing "recipes." Why not take the advice of the people who make all these nice things—they ought to know—and give 'em gentle Ivory Flakes care?

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE



Jewelry of the future... clearcut and dazzling as an iceberg in sunlight . . . modern, unashamedly enormous. That's the Eisenberg look and a new one for costume pieces, either in this pure diamond-white rhinestone, or in jeweled colors. We introduce them to New York now in this super-colossal ring 10.00, the brace of earrings 6.50, the breathtaking spray 12.50, necklace of crocodile tears 20.00, and the bracelet 10.00. Wear them . . . it's an adventure. Altman jewelry . . . main floor

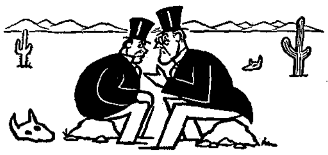
B. ALTMAN & CO. Fifth Avenue, New York MU. 9-7000 Also at our East Orange and White Plains Shops



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

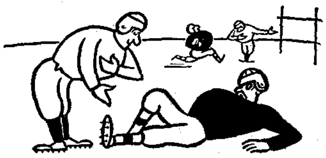
A FIRST step in our defence program should be to develop a technique of menace. The United States is the most powerful country in the world, and the least alarming. Germany and Italy, far less strong, manage to exude the stuff of frightfulness. When Hitler meets his conspirators, he goes to a place called the Brenner Pass, and the name Brenner Pass, just in itself, has terrorized countless millions of radio listeners. It is impossible to conceive of anything trivial emanating from a meeting of two people in a pass. Surely the United States can dig up a Brenner Pass without any trouble. How about Death Valley? We think President Roosevelt should make frequent trips to Death Valley, there to confer momentously with Mackenzie King, and the report should be circulated that the two leaders are in perfect accord about their vital oil interests (the story is that they are discussing what is the best oil to boil dictators in). There's no doubt about it; showmanship is an effective and necessary weapon today, and for every Knudsen and Stettinius there should be two Billy Roses. So far, the only preparedness gossip the Axis has picked up from America is that we have drafted a few rookies and that every training camp has a hostess.



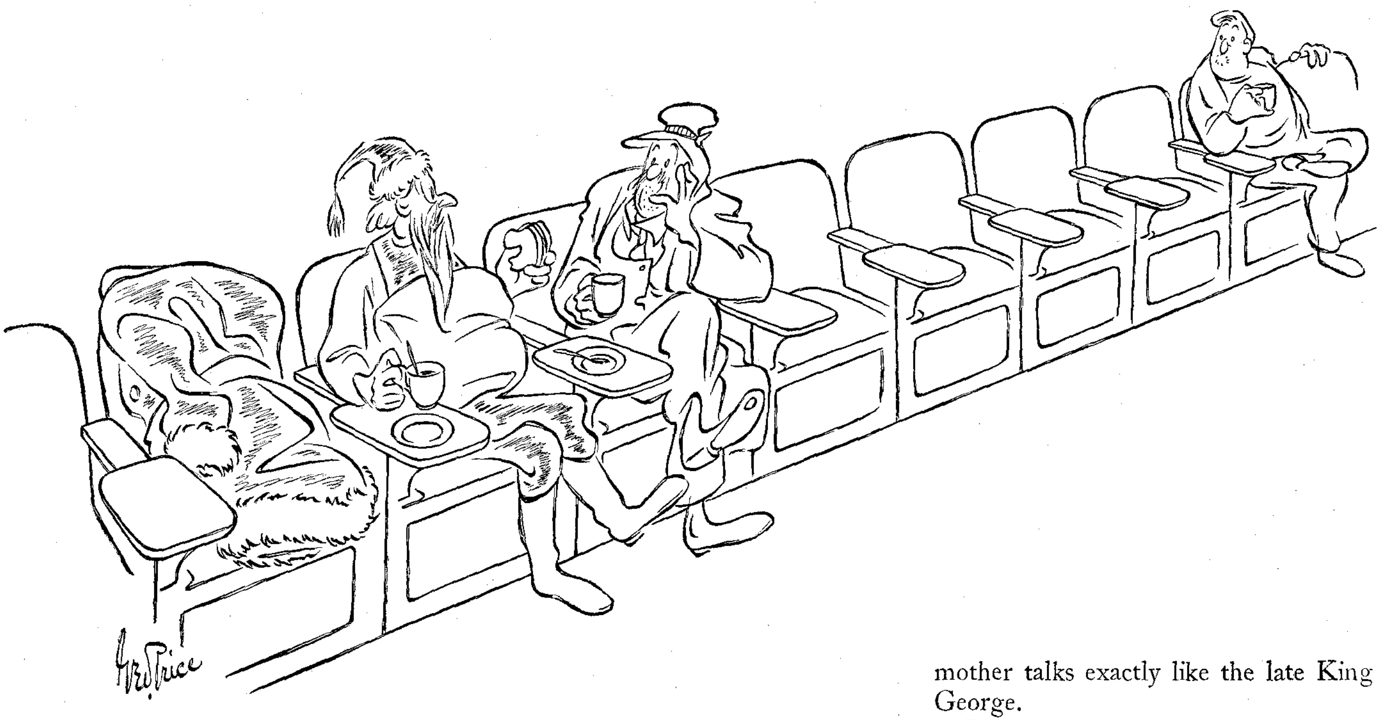
JAPAN is the most experienced and the most talented exponent of menace. She is known as the Yellow Peril, to begin with. We are known simply as the United States of America, or sometimes as Uncle Sam. This uncle stuff is terrible today—too disarming. It would be better for this country to be known as Flash Gordon than as Uncle Sam. Years ago we ourself used to share in the popular feeling that the Japanese were mysteriously dangerous, but the winter of 1932 cured us of that notion. That winter we went to Lake Placid for the Olympic games and saw the Japanese skiers hurling themselves over the ski jump—an ordeal for which they had apparently prepared themselves by reading a little book on how to ski. It was an exhibition of incredible bravery, a superb succession of prattfalls requiring the highest courage. But it was a dead giveaway. The Japs could never do any damage over here—the distances are too great.

OUR favorite sentence of the week, madly enough, turns up on page 301 of the 1941 *Social Register*, otherwise a moderately dull book. "Giblin Miss Jane L," it says. "Married at Greenwich Ct Little Mr. Rob't Forsyth." Even though we have figured out by now what the *Register* had on its mind, we still like it. It has just the right cool and patronizing note, almost as if the fashionable editors were thinking out loud. Little Mr. and Mrs. Rob't Forsyth, may we offer you our belated congratulations?

WE keep thinking about that football game, and it is our opinion that Dartmouth ought never to have accepted the victory. Morally and technically, of course, they were entitled to it, but somehow we can't help feeling they overlooked the future. As things are now, Dartmouth will always be spiritually just a little in debt to Cornell. When other controversies arise, as they are bound to, the free, violent, and satisfactory expression of opinion will always be tempered by the memory that Cornell was once magnanimous. A football rivalry, it seems to us, is no good unless you can accuse the other team of everything, from professionalism to using brass knuckles. Nothing like that, however, will be possible at Hanover. The undergraduate editorials about overemphasis will lose all the old, happy venom; good taste will restrain the cheering section from rejoicing too loudly when a foeman drops the ball; the team itself will probably feel obliged to exhibit good sportsmanship on every occasion, apologizing for too vigorous blocks, straight-arming with regret. It will all be very polite and dismal to watch. Dartmouth, we repeat, made a mistake and missed an opportunity. How pleasant it would have been next year and for many years for Dartmouth men to speak sardonically about that great Cornell victory of 1940, to inquire maliciously whether five downs are still customary up at Ithaca.



WE feel a mild sympathy for Mr. Roger Babson, the statistician who was the Prohibition Party's candidate for President. Perhaps his rejection by the voters came as no surprise to him, but last week a little group of backbiting statistics got to acting up in a manner which may well have shocked and saddened him. Captain Bernard R. Caldwell, of the Los Angeles Police Department, returned from a ten-thousand-mile tour of the Middle West, where he had been lecturing on the evils of driving while drunk. Then, to make his point abundantly clear, he gave a demonstration with a testing machine, first drinking six Scotches, which (according to a neat bit of calculation on the part of the Associated Press) made him two-thirds tight. "Sober, his reaction to emergency was 46/100 of a second. After six drinks he did it in 42/100 of a second," says the



"I hope I'm not disillusioning you."

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A.P. dispatch, without the ghost of a smile. "Sober, he stayed on the highway 89 percent of the time, after six drinks 95 percent." This is, of course, an occasion for heretics and dissenters to jeer, but we don't know precisely why it should give pleasure to us—a man who for years has been inclined to regard any driver with a glass of sherry in him as being dangerously unhinged. Nonetheless, we found Captain Caldwell's embarrassment bringing sparkle to an otherwise clammy and tedious day. We went around jauntily whistling scraps of old songs of the nineteen-twenties, and thinking about the small, intrinsic gaieties of science.

Dr. Smith

TO anyone who listens habitually to the radio, the name of Dr. Henry Lee Smith is doubtless familiar. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we will explain that he conducts, over WOR, a program called "Where Are You From?" He selects people from a studio audience, and tries to place them geographically by the way they talk. He's twenty-seven years old, and is a member of the Department of English at Brown; commutes from Providence once a week, WOR making it definitely worth his while. Dr. Smith possesses a mustache, an easy radio manner, and a working knowledge of Hittite and Sanskrit. He got into radio unexpectedly; his sister-in-law met a radio script-writer at a cocktail party, learned that the script-writer's studio was looking for a speech expert to officiate in the then embryonic "Where Are You From?," and recommended Dr. Smith.

To date, he has guessed right eighty per cent of the time. He uses a set of rules he formulated while he was an instructor at Barnard. Studying voice recordings made by the Barnard freshmen, he was able to lay down some basic laws. For instance, people from west of the Appalachians make no distinction in pronouncing the words "Mary," "merry," and "marry." Another speech line divides the country east and west midway between Trenton and Philadelphia; south of this line, people pronounce "on" "awn," while those to the north pronounce it "ahn." Another check is the pronunciation of "greasy." The Northerners call it "greazy."

In New York City, take Dr. Smith's word for it, the speech habits of New England are gaining influence. Nicholas Murray Butler and Dean Gildersleeve of Barnard say "fuist" and "buid," Down East fashion. (This pronunciation should not, of course, be confused with Al Smith's "foist" and "boid.") Dr. Smith is floored most often by the speech of Army officers, British colonials, and university professors—too many extraneous influences overlaying the fundamental speech patterns. Actors, too; you can't tell *where* an actor came from. New York débutantes talk exactly like Western cattlemen, but of course Dr. Smith can distinguish between them by other means. President Roosevelt's mother talks exactly like the late King George.

Professionally, Dr. Smith is fascinated by Lord Hawhaw, the German radio propagandist. "A perfect bilingual," he told us. He's convinced that the man is German-born, and not, as some people think, a renegade Briton; something about the way he says "longer" and "hunger."

Tidings

A YOUNG actress who landed a job in an early-season production realized, some time about the middle of Act II on opening night, that she was participating in what could only be called a turkey, or flop. So, after the final curtain, she did the one thing to be done in such circumstances—went out with her young man and sought forgetfulness in a succession of fashionable barrooms. It was after five when she got home to the Barbizon. At seven-thirty, the telephone disturbed her fitful slumber. It was her mother, calling from East Orange. "Good morning, dear," she said brightly. "The *News* says one star."

Boom

BUSINESS over at Bedloe's Island is breaking all records. The subject matter of most newspaper editorials and cartoons, not to mention the radio's emphasis on patriotic music, seems to remind people to go down and visit the Goddess of Liberty. At least, that's what the attendants think. "They keep hearing 'God Bless America,' " a guard told us. "That sends them over here." The attendance figures for this month, for example, are forty-two per cent over those for November, 1939. As far as the Bedloe's Island people know, the day-by-day attendance has not been affected by the news from abroad, good or bad; it's just been a steady buildup. On Labor Day, there were 9,211 visitors, the all-time record number.

Native New Yorkers are breaking an old tradition by visiting the Statue. Our guard told us that they usually show up late on Saturday or Sunday afternoon, looking rather surprised at themselves. Of the foreign-born visitors, the Scandinavians predominate; you can usually spot them because they wear lapel flags of their native country. In prewar days, people asked the guards fool questions like "Does the Hudson River run into Hudson Bay?" and "Where's Sing Sing?" Now the questions are mostly about harbor defence, airports, and the like. People look at the Manhattan skyline and talk about bombs and shelters.

Among the Bedloe's Island staff, there's a comfortable conviction that they're safer there than they would be anywhere else in Greater New York. They point out that an enemy would hesitate to bomb the Statue of Liberty for two good reasons: it would merely make us mad, without harming us in any way; and besides, the Statue would be a useful landmark for locating points in New York and Jersey.

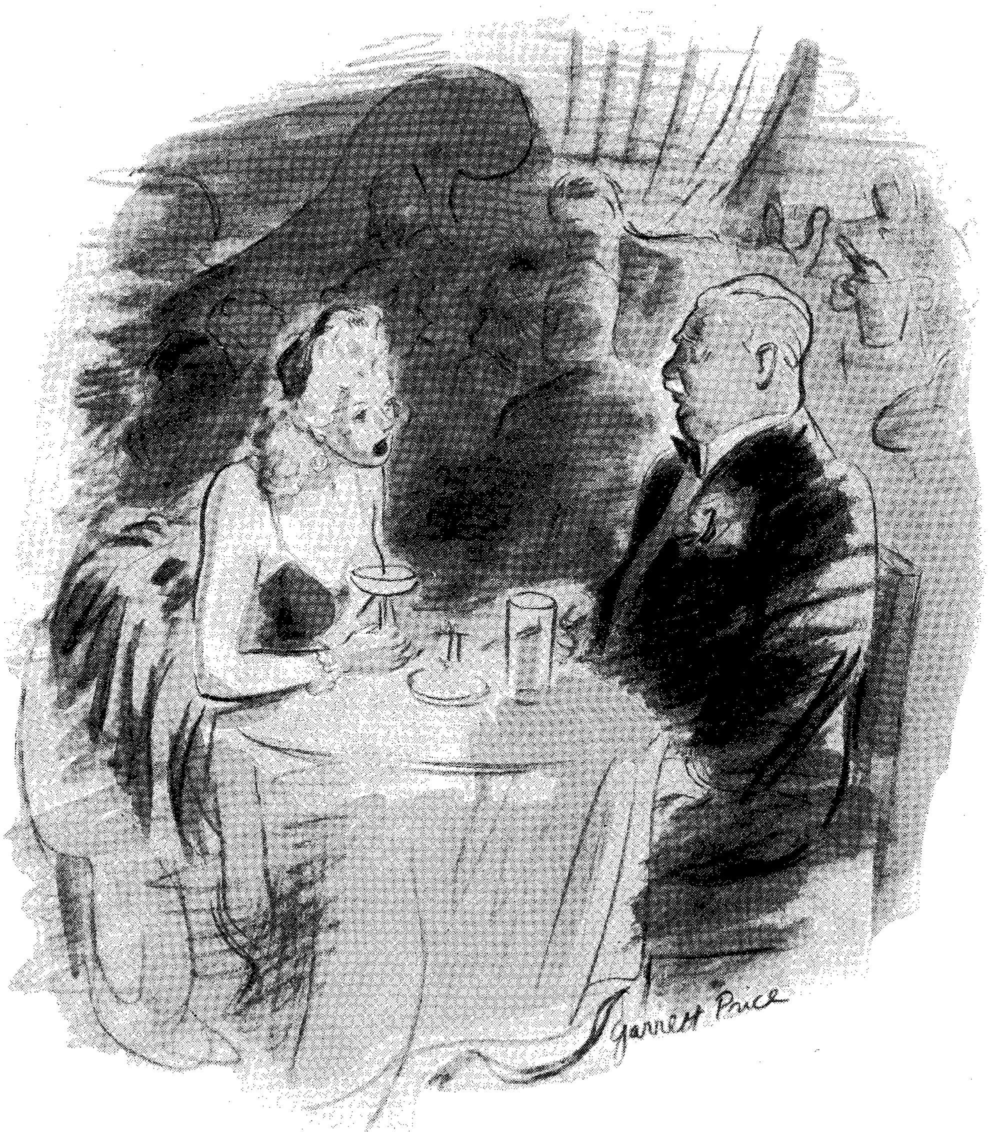
Diversion

UNEXPECTED dinner guests showed up in a Beekman Place apartment, and the lady of the house undertook to run out and buy more lamb chops while the cook reshuffled the salad and thinned the soup. The lady trotted along First Avenue and into an unfamiliar butcher shop. The meat looked all right, but the prices were lower than she'd ever seen before. "Why is everything so cheap?" she asked the clerk. "Is anything the matter with it?" "Nah," the clerk said confidentially. "It's da boss. He ain't got nuttin to do all day, so he sits around and cuts prices."

Hopper-Upper

OUTWARDLY, there's nothing unusual about Mr. John B. Mezey's garage and Ford agency at 231 East Sixty-fourth Street, but behind the scenes there Mr. Mezey engages in mysterious and interesting conjurations. In nontechnical language, he's an acceleration specialist for motorcars; that is, in his own language, he hops them up, giving them a faster pickup and a greater top speed. Racing drivers are among his clients, as are policemen and firemen, and quite a large number of mechanically inclined or speed-conscious stock-model citizens. These latter enthusiasts are not actually interested so much in higher top speeds in their cars, it appears, as in a hopped-up pickup, which enables them to shoot away from ordinary stick-in-the-mud drivers at traffic lights. "They always ask for a higher top speed," Mr. Mezey tells us, "but I think mostly they're scared to use it."

Mr. Mezey, a Hungarian by birth, came to this country some thirty years ago with considerable mechanical training. He is a stocky man with muscular forearms, which he may have acquired when he engaged in automobile racing at Brighton Beach, where Barney Oldfield was a frequent performer, too. He looks like a Hungarian Ed Wynn. For the past twenty years he's been an independent garageman and for the past ten his Ford trade has been substantial enough for him to devote much of his own time to improving the power plants put out by the automobile factories. He works over at least one new Ford every year, tearing it apart and packing more speed into it. He always does this intending to use the machine himself, but invariably someone appears and offers him more money than he can afford to refuse. This year it was Michael Grace, of the Grace steamship family. Mr. Grace drove off in what Mr. Mezey considers his finest creation to date. We had a look under the hood of this car, a convertible coupé, just before Mr. Grace took possession, and finished by simply writing down the following specifications as the maestro gave them to us: Mercu-



"How is it I never hear you mention your friend Mr. Willkie any more, Mr. Oglethorp?"

ry engine block bored out, special aluminum pistons, ground-out valve ports, special camshaft, hand-controlled ignition, two dual carburetors, special cylinder heads, gear ratio standard. Testing this hopped-up job with a stopwatch, Mr. Mezey found that he could get from a standstill to 50 M.P.H. in 5.1 seconds. This performance amazed even Mr. Mezey. "It's unbelievable," he said several times during the course of our talk with him. Mr. Mezey does much of his testing on the Triborough Bridge in the small hours of the morning, the rest of it—high-gear work over fairly long distances—in a suburban region he discreetly refrains from naming. From what we have heard, a hundred, or even a hundred and twenty, miles an hour is commonplace there.

Mr. Mezey does plenty of work on cars other than his own. For one thing, he's always in Indianapolis for the annual Speedway race there. He installs superchargers, Scintilla magnetos, Winfield carburetors, and other high-speed devices. Locally, he reorganized a 1939 Cadillac belonging to Paul Kesten, vice-president of C.B.S., so that it would do a hundred and four, but whether Mr. Kesten ever did that with it he doesn't know. He also speeded up the daily round trip of R. W. Johnson between Princeton and the Johnson & Johnson pharmaceutical-supplies plant in New Brunswick. Customers often write him about adventures with hopped-up engines. He showed us a letter from a driver who had stupefied a man on a motorcycle by whizzing past him up a steep hill, and another from a man in Connecticut who had left a cop behind with no trouble at all. A busy time comes for Mr. Mezey when the various Long Island fire departments hold their regional tournaments. The boys struggle through their routine fire-fighting activities with the engines in whatever shape they're in, apparently, but the tournaments call for real speed. Mr. Mezey is tactful in this matter, arranging his appointments so that the various departments never run into one another at his place.

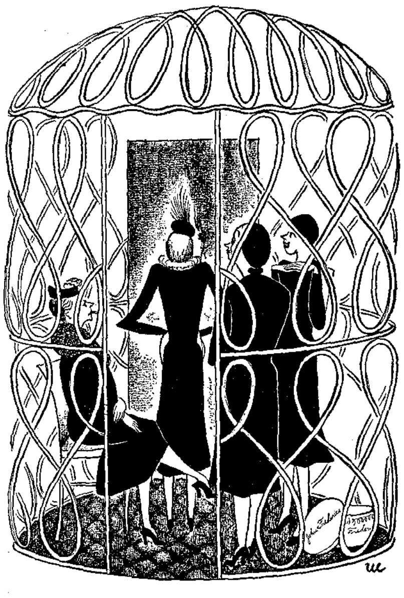
In the Mood

ONCE, in an article in our "Profiles" department on a Powers model, mention was made of some of the difficulties models run up against while posing. Well, one model who thought she had run up against every imaginable difficulty suffered stoically the other day while a photographer adjusted lights and draperies, moved her head from side to side, and made her change the angle of her hat brim half a dozen times. When he finally appeared to be satisfied with the pose, he placed a table next to her and put a bowl of chrysanthemums on it. "Now," he ordered, "establish a relationship with the flowers."

Old Broadway

IF a stranger with a carpet bag should accost you and ask to be directed to Old Broadway, don't make the mistake of sending him over to the theatre district. Old Broadway is a meek street that starts out a few feet east of the intersection of 125th Street and Broadway proper, wanders uphill for eight blocks, and dead-ends at 133rd Street. Nobody knows about Old Broadway except us.

In Dutch Colonial times (to begin at the beginning), the village of Bloemendael, or Bloemendaal, occupied the region between our 100th and 130th Streets. Irving's "Knickerbocker History" describes it as "a sweet rural town, beautiful with many a bright flower, refreshed by many a pure streamlet, and almost buried in embowering trees." By the end of the seventeenth century, the name had been Anglicized to Bloomingdale, and the road which led to it from New York was called the Bloomingdale Road. At first the road followed the present line of Broadway, from Twenty-third Street to 114th, where, in 1821, the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum was built. (It moved to White Plains in 1894.) In 1795, Bloomingdale Road was extended as far as our 147th Street. It was lined with farms, and as the years went by, rich New Yorkers built country places. Bloomingdale was the Westchester County of its day.



In 1868, the Tweed Ring, doubtless with colossal corruption and graft, widened the Bloomingdale Road, planted trees along its entire length, and changed its name to the Boulevard. In the seventies it was a favorite place for young bloods to drive their carriages. Later on, in the nineties, the what-next set rode their high-wheeled bicycles on the Boulevard. Now, the Tweed Ring's improvement had included straightening out several curves, and so cut off the stretch now covered by Old Broadway. In 1899 the Board of Aldermen changed the name of the Boulevard to Broadway, and paid tribute to the orphaned bit of the Bloomingdale Road by calling it Old Broadway.

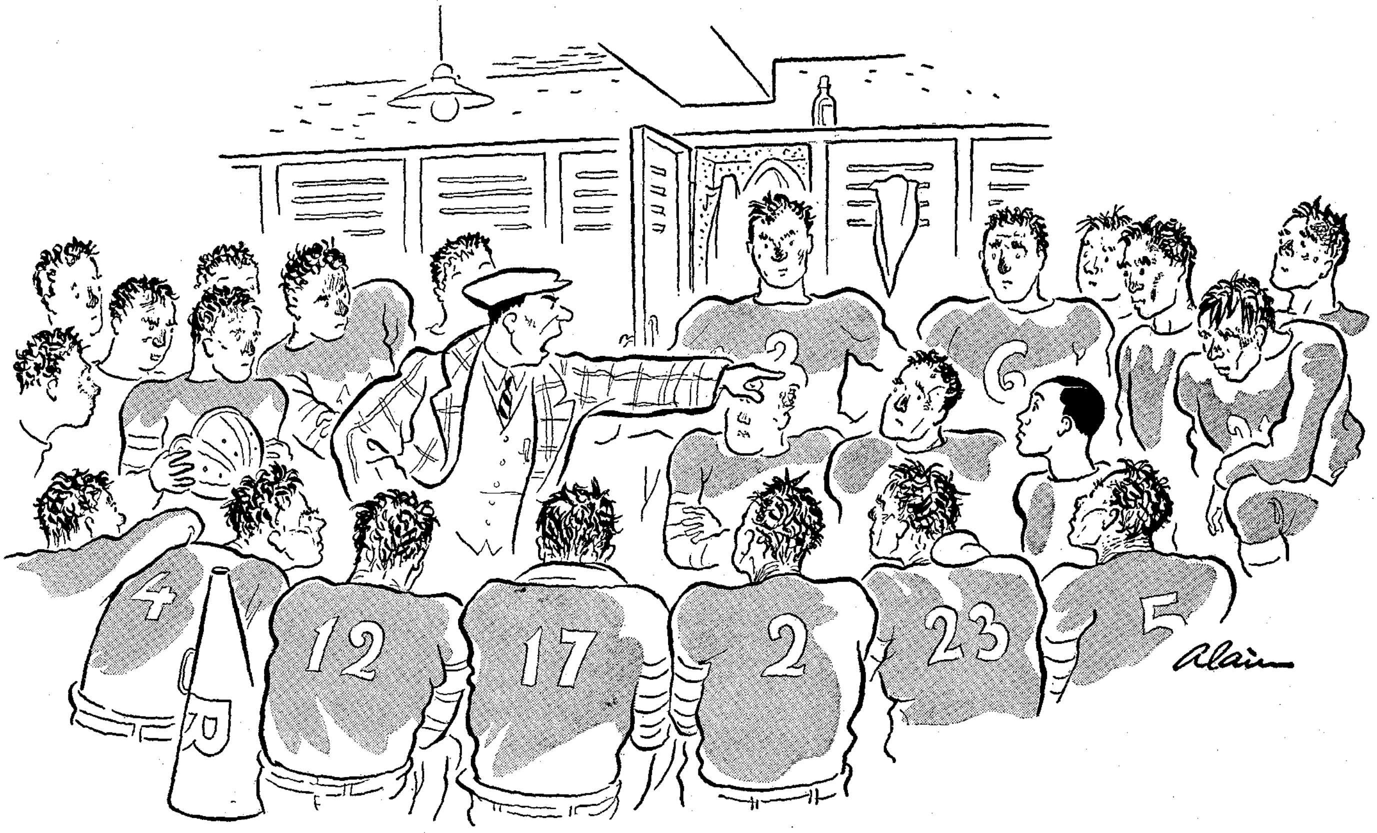
These days, Old Broadway isn't much of a street. While it is too far west to be called part of Harlem, it houses some Negro families, and there are a number of commercial enterprises, like the Aiello Grated Cheese Company, Daleo's Plastering Shop (for rent), and the George J. Schnatz Iron Works. To the businessmen on Old Broadway, their street address is just a nuisance. Correspondents and post-office workers are constantly getting mixed up, with the result that much of the mail intended for Old Broadway winds up on lower Broadway. The only point of interest that the neighbors know of is the site of the livery stable where the Albany stagecoach first changed horses. There's an apartment house there now.

Turnabout

THERE was a mad little scene in Central Park last Sunday, at an intersection of the bridle path and a footpath. A young father with a baby in a perambulator spied a girl approaching on horseback, and said to his child, in a high, excited gabble, "Baby, see the horsie! See the horsie, baby?" The girl stopped, dismounted, and led the horse over to the baby carriage. "Horsie, see the baby!" she said. Then she sprang into the saddle and was off, horse and girl both laughing fit to bust.

The Winner

LAST week we called on Mrs. John F. Joyce, who won the gold-and-sapphire cigarette case sent over here by Queen Elizabeth and raffled off by the Bundles for Britain people. Mrs. Joyce is an attractive, ruddy housewife who lives on DeKalb Avenue, in the Bronx. She told us that she took three chances,



"And you, Streubahr . . ."

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at a dollar each, and never doubted for a moment that she'd win the case. The dice are running her way these days (so to speak) because she found a five-leaf clover this summer and instantly gave it away. "If you give them away fast, you have luck," she told us. Evidently.

Court etiquette requires that the Queen's personal mail be carried by a messenger, so the cigarette case was brought over in one of Lord Lothian's diplomatic-mail pouches. It was then picked up at the British Embassy in Washington by Mrs. Natalie Wales Latham, president of Bundles for Britain. She came up from Washington by train and saw the case safely into an armored car, in which it journeyed to the Waldorf, where the Bundles for Britain Ball was held. The drawing took place at the Ball, but Mrs. Joyce wasn't there; Mrs. Latham telephoned her the next morning and she came right down. The case was turned over to her at the B. f. B. office, and then Mrs. Joyce was whisked over to Station WMCA, where she spoke a few words to England, via short wave. Declining an offer to have the case sent up in an armored car, Mrs. Joyce took it with her, on a northbound Woodlawn-Jerome Avenue express.

The Joyce family—Mr. and Mrs. Joyce, and one son, aged twenty-two—is agreed that the cigarette case is to be an heirloom. Mrs. Joyce won't even dream of putting a price on it. Six offers to buy have come in so far—four from Bundles for Britain ladies; one from Meyer Davis, whose orchestra played for the Bundles Ball; and one from an unidentified woman in a Persian-lamb coat, who appeared at the door of Mrs. Joyce's apartment, 4F. The Joyces are all ardent Anglophiles, even though Mr. Joyce is Irish. He's in the liquor business in Rockefeller Plaza, and became as excited as his wife about her good fortune. Mrs. Joyce told us that her prize is like Narcissus. "The more you look at it, the more you like it," she explained. She has written an appropriate note to Queen Elizabeth, as follows, and dispatched it by Clipper:

> When I saw Your Majesties at the World's Fair, I never dreamed I would sometime have in my possession a present selected by Your Majesty personally. Everyone who saw you here in America loved you, just as they do in England. We in America are deeply touched by the gallant fight your people are making and the noble example Your Majesties have set them.
>
> Assuring you that I will always love and cherish your gift, I remain, with greatest respect, GLADYS W. JOYCE

Having so valuable an article about the house made Mrs. Joyce jittery. First she kept it under her pillow, but her husband pointed out that she's much too sound a sleeper to serve as watchdog for a queen's cigarette case. After stopovers in a hatbox and in the broiler of the kitchen stove, the case finally came to rest in a safe-deposit box at the Emigrant Savings Bank on Forty-second Street. At the moment, she has lent it back to Bundles for Britain, who will put it on exhibition, along with a fragment of the German bomb which hit Buckingham Palace. This came over in the pouch with the cigarette case.

Conquers All

ABOUT three o'clock one morning last week, a tempestuous young man called up the girl he loves—a girl who an hour before had ordered him out of her apartment and out of her life—and pleaded with her to take him back. In the middle of his tears, reprimands, and threats, the operator cut in with a request for five cents for another five minutes, plee-uz. "I love this girl, and she's driving me crazy, Operator," the young man said. "Deposit five cents, plee-uz," the operator said. "But I haven't *got* five cents, and I love her," the young man said. There was a pause, and then the operator said, "I will allow you another five minutes."

THE KING OF THE DESERT

DAVE, by far the biggest of the three men, gently tapped the edge of the table off the beat of the old record of "You Go to My Head" that was on the nickel-a-record phonograph. He was smiling, but not at anything, not even at himself. It was his regular smile that his face relaxed into when he was not revealing one of his emotions. Artie looked at the smile and turned and grinned at Ben.

"It must be nice to be like that," said Artie. "How is it to be like that, Dave old boy?"

"Like what, Artie?" said Dave.

"Like you. Nothing to worry about. Go-as-you-please and happy-go-lucky. Let a smile be your umbrella."

"That's where you're wrong," said Dave. "I got plenty to worry about. If I could tell you the stuff I worry about."

"You can," said Artie. "Go ahead, tell us. We're here till the station wagon comes. Make it a good story and we'll miss the bus, eh, Ben? Anything to keep from going back to that ranch. Only fooling. No, come on, Dave. What kind of thing would worry a big, rangy, easygoing feller like you?"

"Lots of things. I worry, but I'm sitting here enjoying a drink with a couple good fellers, why should I talk about my worries?" Dave smiled and then stopped smiling. "I got the ranch to worry about."

"Aah, don't give me that. The ranch? It runs itself. I could run it and I don't know a maverick from a congressman. Maverick the congressman. Skip it. No, now Dave, you can't give us that about the ranch." Artie patted his hands together several times. "Look, you got a piece of California desert. You put a house on it, dig yourself a well, put a couple horses on it, get credit. A feller like you can get credit anywhere, with that honest face."

"That's what *you* think," said Dave, grinning.

"All right, say you have a dishonest face and you can't get credit. Then you strike oil and you don't *need* credit. Not a gusher. Just enough oil to get you started running a dude ranch and a few quarts left over for the car, the windmill, the sewing machine. Will we let him have a few quarts left over, Bennie?"

"Sure. About a gallon and a half."

"Fine," said Artie. "So you have the whole setup *plus*—*plus*, mind you—this gallon of oil—"

"I said a gallon and a half! I let him have a gallon and a half!" screamed Bennie.

"A gallon's plenty. He wouldn't know what to do with a gallon and a half, a big boy like Dave. I decided to let him have four quarts, one gallon, and that's enough to start with. If he needs more, let him come to me and maybe I'll let him have my credit card at the filling station, good at any station in the U.S.A. It is, too. Here it is. You want to see it, Dave?" He pulled out his wallet and started to hand it to Dave, who reached for it. As he reached, Artie slapped his hand, playfully but sharply. "Take your hands off, you with your dishonest face. If you can't get credit. Anyway, you have the ranch. You advertise. Bennie and I see the ad and we get into our Super-Nooper Twin Sixteen Diesel and drive all the way from the film capital. Hollywood. One hundred fifteen miles. Between the two of us we pay you one hundred and twenty dollars a week for a room about the size of one of those shelfs they put stiffs on at the morgue. Not that I ever went there, please God, but *I* read the *Life* magazine. Anyway, for a room and seven threes, twenty-one, times two, forty-two meals that we don't eat we pay you a one, a two, a zero. That's your overhead. The profit on us takes care your overhead. For a month, if I'm any guesser."

"Two months," said Bennie.

"A gallon and a *half!*" said Artie. "Then multiply that by forta forta forta forta times sibba sibba sibba sabba, and what have you got?"

"He's got worries," said Bennie.

"Precisely," said Artie. "Precisely. Dave, you haven't a thing to worry about. Unless it's a woman.... *Ahhhhh.*"

Artie rolled his eyes. He stood up and shook his hips and sat down. "Ahhhh."

"Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah," said Bennie.

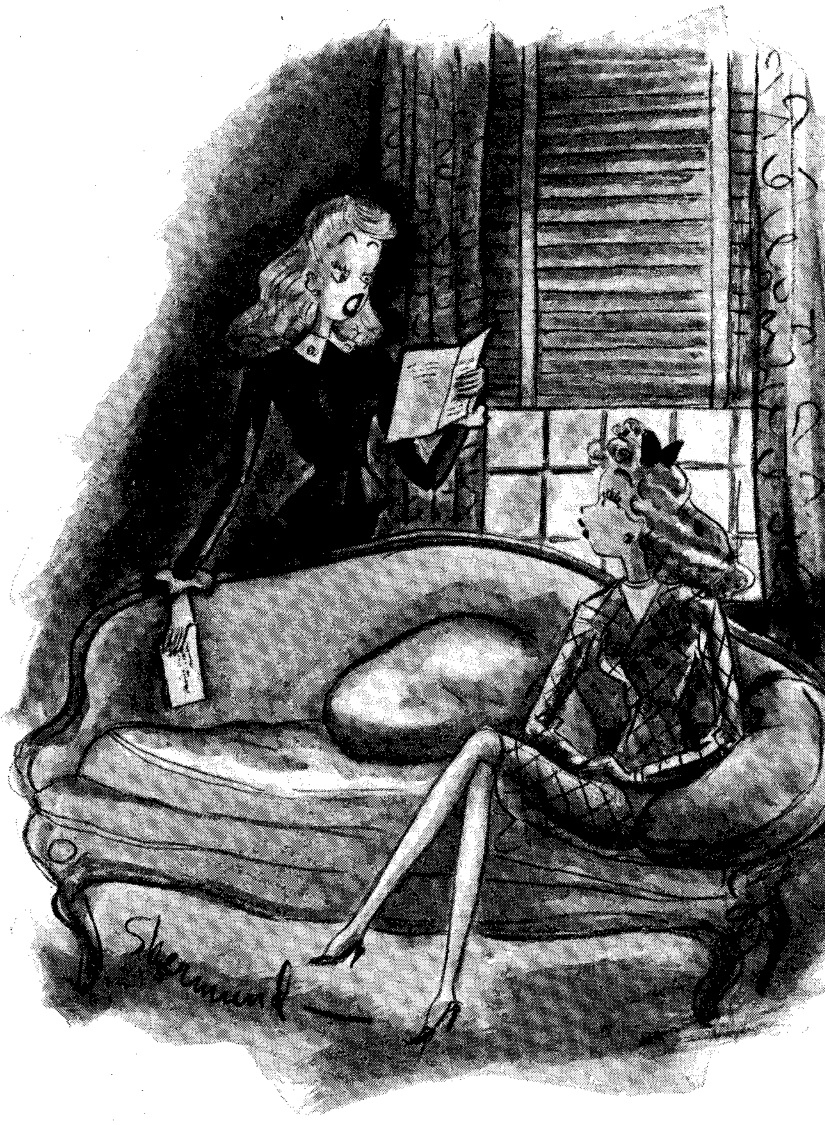
"Is it a woman, Dave? I'm glad you came to me instead of one of those quacks on the next floor," said Artie. "Is it a woman, Artie? I mean Dave. My name's Artie."

"Aw, you guys're too fast for me," said Dave. He shifted in his chair and turned his head around to look at the other people in the bar. Artie kept looking at him. They sipped their drinks.

"That bus takes *long* enough," said Bennie. "How about another drink?" The waiter took their order.

Artie kept looking at Dave. "Now you've hurt Dave's feelings with your talk. Bus. *Station wagon*, you vulgarian. Dave spends frannis hundred dollars for a station wagon and you vulgarians from the film capital come down here and call it a bus. I know, though, don't I, Dave?"

"That's right, Artie," said Dave. "I



"*Can they really make a Yale man a private?*"

• •

think I'll put a nickel in the machine." He started to get up. Artie put his hands on his shoulders.

"I wouldn't think of it. Let me. Waiter!" said Artie. The waiter was coming with the drinks, and when he got to the table Artie gave him a quarter and told him to put five nickels in the phonograph. "You're the king of the desert but your money's no good here, Dave."

"O.K.," said Dave. "Only don't call me king of the desert. I'm not that."

"Well, prince then. What the hell," said Artie. "You know Dave, they tell me you use to play a lot of football for Southern Cal. Is there any truth in that rumor?"

"I got my letter."

"When was that, Dave? About ten years ago?"

"Just about," said Dave.

"You were a tackle, probably?"

"No, I was an end. I only weighed about one-ninety then," said Dave.

"Is that so? Now you're around two-thirty," said Artie.

"Hell, no. Two-eighteen's bad enough." He patted the heavy engraved-silver buckle of his belt.

"I see. Are you what they call a native son, Dave?"

"Well, I am, but my folks aren't Californians."

"Oh? Back East?" said Artie.

"Both sides of the family. From New England. Father's family came from Gloucester, Mass.—"

"Oh, sure. A whaling family?"

"Well, fishing. I guess some whaling," said Dave.

"And your mother's family, they from Gloucester too?" said Artie.

"Nope. All from Boston. Both my mother *and* my father's family came to this country right around the time of the Mayflower."

"I see. That makes you real old American stock, then."

"I guess just about as old as they come," said Dave.

"That's wonderful. I guess you can look down on these Whitneys and Vanderbilts and all these jerks that come out here during the racing season."

"Oh, I don't know. I imagine they go pretty far back. Anyway, what difference does it make?"

"What difference does it make? Why, you ought to take pride in a thing like that, oughtn't he, Ben? These days with all these un-American isms. Like rheumatism."

"What?"

"Now, come on, Dave, admit it. Down underneath, you having all these family ancestors and old New England stock, you feel that they're a little better than the rest of the common herd, don't you now, honest?"

"Sure I do, if it comes right down to it," said Dave.

Artie turned to Bennie. "What'd I tell you? A bit of a jerk."

He did not finish the long smile that he had begun. His face was not there. He was lying on the floor, and Dave, who had hit him sitting down, now stood up and started around the table after Bennie. Bennie was on his feet, but Dave grabbed him, raised his fist, and was about to hammer down on him, but changed his mind.

"What the hell's the idea?" said Bennie.

Dave started to laugh. "Sit down," he said, and threw Bennie back in his chair. The other people in the saloon were standing watching, but they stayed where they were.

"If you want your stuff, you can send out for it, but don't come yourself," said Dave.

"We'll fix you in Hollywood, Mister," said Bennie.

A young cop appeared. "What's the matter, Dave?"

"It's all right, Marv," said Dave. "A couple of wise guys."

"What about him?" said the cop, looking at Artie, who was out on the floor.

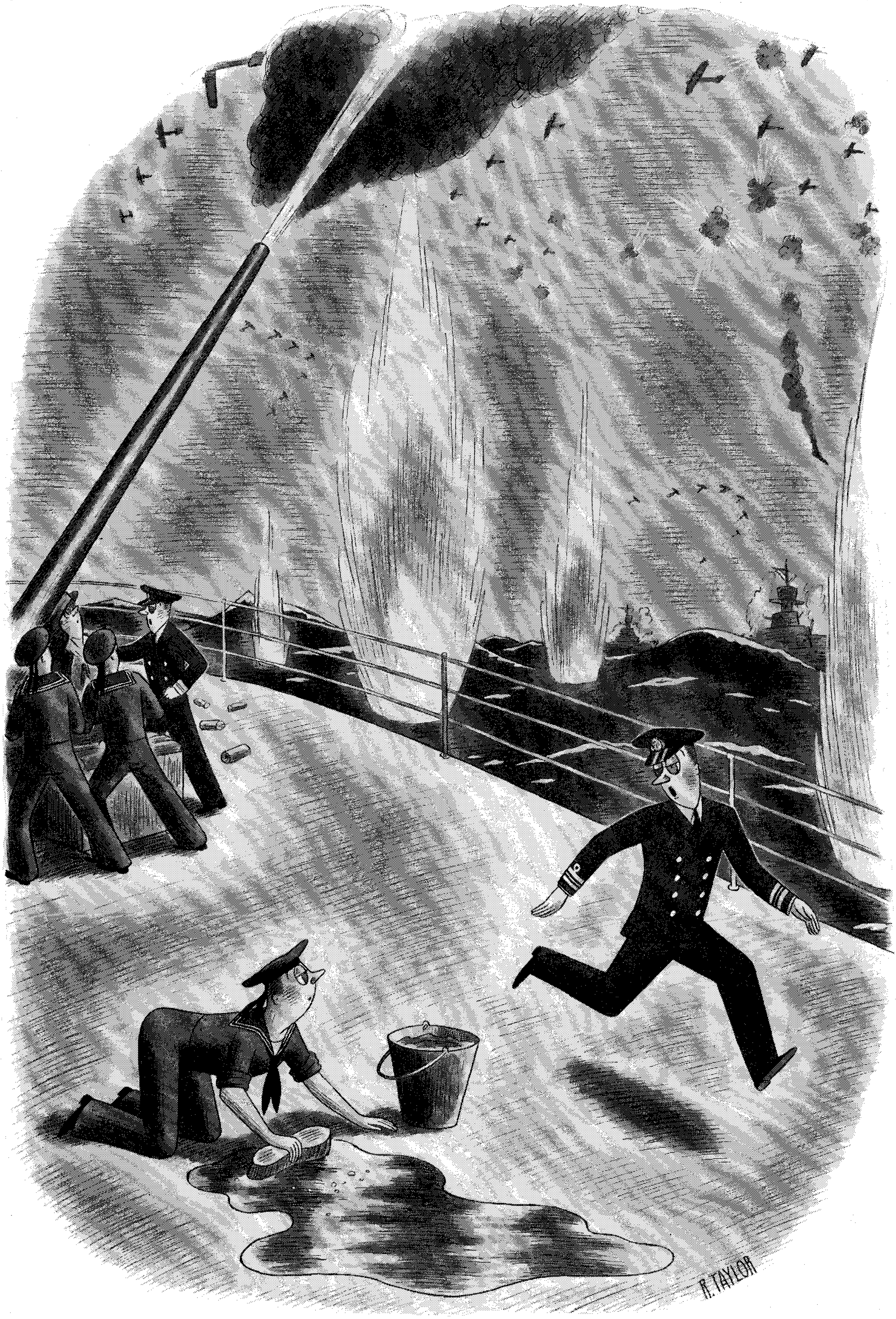
"His boy friend can worry about him," said Dave. "I got enough to worry about." Now he suddenly laughed.

—John O'Hara

•

Ideal for Prof. or retired family. Unusually well preserved country farm estate: 8 rooms, large barns, on main blvd. highway. Some trees always occupied by owner. Possession March 1. Address H O 63, Tribune.—*From an adv. in the Chicago Sunday Tribune.*

Or inquire up a tree.



"You can let that go till later, Harris."

LES TEMPS PERDUS

Mr. Graves was sitting in the large chair by the window, a pencil in his hand and the magazine section of the Sunday *Herald Tribune*, opened at the crossword-puzzle page, lying across his knees, when his daughter Judy came into the room. She carried a pad of paper under her arm and had tucked a pencil behind one ear. Mr. Graves hastily picked up the magazine section and studied it, frowning intently. For a moment there was no sound in the room except the soft beat of the rain against the windowpanes and a slight rustle of paper as Judy switched the pad from one arm to the other. Finally Mr. Graves looked toward her. She was staring at him fixedly, and he saw that her hair was mussed and that her forehead was moist and shiny with perspiration. Her appearance, combined with the steam on the inside of the windows and the dripping rain outside, made him feel that the whole room had a sticky, unpleasant atmosphere.

Seeing that she had his attention, she walked toward him and sat down on the broad window sill. "Daddy, do you mind answering a few things?" she asked.

"What sort of things?"

"Oh, nothing like arithmetic," she said. "Just some things about yourself and Mom, like where you were born and stuff."

"I was born in Brooklyn," Mr. Graves said. "And your mother was born in Kansas City, Missouri. You're not sending away for something, or anything like that, are you?"

"There's a girl in our class whose father was born in New Zealand," Judy said. "She's quite an interesting girl. Her grandfather was sort of a pioneer."

Mr. Graves laughed shortly. "If I remember correctly, a great many people who went to New Zealand and Australia were sent there because they were criminals. You can call that interesting if you like."

"*I* think it's interesting," Judy said calmly. She leaned back against the window and put her feet up on the arm of his chair.

"You'd better not let your mother catch you doing that," Mr. Graves warned her.

"Her door's locked. I rattled the knob and she didn't say anything, so I think she must be asleep."

Judy took the pencil from behind her ear and wrote on the pad, "Father's birthplace—Brooklyn. Mother's birthplace—Kansas City, Missoura." "I'm writing my autobiography," she explained. "I *have* to. Everybody in our class has to."

"Well, say," Mr. Graves said, sitting up straighter, "that isn't such a bad idea. What do you want to know?"

"Just outstanding events," she said. "If I put in every little thing, it will be too long. I've thought of loads about myself, but I wanted you and Mom for a sort of background."

Mr. Graves looked out the window thoughtfully. "Well," he said, "I was born in Brooklyn and went to public school there until I went to Kent. Then, when I got through Kent, I went to Yale, and a few years after the war I married your mother."

Judy wrote hastily on the pad. "Yes?" she asked.

"Well, that's about all."

"You were in the war, weren't you?"

"I was and I wasn't," Mr. Graves said. "I was in the Army, second lieutenant, but I never got over."

Judy sighed. "That isn't very much, is it?"

"It was all that I could handle at the time," Mr. Graves said.

"It isn't much, just the same," Judy said. "What did Grandpa do?"

"He was in the insurance business," Mr. Graves answered. "He was born in Brooklyn, too. And *his* father came from up near Binghamton, New York. My mother was born in New Haven and, as far as I know, all her folks came from there. They were all connected with the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad."

Judy sighed again, deeply. "And I was born in New York," she said. "And so was Lois. Did you *ever!*"

"What's wrong with being born in New York?" Mr. Graves asked.

"Oh, I don't know," Judy said. "It just seems sort of funny, that's all. What about Mom?"

"Well, as I told you, she was born in Kansas City, Missouri, and her father was vice-president of some wholesale dry-goods store there. I think his father came from Pennsylvania originally, but you'd better ask her."

"I wonder why he stayed in Kansas City?" Judy asked. "I wonder why he didn't push on farther West."

"He had a darned good business," Mr. Graves said. "A darned good business. Your mother's father, I mean. He had six children and he managed to send them all to college. Why, I met your mother when she was a junior at Smith."

There was the sound of a key turning in a lock in one of the doors that opened into the hall, and Mrs. Graves, dressed in a turquoise-blue house coat, came into the living room. "I must have fallen asleep," she said, brightly. "What are you two up to?"

"Judy has to write her autobiography for school," Mr. Graves explained, "and I'm giving her some facts."

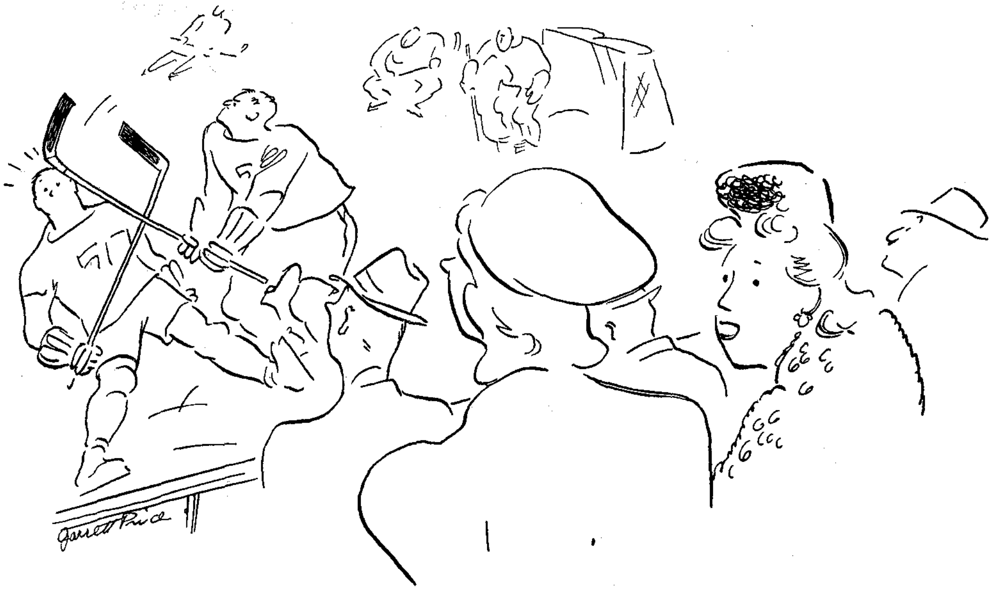
"Not about Uncle Will, I hope," Mrs. Graves said.

Judy looked at her sharply. "What about Uncle Will?" she asked. "Whose Uncle Will?"

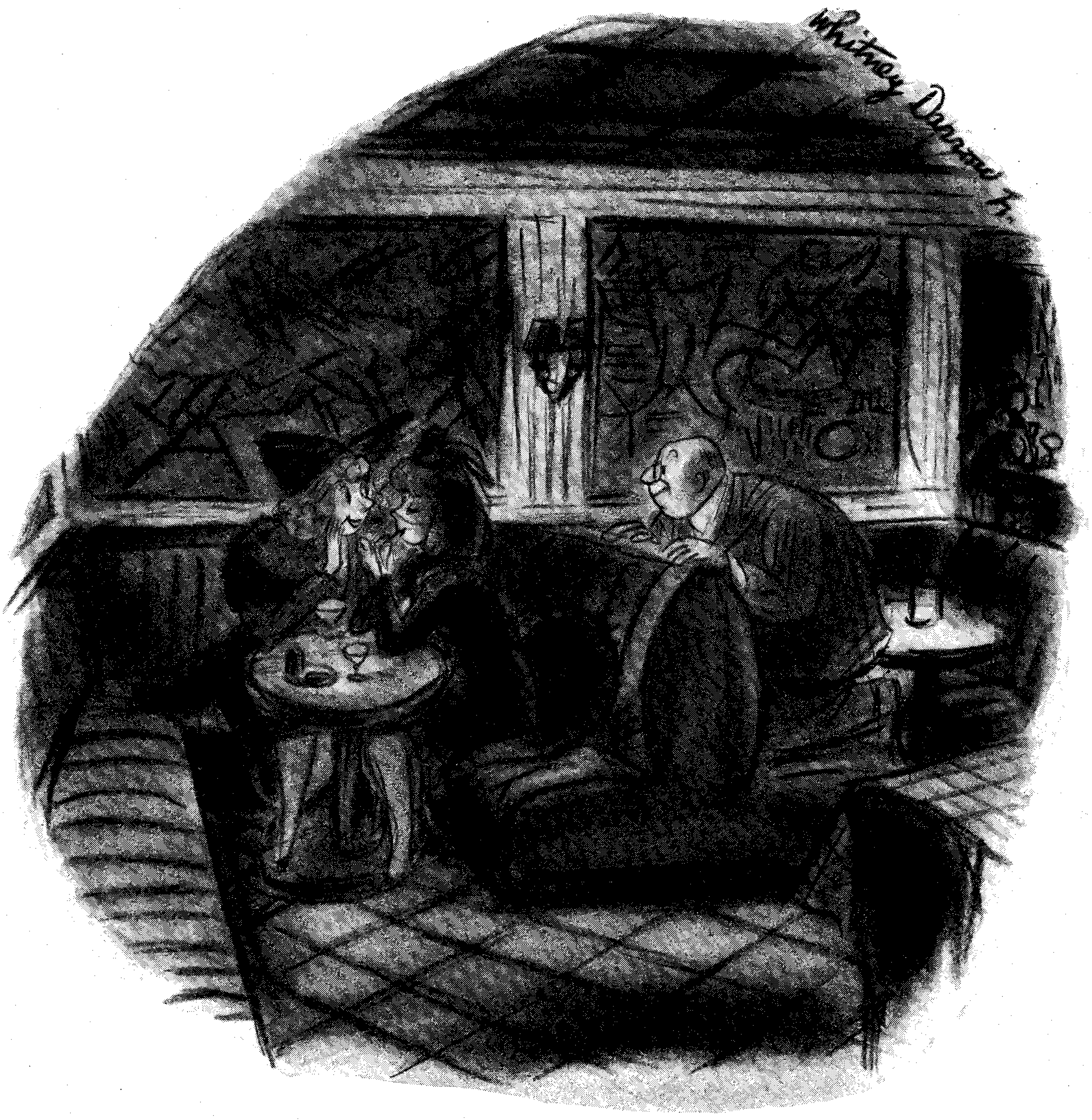
"Your father's uncle."

"What about him?"

"Oh, nothing," Mrs. Graves said. "I was just joking, really. He was a



"Now, you take an ordinary person—that would hurt his head."


Whitney Darrow Jr.

"Don't look now, but I think we're all set for the evening."

• •

very *sweet* person. Just unfortunate. I, personally, was very fond of him, and we mustn't speak ill of the dead."

"Oh, of course not," Judy said, soberly. "Would you like to hear what I've written so far? It's mostly about myself and Lois. I was going to put you in later, when I copied it."

Mrs. Graves sat down on the couch and rubbed her eyes. "Maybe Lois would like to hear it, too. Where is she?"

"She's in the bathroom steaming her face," Judy said. "She took a whole tray of ice cubes, and when she's through steaming, she's going to rub ice on it to tighten her muscles and keep them from sagging."

"Lois!" Mrs. Graves called. "Come right out of that bathroom and leave your face alone. Remember what happened when you used the pore cream."

Mr. and Mrs. Graves and Judy sat silently until Lois came slowly into the room. Her face was red and blotched, and her light, soft hair was held back from her forehead by a circular comb.

"Look at you!" her mother said.

"It's just the circulation being stimulated that did it," Lois said. "It'll go away. It *feels* wonderful. What do you want?"

"Judy's written part of her autobiography that she has to do for school. I thought you'd like to hear it."

Lois sat down on the arm of her father's chair. "I'll say," she said.

"Well," Judy said. "Shall I begin?" She took two sheets of folded paper out from under her sweater and opened them. "It hasn't any title."

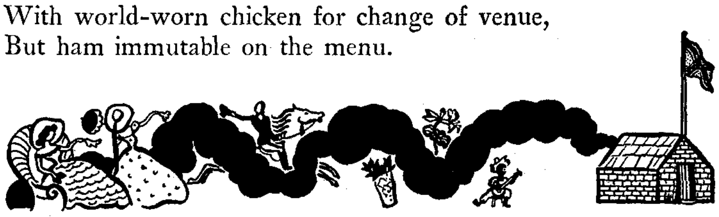
"You can think of one later," Mrs. Graves said. "Go ahead."

Judy cleared her throat and began to

NOTES FOR A SOUTHERN ROAD MAP

Carry me back to old Virginny,
Land of the cotton and the blue-eyed grass,
Where the banjo calls to the pickaninny
And the sun never sets on Carter Glass.
Carry me anywhere south of the line, there,
To old Kentucky or Fla. or Tenn.,
But when I hear that it's time to dine, there,
Why, you can carry me North again.
For Dixie's myth is a myth I dote on;
The South's my mammy is what I mean.
But never, ah never, they'll get my vote on
Their pet cuisine.

For it's ham,
Ham,
Frizzled or fried,
Baked or toasted,
Or on the side.
Ham for breakfast
And ham for luncheon,
Nothing but ham to sup or munch on.
Ham for dinner and ham for tea,
Ham from Atlanta
To the sea,
With world-worn chicken for change of venue,
But ham immutable on the menu.



Dear to my heart are the Southland's bounties,
Where honeysuckle is sweet in May,
Where warble the Byrds from important counties
And everything runs by the TVA.
I love the mint that they spice the cup with,
Their women fair and their horses fast;
An accent, even, can I put up with,
And stories, suh, from a Noble Past.
So carry me back to an old plantation
In North Carolina or Alabam',
But succor me still from a steadfast ration
Of ham.

Ham,
Ham,
Not lamb or bacon
But ham in Raleigh
And ham in Macon.
Ham for plutocrats,
Ham for pore folk,
Ham in Paducah and ham in Norfolk;
In Memphis, ham, and in Chapel Hill,
Chattanooga,
And Charlottesville.
Ham for the Missy,
Ham for the Colonel,
And for the traveller, Ham Eternal.

Oh, patriotically I implore,
Look away, Dixieland, from the smokehouse door.

—Phyllis McGinley

• •

read. "It was on the stroke of midnight on the twenty-first of September that I was born."

"Judy!" Mrs. Graves said. "How did you get it into your head that you were born on the stroke of midnight? You were born at eight in the morning."

"A few minutes after eight. Almost ten past, I think it was," Mr. Graves said. "I remember I got to the office about nine-thirty."

"It isn't so very important," Judy said.

"In an autobiography," Mrs. Graves told her, "one should be accurate."

"I'll fix it," Judy said, and went on with her reading. "It was a wild stormy night and our old family doctor fought his way through the terrible rain to reach the bedside of my mother who hovered between life and death." She looked up. "I sort of got that idea from 'David Copperfield,'" she explained. "But I can change that, too."

"I should think so!" Mrs. Graves said. "I think you'd better cut that whole part out altogether. You were born in a very nice little private hospital on Central Park West. It's been torn down now."

"Well, anyway," Judy said, and started to read again. "I was a small fat healthy baby, and from the first objected to being called 'the image' of any other member of the family because I knew I was different."

Lois gave a short, coarse laugh. "The other members of the family were the ones who objected," she said.

"That will do, Lois," Mr. Graves said. "Go on, Judy."

"At that time," Judy continued, "my mother and father were a very affectionate couple and he called her Pidge which was short for Pigeon."

"Listen—" Mr. Graves said.

"Just a minute, Harry," Mrs. Graves interrupted. "What Dad was going to say, I'm sure, was that such things are sort of—well, sort of family jokes. And I'm sure your teacher doesn't want you to write about them. I think she wants you to tell all about where you went to school and what you did there. Things like those."

Judy made a cryptic sign on the edge of the paper with her pencil. "My sister Lois was born two years before I was, shortly after Mom and Dad were married. As a nickname Dad and Mom called her T. P. for Third Person and this later changed to Tippet. So as Tippet at home and Lois at school she was known for a number of years."

"Tippet!" Lois repeated. "I haven't been called Tippet for years, Judy Graves, and you know it! I haven't been called Tippet once since I've been going to the Carleton School, and I'm not going to have you noising it around all over the place. She simply can't put that in. Can she, Mother?"

"Well," Mrs. Graves said doubtfully, "you *were* called Tippet. I think it's a rather sweet little nickname. Why can't Judy simply say that your nickname was Tippet and not explain *how* you happened to be called that?"

"She can't," Lois said. "She simply can't. Or I'll fix her."

"Well, do you want to hear the rest of this or don't you?" Judy asked. She cleared her throat again. "When I was seven I was forced to attend a public school for four months. It was in 1933 when my father who is in Wall Street had suffered heavy losses and couldn't pay for a private school. The public school was terrible! I was the only nice child in the class and for those four months was teacher's pet."

Mr. Graves got up from his chair and walked toward the fireplace, where he stood with his hands in his pockets, looking helplessly at Mrs. Graves.

"Do you know, Judy," Mrs. Graves said, "I hardly think *that* part is fair to Dad. After all, it was only for four months, and the school wasn't bad. Not bad at all. *Not* that I want you to think for a minute that I regret sending you there. But it just isn't fair to Dad. After all, it was the only time you *ever* went to public school, and it was for such a short time. Besides, it isn't considered very nice for little girls to talk about money. Don't you remember how I've told you *never* to ask what things cost? Well, what I mean is, this is the same sort of thing."

"It was a terrible school," Judy said.

"Well," Mrs. Graves said cheerily, "it's all over and done with now, so don't you think it would be better if you just *forgot* it?"

"Nineteen-thirty-three," Mr. Graves said. "God!"

"Yes, Harry," his wife murmured, "I know." She went over to Judy and sat down beside her on the window sill.

"Now, let's see," she said. "Let's see if we can't think of something interesting that happened in our family a long time ago. Something about Grandma or Grandpa, perhaps. Something that will make a nice, interesting story for your teacher to read."

"There isn't anything," Judy said. "I asked Dad."

Lois fidgeted uneasily on the arm of the chair, and Mr. Graves stood quietly by the fireplace, a peculiar look in his eyes. Mrs. Graves frowned. "Now, let's see." She turned her head to look out at the driving rain. In the back of her mind an idea stirred and she remembered snatches of a story that someone had told her or that she had read.

"I have it!" she exclaimed. "It seems to me that my mother told me once that her great-grandfather was a pirate!"

"A pirate!" Judy repeated.

"Yes, a pirate! And I think I can think of a story or two about him. He lived in a very lonely part of England and once he cut off the ears of a bandit who was terrorizing the countryside. Cut them off with his sword."

"Cut off his *ears?*"

"Cut them right off. And when he first came to this country, he was a very young man. And one day he saw the Governor's daughter and fell in love with her. It was in Virginia, I think. Anyway, you can make it Virginia. Well, he went right to the Governor and asked for his daughter's hand, and the Governor refused, so do you know what he did?"

"No," Judy said.

"He waited until the Governor's daughter was being married to another man, and he went to the wedding, and right in the middle of the ceremony he swore in loud tones that could be heard all over the church that he would marry the lady's daughter if she had one. And she did have one, and he did!"

"Golly!" Judy exclaimed. "That's wonderful. Dad didn't tell me anything like that."

"I don't think I ever told Daddy about it," Mrs. Graves said.

"It's swell," Judy said. "*Really* swell."

The autobiography that she had written slipped from her lap and fell to the floor unnoticed.

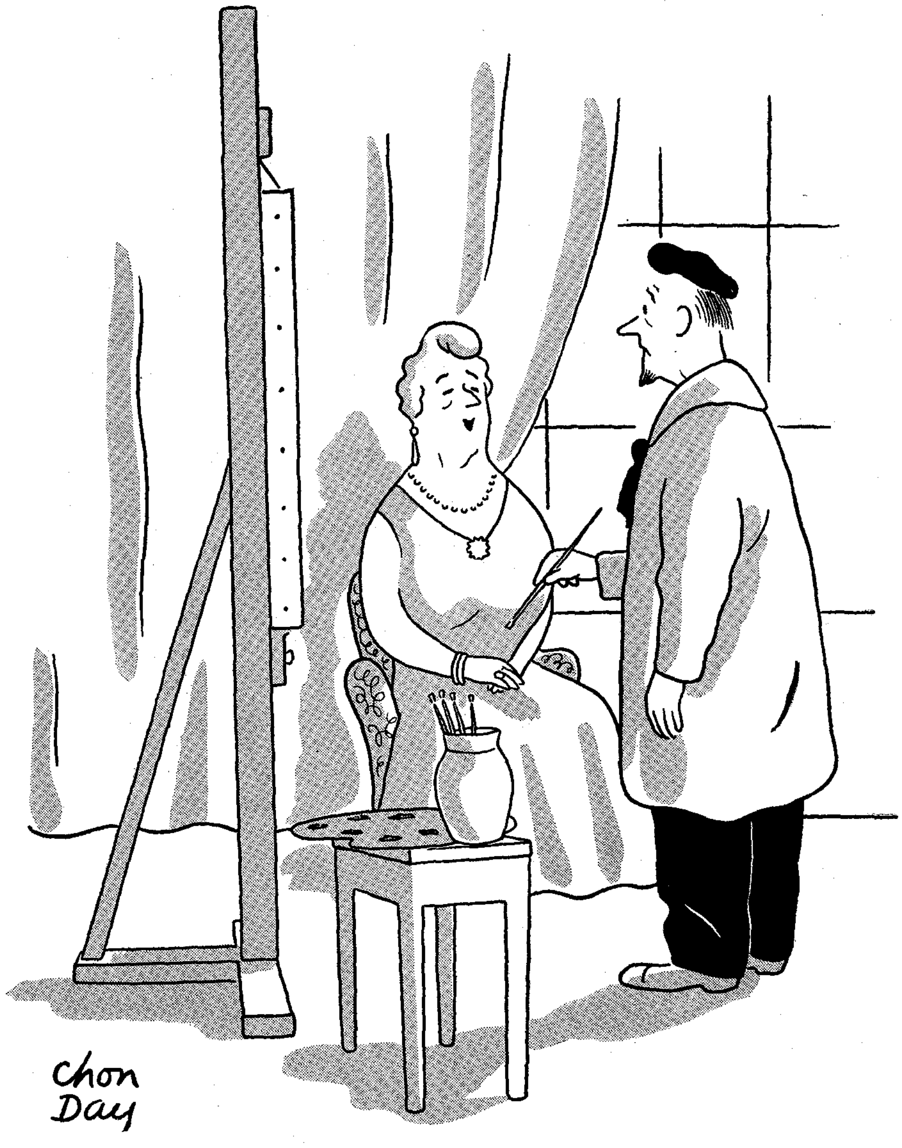
"And if you like," Mrs. Graves went on, "I'll sit right here with you and help you with it."

"I know what I can call it," Judy said. "I can call it 'I'm Partially Pirate.' "

Mrs. Graves, looking down, saw that Judy's stubby brown oxfords were resting on the pale-beige slipcover of the chair. She opened her mouth to say something, and almost immediately closed it again.

" 'I'm Partially Pirate,' " Judy repeated, her eyes shining. "Don't you think that'll be better?"

"Yes," Mrs. Graves answered. "Much better!" —SALLY BENSON



"Let me know when you get the smile finished, so I can relax."

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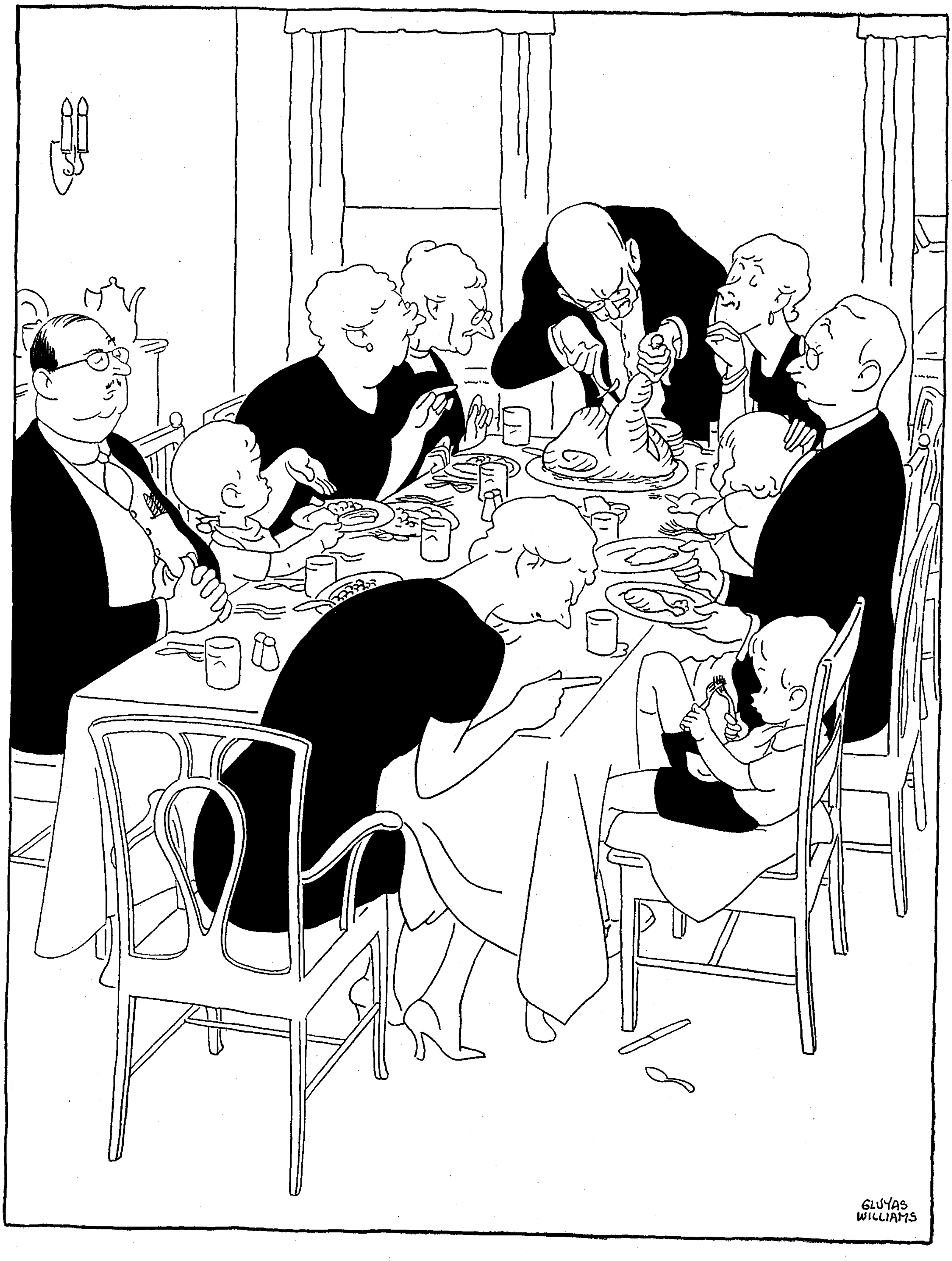
PYRRHIC VICTORY DEPARTMENT

[*From a Providence paper*]

He praised Fain as one of those who are "helping to bring lethargy out of consternation in the city of Providence."

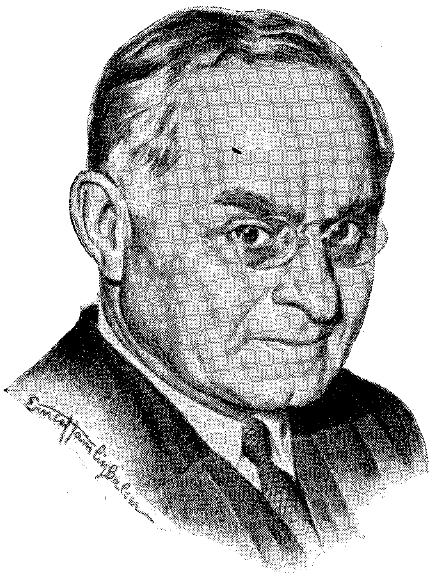

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE INNER MAN

Family Dinner

PROFILES

JURIST—I



Felix Frankfurter

To almost any ranking American lawyer or jurist, an appointment to the United States Supreme Court means canonization this side of paradise. He becomes one of the Nine Immortals of this lawyer's republic; he puts into the final haven of a well-navigated life at the bar or in politics. For Felix Frankfurter, his elevation to the High Court in January, 1939, actually meant, many of his friends believed, a step down. They felt that he already held a much bigger position, one that was far more powerful than that of any Justice of the Supreme Court. It was a very high position, although one that was nowhere described in the Constitution. He was a whole institution in himself. He was an Influence, a prodigious and pervasive one, working upon men and situations in every part of the country. He advised, inspired, admonished. He was not one thing but all sorts of things. Perhaps most important, he was, some well-posted observers believed, a Jiminy Cricket to President Roosevelt's Pinocchio—Jiminy Cricket, the chirping little Keeper of the Conscience, always worrying about the scrapes Pinocchio might get into, always turning up with advice when he was in trouble, but always, no matter what came, beautifully devoted to his big, happy-go-lucky, venturesome friend and master.

"Why, Felix has more brains than the whole Brain Trust combined," a friend of his once said, implying that some of his brains would be wasted in the Court. Other friends hinted that he ought to refuse the appointment; they argued that the Supreme Court was nothing but a lot of mumbo-jumbo anyway. "Remember, Felix," one old and privileged confrère said, "remember, from now on, as a Justice of the All-Highest Court, you will have to put on a high hat. You may even have to judge me. You won't be able to go on just being a good fellow with everyone."

Frankfurter paid no attention to his friends. Although he had been refusing high public office for thirty years—ever since President Theodore Roosevelt, in 1908, wanted to make him a federal judge—this time he weakened easily. Once, many years before, his friend Louis Brandeis, when nominated for the Court by President Wilson, had been bitterly attacked in the Senate. Asked if he would withdraw his name, Brandeis replied, "A man doesn't refuse an appointment to the Supreme Court."

Felix Frankfurter, at the time of his appointment, was fifty-six, a stocky, tense, five-foot-five-inch figure of a man, with a finely rounded, graying head and a keen face, which usually had a lively, birdlike expression. For over twenty years, Frankfurter, a professor of law, had operated from a modest office at the Harvard Law School, on the third floor of Langdell Hall, in the midst of endless, dusty tiers of lawbooks. The post at Harvard was a point from which the Frankfurter influence and counsel radiated toward leading men and important events. A letter from this professor in the Harvard Law School carried as much weight in its own way as a letter from the Morgan office at 23 Wall Street. A great deal was being said of his close connections with the President, with governors and senators, and with pupils who had become assistant Presidents or assistant senators. Less was said of how much his teaching, his writing, and his stirring about in the legal field could sway the minds of the Supreme Court Justices themselves. Yet he had asked nothing of public men, just as he had always refused big-money inducements to enter the private practice of law.

It was a long jump from the professor's office at Cambridge to the vast, new white-marble palace of the Supreme Court in Washington. Frankfurter expected the nomination and had himself well in hand when the news of it was published, but everybody else at the Harvard Law School was excited, especially the students. "Don't call me Judge," he protested to one of his classes the day he was nominated. "I haven't been confirmed yet." When he was confirmed, twelve days later, his colleague and friend Professor Thomas Reed Powell rushed into his classroom with the telegram from Washington, and the students stood up and applauded clamorously. Frankfurter bade farewell to them, saying, with a good deal of emotion, "It is not an easy thing for me to go to Washington. While there, I shall think of you often."

Can a man be happy on the Supreme Court bench? Life at the top of the legal hierarchy is painfully circumscribed by a traditional decorum. During the sessions of the Court, which last from noon until four-thirty, the tourist public pushes into the oversumptuous courtroom and ganders at the black-robed Justices free of charge. "Nine black beetles in the Temple of Karnak," Justice Stone has called this performance. The late Oliver Wendell Holmes used to explode whenever he saw himself as a poor, inhibited Lord High Justice, cut off from low company. "God," he would say, "if only I could have a *perpendicular* drink again!" On the eve of Frankfurter's departure for the capital to take his place in the Court, an old friend of his called at his home in Brattle Street, Cambridge, and found him packing. Frankfurter sat down on a trunk, hunched forward, crossed his legs, and swung them rapidly. "Do you know," he said reflectively, "I'm scared."

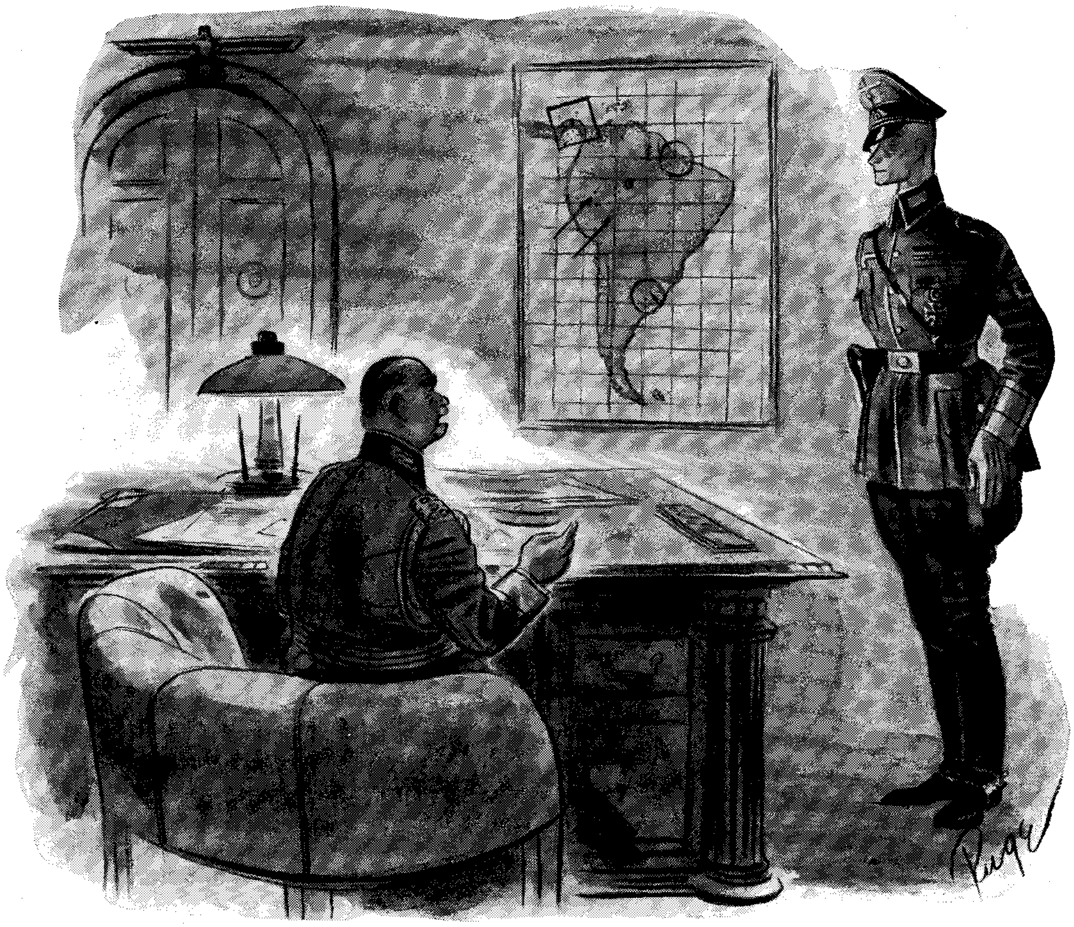
Frankfurter's success story can be used as a text to prove many things. Certainly it proves that in the old days before 1929 there was likely to be a career in America for a man of talent. Starting from a little below the bottom (that is, from the steerage list), coming to America in 1894 as an immigrant, the child of relatively poor Austrian Jews, Frankfurter in middle life was awarded the highest office which this country may give to a naturalized citizen. This happened despite the fact that he had never been quite the top man in any of the several fields of activity in which he had figured. For example, he was not specially qualified for the Supreme Court through experience as a judge of one of the important state courts of appeal, as Holmes and Cardozo were.

Nor was he known to the trade as a great lawyer, as were Brandeis and Hughes. To be sure, he was on his way to becoming an outstanding appellate lawyer—the kind who argues cases on appeal, not before a jury but before a judge of a high court—when he became a teacher instead. However, to be a great lawyer, one has to work at law cases year in, year out, which Frankfurter had not done. Nor was Frankfurter among the very first as a scholar of the law. There was a good deal of talk at the time of his appointment to the Court about his taking the "scholar's place" on the bench which the philosophical Cardozo had occupied. But if Franklin Roosevelt had been looking for a scholar, there were one or two others right in the Harvard Law School faculty who were reckoned by experts to be deeper scholars than Frankfurter. Frankfurter, as a man of the world, always the last to leave a party, busy helping to run the country, had had less time than others to become a great scholar. He has written a number of respected books and monographs, yet nothing profoundly original or in wide use among law students. He talks better than he writes. His literary style is part commonplace, part lush, and runs to the excessive use of elegant quotations from Burke, Maitland, Bagehot, Holmes, and other masters of legal eloquence and learning. Some people claim, too, that although Frankfurter was hugely successful as a teacher, he didn't really teach law, he "taught Frankfurter," and Harvard let him get away with it.

Yet today, and despite all this, many Tuesday-morning critics of Supreme Court opinions see no reason that Frankfurter may not become one of the Court's great judges. Because of a unique combination of character and versatile talents, Frankfurter, they think, stands above men who may be, by orthodox standards, mightier lawyers or better teachers. These very lawyers and teachers are likely to be among his most faithful admirers and followers. Often they say that his last opinion was "incredible," or "terrible," or "astounding," but let him telephone any of them that he is in town, and all is forgiven. He is pressed to come for cocktails, for dinner, for the weekend, or for the summer. Wherever Frankfurter is, there is no boredom. As soon as he bounces in—he never walks, he bounces—the talk and laughter begin, and they never let up. He brings with him the sweep of national affairs and the human interest of personal gossip. His mind is endlessly adjustable rather than specialized. From world politics, he can turn to weigh and analyze, with an unusual degree of sympathetic insight, the personal problems of the man he is with. At some stage of the conversation, the other fellow—perhaps an outstanding lawyer, or scholar, or statesman—is apt to unbend and ask Frankfurter's advice about a chapter in a book he is writing, a bill of his that has got jammed in the Senate, a wife headed for Reno. On any of these diverse subjects, Frankfurter is usually ready to give advice.

Restricted by his academic duties in Cambridge, or limited by the sheer physical inability to be in many places at the same time, Frankfurter has found ways of offsetting these restraints and projecting his will and his superabundant nervous energy through other personalities into a number of situations at once. Before his appointment to the Court, he was a correspondent as voluminous as Voltaire. Each week he fired off hundreds of brief, urgent letters or notes, which he scribbled almost illegibly with a fountain pen on pads of paper he carried around with him. Appeals for help in some public cause, or praise for some act he approved, or blame for something he disapproved, but mostly advice of all kinds, would go forth to friends and followers or to heads of newspapers and other institutions in all parts of the country. He usually got a quick and heartening response. One Monday morning, when Frankfurter was spending the summer at the home of his old friend Dr. Alfred Cohn, the noted heart specialist, at New Milford, Connecticut, the postman came staggering in with a whole sack of mail, answers to notes Frankfurter had written the week before.

Frankfurter's advice is a compound of shrewd knowledge of the world, insight into the passions of men, and coldly logical, closely reasoned argument. His own character, according to one disciple, is a thing of "predominantly emotional drives, as rigidly controlled by cerebration as is humanly possible." He has had the reputation of being some sort of vaguely humanitarian liberal, but this, his closest associates say,



"Major von Broecke, can you rumba?"

is not quite accurate. He is always for social improvement, not as a liberal or a conservative but as a realist, sometimes a powerfully cautious one. Nor has he any fixed economic beliefs, least of all Marxian ones. A realist, he sometimes says, should not have them. Recently, when delivering a difficult Court opinion on the refusal of two members of the Jehovah's Witnesses sect to salute the American flag, he digressed into self-confession, saying, "No single principle can answer all of life's complexities." For a long time, Frankfurter's peculiar usefulness, in his inveterate rôle of adviser, has derived from the fact that the world is full of great and small scholars, lawyers, and statesmen who find it hard to make up their minds. Frankfurter has always known his own mind, or had the air of knowing it.

THE heyday of Felix Frankfurter is usually placed somewhere in the years at the height of the New Deal "revolution," before he subsided into the Supreme Court. A whole faculty of university professors and experts went swarming into Washington with the new President to serve as his Kitchen Cabinet, or Brain Trust. Soon the press was singling Frankfurter out of all that academic mob as the most secretive and discreet member, the one who played Machiavelli, if not Svengali, to that innocent babe in politics, President Roosevelt, and before long the attack by the press grew warmer. Frankfurter's was the mind, critics claimed, that devised all the new, Draconian laws; his the brain that launched those alphabetical and reformatory engines that were destroying the old American way of life. The chief source of this Frankfurter legend was General Hugh Johnson, who, resigning against his will from the government service in 1935, spread stories of the little law professor's "sinister" influence. The General believed, and rightly, that Frankfurter, in the spring of 1935, had advised Roosevelt to slit the throat of the dying Blue Eagle and be done with it. Johnson told everyone that Frankfurter, by virtue of his close connection with President Roosevelt, was "the most influential single individual in the United States." He added, "The Joe Robinsons and the Pat Harrisons bear the brunt, but it is the Frankfurters . . . who steer the ship."

Then Father Coughlin and the Hearst press took up the theme. The Jewish professor had not only wormed himself into the bosom of the President but had managed to place a hundred and twenty-five of his "Frankfurter marionettes," his "Happy Hot Dogs," as the papers called them, in strategic federal offices in order to "put over Socialism on the American people" painlessly. Frankfurter shrugged off these rumors and grew more silent than ever—in public. Reporters rushed to Cambridge and found him, usually, at work in the Law School "developing legal intellects," as one of them said, for business and government. The speculations of the press on the nature of his influence were mostly wrong. It was not as radical as was supposed; it was not as constant or sustained as Frankfurter himself would have liked it to be. On the other hand, it was in many ways deeper and more vital than was generally known.

The New Deal's professors came into power through no magic recipe of their own but through the abdication of their predecessors. Before 1933, men like the Van Sweringens, the Insulls, the Hopsons, and the Richard Whitneys usually helped to "run" the country. During the great depression some of these men came to an untimely end, some skipped the country, and a few even landed in the penitentiary. The nation was distraught, business lost its nerve, the bankers were boarding up their countinghouses. Hope, courage, and faith in the future of the nation were wanting.

Now, though the professors in Roosevelt's entourage were accused in the press of all sorts of things, they were seldom charged with being short of hope, courage, or faith. The economic storm had put the Insulls and Whitneys out as influences and the Professor Frankfurters in their place. After the collapse of the Babylonian twenties came Reform, and with it a dauntless, uninhibited army of university pundits went marching into power, with Felix Frankfurter at the head of the column.

FOR many years, Frankfurter had constituted in his own person what might be called an Institute for Shaping and Guiding Public Opinion. Its central

"For God's sake, Ferguson, stop saying, 'I'm in the same boat myself'!"

Ballet
Ballet UNFAIR TO DANCERS' UNION
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FAIR

office was in his head; its branch agents, who were simply his many friends and admirers, were stationed all over the country as leading members of the bar, as governors, senators, bankers, social workers, labor leaders, and editors of newspapers. As the depression wore on, he stepped up his activity, writing more letters than ever. Like a "human shuttle," as Emory R. Buckner, the former Assistant Attorney General, called him, he rushed here and there, bringing people together at dinners or breakfasts in New York, Washington, or Boston. He also wrote articles for the *New Republic*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Harvard Law Review*, and other magazines, many of them unsigned, and even more often directed and inspired others to do likewise with ideas he furnished them.

Frankfurter's mood was that of "Let's do something!" Up and down the country, in private discussion and in public lectures, he argued that the world was "at one of the great crossroads of history." No ordinary measures would cure its ills. At the end of 1932 (when he was seeing a good deal of his friend President-Elect Roosevelt), he wrote in an article for the *Yale Review* that this was "the fourth winter of our discontent." From now on there would be sweeping economic and political reforms and "experiments." Even the Supreme Court would have to change its old, hidebound notions to make way for new laws. "We must start and start quickly a program of reëmployment," he said. "The present trend of things must be reversed . . . at a rapid pace."

The speed and timing of Roosevelt's program during the Hundred Days of emergency in 1933 are often attributed to Frankfurter's advice and to his sense of history. Not for nothing, in the dark hours of Hoover's last winter in office, had Frankfurter's exhortations to those who were already planning for the Roosevelt regime abounded in words like "faith," "hope," and "enterprise." He was one of those who helped to put heart into the new administration. In February, 1933, in a lecture at the New School for Social Research, he was saying, "Despite our present plight, we have it more than ever within our power to be masters of our fate . . . if only we have the will to translate knowledge into action and to gain further knowledge by action."

Soon the new government was moving into action as if it intended that we should be masters of our fate. Laws were being cooked up every day, and to Frankfurter, with his technician's experience in preparing regulative laws, the writing of some of the most important of these was assigned. In addition, he was asked by the President and by members of his Cabinet to recommend expert young men who could match wits in court with Wall Street's highly paid legal hatchet men. He was glad to. All his life a good-government man, he had preached the need for getting men of education and integrity into office and building up something like the British public service, with its corps of "career" men. Letters of introduction, carried by high-ranking Harvard Law School graduates, began pouring into Washington. These messages served, in their choicer field, to get the bearers jobs as effectively as Jim Farley's green-ink letters. Soon about a hundred Happy Hot Dogs filled important posts in the New Deal bureaucracy. All this meant an extension of that vicarious, manipulative power that Frankfurter instinctively enjoyed, since he maintained close touch with his "boys" in Washington. It meant also that Frankfurter was busier and happier than ever before in his life.

For example, a year earlier he had sent Thomas G. Corcoran, one of his most brilliant students, to his friend Eugene Meyer, a member of the Federal Reserve Board and chairman of the newly founded Reconstruction Finance Corporation under President Hoover, and Meyer had had Corcoran appointed counsel to the RFC. By the spring of 1933, Corcoran, though he retained his post on the RFC, was actually stationed in the White House as one of Roosevelt's personal aides, or assistant Presidents. Corcoran telephoned Frankfurter constantly from the White House. There were times when Corcoran would not make an important decision without calling Frankfurter. In the heroic age of the New Deal, Frankfurter would take the train to Washington almost every weekend. Often he stayed at the White House for days, talking and working till after midnight.

A picture of the long, tense conferences in the White House has remained unforgettably with some of the early crop of New Dealers. One of them, Donald R. Richberg, now retired from public life to private law practice in Washington, sometimes recalls how a group of twelve to fifteen men used to stand around the President "shooting ideas into him" as fast as they could. Roosevelt would puff away at the cigarette in his long holder, turning his head quickly now to one side, now to the other. "The President is a man who reads little but listens a lot," Richberg once said. "He plays by ear and picks his tune." Very often the clear, firm words of Frankfurter, with their slightly foreign "s"s, logically, vigorously, authoritatively teaching, expounding, carefully analyzing all aspects of every question, would be the tune he preferred.

And why not? Two warm, vital, wisecracking, shoulder-hugging fellows, they had liked each other since 1918, when Roosevelt, representing the Navy Department on the War Labor Policies Board, had been subordinate to Frankfurter, who was chairman. After Roosevelt took office as Governor of New York, in 1929, he often called Frankfurter in for legal advice. Frankfurter was a friend loyal to the point of sentimentality. To him, Roosevelt, whether in Albany or in Washington, was doing a good job in a tough game, and Frankfurter's often caustic tongue was never turned against him. Roosevelt was equally admiring, because to him Frankfurter was one professor whom the "money-changers" could not buy. In Washington, people repeated the perhaps apocryphal story told by Harold J. Laski, the English political scientist, about the night Laski was having dinner with the Frankfurters in Cambridge. The telephone rang and Mrs. Frankfurter went to answer it. She was silent for several minutes, then she was heard to say, in a firm voice, "The answer is *no*." When she returned to the table, she reported that the American Sugar Refining Company had called to repeat an offer it had been making of a fee of $75,000 to Professor Frankfurter to handle a case. Mrs. Frankfurter had not bothered to call her husband from his dinner.

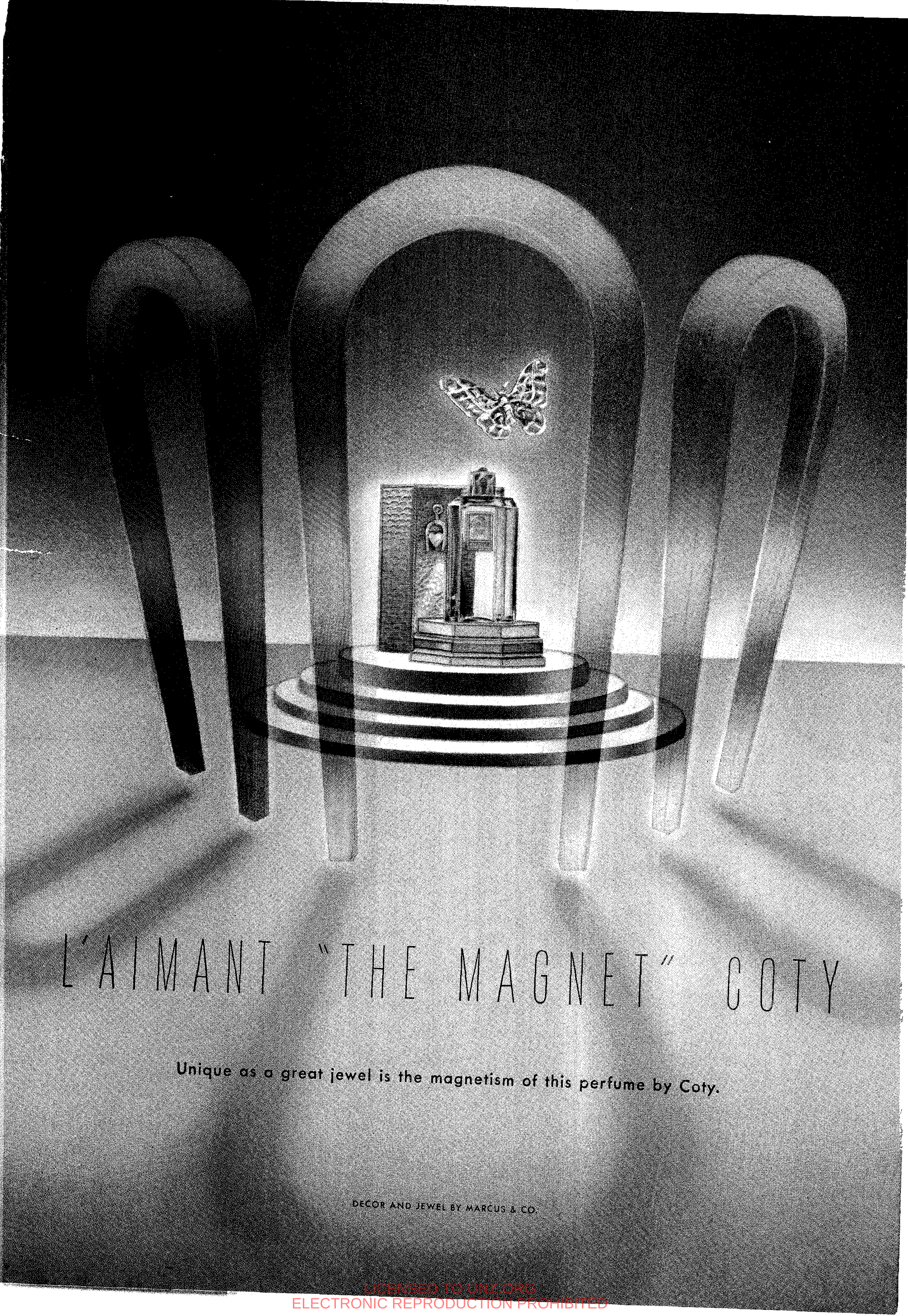
Whereas Roosevelt wasn't always sure which of the new laws that had to be written overnight were constitutional, his friend Frankfurter, who had made a long study of Supreme Court precedent and the character of the judges, usually was. Frankfurter at no time led Roosevelt by the nose, however. The President, as his most intimate assistant Presidents ruefully admit when you corner them, was chronically averse to following the advice of any one man. In fact, he deliberately chose to have men of opposing minds around his council table and played them off against each other. Then, after they had wrangled enough, he usually told them to form a small committee, get into a room by themselves, and "weave it all together." That is why Brain Trusters, politically, go mad or die young. That is why Foxy Felix, as his students called him, abstained from accepting high offices offered to him by the Gay Reformer. Whenever he got an offer, he promptly fled back to Cambridge. "Felix is a stubborn pig!" Roosevelt exclaimed when Frankfurter firmly refused the post of Solicitor General in 1933.

To hold office usually means to be under the thumb of a politician; you have to "go along" when you may not want to, and sometimes you have to be a little ruthless. Frankfurter's own disciples in office, who worked at practical politics with their sleeves rolled up, knew that he wouldn't enjoy being in the front-line trenches. He preferred settling questions of high strategy at G.H.Q., usually leaving the unpleasant details to be worked out by others. From this vantage point he did not attempt to advance some theory or pet scheme, as many suspected, but served very often as umpire between factions battling for the President's support. Often he exercised a cautionary influence upon Roosevelt. He respected, for instance, the traditional power of the Supreme Court; he advocated the "drop by drop" process of reform and changes which gave an impression of continuity rather than of sudden departures. Roosevelt enjoyed the idea of occasionally setting off an explosion among the conservatives, but his adviser usually favored more gradual methods. This made the President so peevish on one occasion that he started addressing Frankfurter as "John W. Davis."

NOT only during the Hundred Days but also in the years that followed, Frankfurter invariably said nothing to the newspapermen who waited for him when he came down the stairs leading from the President's private rooms in the White House. Besides having "nothing to say," he would go to some pains to stop stories about himself, often protesting loudly that he had a horror of "self-exploitation." A rival New Deal adviser once said mischievously that "Felix didn't want his influence exaggerated for fear it would hurt his business." Another man who

BARNEY TOBEY

"Goody, it's snowing. Now I can have that extra bedroom."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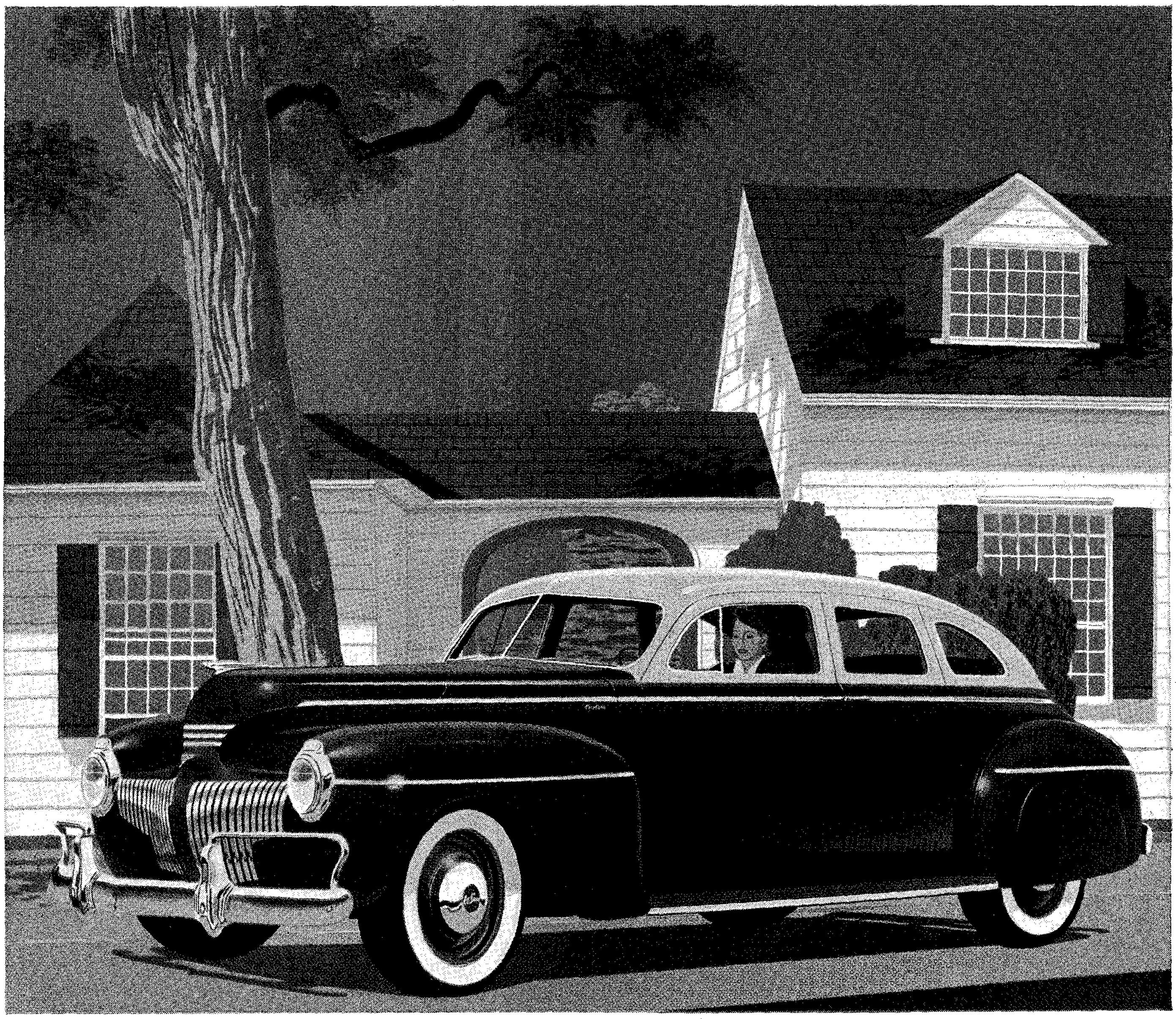

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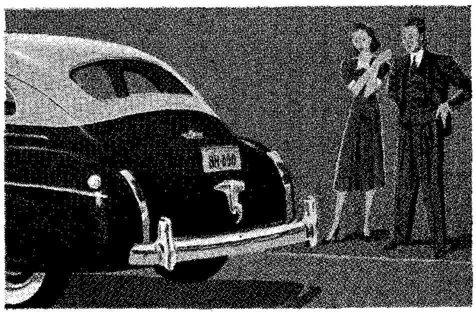

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Additional Theatre Advertising

knew him well, having been associated with him for twenty years in the American Civil Liberties Union (of which Frankfurter was one of the founding members), has said that Frankfurter "more or less consciously enjoyed being a mystery man."

Frankfurter's preëminence among the several shadowy powers in Washington was most of all reflected in the big contingent of Harvard Law School graduates placed in important federal department offices or in the various New Deal agencies. There was Corcoran, working in the White House as one of Roosevelt's chief administrative aides. Benjamin V. Cohen, another Frankfurter protégé and a man of extraordinary character with whom Corcoran contracted a great friendship the moment they met, served nominally as a counsel to the PWA but was actually Corcoran's inseparable partner in helping the President. The list of Frankfurter lawyers in the government has been a long one. It includes, in important posts at various times in recent years, Dean G. Acheson in the Treasury Department, James M. Landis in the SEC, Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., in Labor, and Nathan R. Margold in the Interior. Among the other men appointed to high posts by the President at Frankfurter's suggestion or with his approval were John Dickinson, Assistant Secretary of Commerce; Dr. Leo Wolman, labor mediator for the NRA; Professor O. M.W. Sprague of Harvard, as a general economic adviser to the President; and Jerome N. Frank, as law officer for the AAA. Finally, as many as three hundred other, younger men were placed in lesser government jobs as fast as they came out of the Harvard Law School, usually bearing a letter from Frankfurter to Corcoran.

In quantity, Frankfurter's "patronage" was inconsiderable compared to that of former Postmaster General Farley, but after March, 1933, it was generally understood in Washington that if a good lawyer was needed for the government service, he would be taken from Frankfurter's list. Once a visitor to Washington, dining with several Cabinet members, heard unsatisfactory conditions in one branch of the Labor Department being freely discussed. Secretary Perkins, who was present, remarked, "Well, we mean to put in one of Frankfurter's men pretty soon and get things straightened out in that division." The visitor was shocked at the frankness with which a Cabinet member spoke of these arrangements.

Although Frankfurter usually keeps

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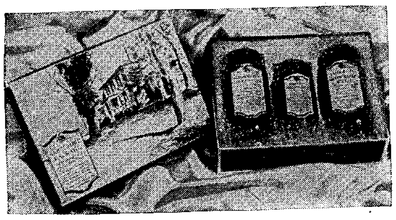

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fairly mum about the power he wields, he has occasionally let a word or two slip. Once, after a lively luncheon with several friends who were seeing him off on a boat for England, he lifted a corner of the veil. At the dock, he began to worry about how he would be able to go on giving advice to one of his friends in Washington, a man who sometimes got into scrapes with politicians. He turned to the friend's wife and said, "This boy of yours is going to get into trouble, and I won't be here. When he does, I want you to turn him over to my other self, Tommy," pointing to Corcoran, who was standing nearby. Though Frankfurter would be far away in England, the tremendously able, resourceful Tommy Corcoran would still be there to take care of this friend or that trouble. Projecting himself through other personalities, Frankfurter could be simultaneously at home and abroad.

—MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

(*This is the first of three articles on Justice Frankfurter. The second will appear next week.*)

•

BALLADE OF ENGLAND

Where are now, in coign or crack,
The golden schedules that we made
Before the windows all went black,
Before the barren cannonade?
The magic word has been mislaid,
The page is missing from the book;
Having looked and looked, we are
afraid
That there is nowhere left to look.

Open the shutters front and back,
Look up and down the esplanade;
Bill and Silas, Neil and Jack
Have vanished with the cavalcade
Of the befuddled and betrayed,
Whose cherished time the demon took.
We wait in vain, their faces fade,
And there is nowhere left to look.

Santa Claus has lost his sack.
Where are the toys we learnt to trade—
The dilettante bric-a-brac,
The ideologies of jade?
Where are the pompoms and the braid,
The trinkets of the private nook?
We have looked for them in sun and
shade
And there is nowhere left to look.

ENVOI

My friend, the horses that we played
Have failed to answer to the book;
We looked to see our fortunes made,
But there is nowhere left to look.

—LOUIS MACNEICE

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OF ALL THINGS

WHILE other Balkans were signing Axis contracts, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Turkey remained holdouts. Probably waiting for Soviet Russia to make up their minds.

•

Apparently the Italian soldiers returned from Greece faster than they went. From all accounts, they succeeded in staging a magnificent comeback.

•

If we may credit reports from Berlin, R. A. F. bombers are the worst and best shots in the world. They never hit a munitions factory and never miss a hospital.

•

Lord Lothian tells us that Britain needs more ships, planes, and financial credit. It's unfortunate that we cannot give England some of our bad weather, which she needs more than we do.

•

The Senate and House are doing business in temporary quarters during alterations. It was found that the roofs of both chambers had been weakened by decades of rain, snow, and oratory.

•

A Vichy writer predicts that the United States is headed for monarchy, with the President's power passing to his heir. The White House will become a bed of Roosevelts.

•

The C. I. O. convention accepted the resignation of John L. Lewis with deep regret. The delegates thought it a pity that such a good president should have been such a bad guesser.

•

Attorney General Jackson complains that premature revelations by the Dies Committee hamper the work of the F.B.I. Now we have to stop and have a war between the G-men and the D-men.

•

Senator Burke of Nebraska is quitting the Democrats and moving into the Willkie camp. Last summer's primary made him suspect that he was the life of the wrong party.

•

Despite all exhortations, Americans refuse to become a united people. With the campaign wounds not yet healed, we fall to quarrelling about Disney's "Fantasia." —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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THE THEATRE

DOUBLE TALK IN ILLYRIA

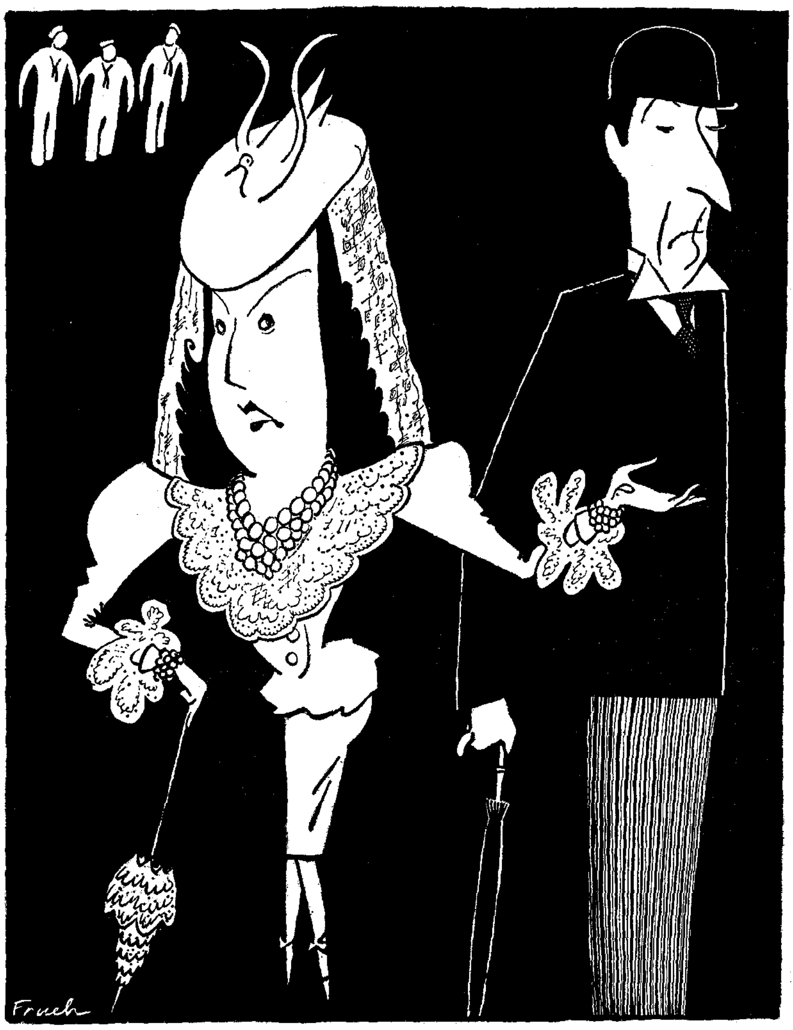
ALMOST exactly ten years ago, Miss Jane Cowl was visible here in a painfully imaginative production of "Twelfth Night"—the scenery, for one thing, took the shape of pages from an enormous book—and I still remember that distant evening as one of the most interminable in my life. Last week, Miss Helen Hayes and Mr. Maurice Evans, for reasons inscrutable to me, chose to show up in the same vehicle at the St. James. The Hayes-Evans version is as superior to Miss Cowl's as the Minnesota football team is to Yale's, but I regret to say that the play itself still strikes me as an outrageous old bore, full of tiresome and gritty complications, incomprehensible Elizabethan jokes, and a troop of low-comedy characters of really paralyzing inanity. There is no especial point in discussing the plot of "Twelfth Night." As you know, or should, it is concerned with the old problem of mistaken identity, a theme upon which Shakespeare seems to have been inclined to brood from time to time. Viola looks so much like her brother Sebastian that only a bloodhound could tell them apart, and this, of course, leads to hell's own amount of confusion in Illyria, where every mind you meet is a little slower than the last. It is a trifle easier than "A Comedy of Errors," there being only two people who look alike, but it is tough enough, and, for all of me, you can have them both.

While the story of "Twelfth Night" is as irritating as a raspberry seed in a back tooth, it is the dialogue that really makes an evening at the St. James a torment to all but the exceptionally devout. For a good deal of it, you need a glossary before even a gleam of light breaks through the fog. I have no idea, for instance, what the Clown (Shakespeare's clowns have probably bored more people stiff than colored radio comedians) means when he says somewhere in the second act, "I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses." "Excellent," remarks Sir Andrew Aguecheek to this balderdash. "Why, this is the best fooling." Half of the trouble with Shakespeare's clowns, I imagine, is that the other characters keep encouraging them.

Even when the conversation at the St. James is reasonably clear as far as the words go, it usually calls for the kind of sense of humor that values a bad pun beyond any other product of the human mind. There is the hilarious moment, of course, when Malvolio, spelling out the letter from Maria, comes to the vowel "I." "Ay, an you had any eye behind you," cries Fabian, a low-grade moron hiding in a bush, "you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you." This is characteristic, and so is the occasion when Sir Toby Belch confuses the word "lechery" with "lethargy," practically bringing down the house. I could go on with these specimens indefinitely, since the clowns and their friends dominate this comedy almost more than any other, but it would be unfair to spoil your fun.

Thanks to brilliantly stylized performances by both the stars and Miss Margaret Webster's loving and intelligent direction, there are a good many compensating moments in "Twelfth Night." Miss Hayes, radiant in a striped bicycling costume, is actually able to make you feel grateful that Viola wasn't really drowned when that ship went down off Elysium, and Mr. Evans, who has assumed eyeglasses and a cockney accent, gives Malvolio a proud, pathetic dignity, only dimly suggested in the script. Olivia (Sophie Stewart) and Orsino (Wesley Addy), who remind me for some reason of Snow White and the Prince in the Disney film, are handsome and correct, while the others, including June Walker, Donald Burr, Mark Smith, and Wallace Acton, are all gay and active, though seriously handicapped by the whimsy of the Bard.

In strict justice to all



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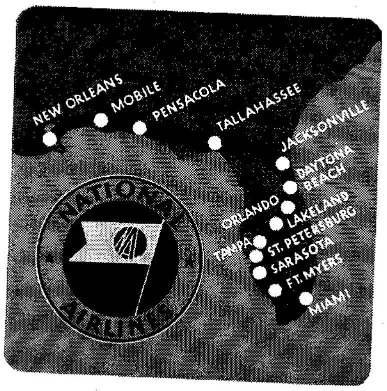

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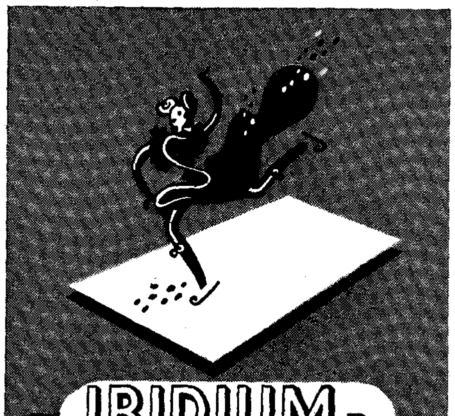

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the participants, as well as the Theatre Guild, I am obliged to report that a first-night audience seemed to be enjoying itself. I have my own opinion of that audience, however, and will stick with Dr. Johnson, who observed coldly in a footnote to the edition of "Twelfth Night" at my house that the play "fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life."

"HORSE FEVER" is a comedy about a man who applies psychoanalysis to a nervous race horse. It reaches its peak in the second act when, for various reasons, it is necessary to keep the horse in the bathroom of a hotel suite. I recall laughing twice—once at a line which I forget and once when a voice coming over the public-address system at the race track cleared its throat heartily, plainly under the impression that it had been disconnected. The play at the Mansfield was produced by Alex Yokel, who once did very nicely with something called "Three Men on a Horse" and obviously sees no reason a good idea shouldn't work twice; the star is Ezra Stone, a disciple of George Abbott's and a good actor but not as yet an authority on humor; the horse looked even more bored than I was. Millard Mitchell, Zamah Cunningham, and Lou Lubin also do their best, but the whole thing still resembles a parody of something Mr. Abbott might have knocked off with his left hand. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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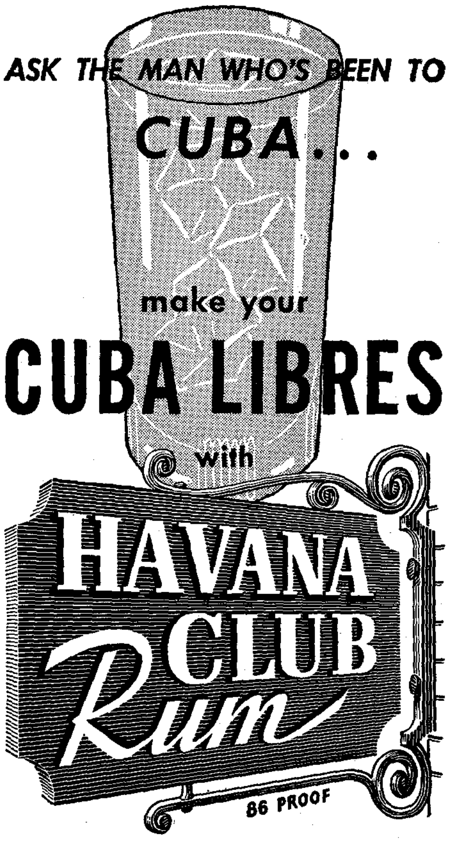

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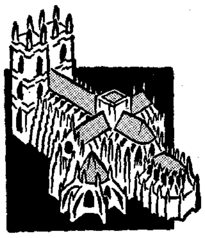
LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 24 (BY CABLE)



NOTHING has made the English happier than the resounding trouncing given to the Italians in Greece; nothing would make them happier than a second Taranto. After an initial period of wariness, in which people fought shy of placing too much credence in the reports of Greek victories, everyone now feels that there are really sound reasons for delight and are properly delighted. As someone remarked in slightly dazed tones, Britain has actually acquired an ally who not only has thrown the invading forces back on their ear but has carried the war well into enemy territory. Such a state of affairs is novel enough to make the British want to cheer as loudly as the M. P.'s did when the Prime Minister, in his opening-of-Parliament speech, spoke of the Italian adventure as "a felon's blow" and a piece of "pure unmitigated brigandage."

Although news of British help to Greece has been necessarily scanty, it is hoped that the actual aid was not, and that the Navy and the R.A.F. will hit hard at Italy and go on hitting. When word came through of Taranto—a spectacular triumph for that Cinderella of the services, the Fleet's air arm—cockney newsdealers chanted with lugubrious relish, "Eyetalian fleet done in! No more macaroni!" A minor local backwash of the great events in the Koritza sector has been a rush of business to an excellent little Greek restaurant on Charlotte Street where Londoners go to munch loyally at skewered lamb and bay leaf and to exchange complimentary toasts in the resinous *vin du pays* with the proprietor.

THE queerest thing that has happened for a long time, and one of the most revealing bits of national psychology, is the revision of the public attitude toward Mr. Chamberlain's qualities and statesmanship now that his ashes have been duly laid under the paving stones of Westminster Abbey. The newspaper eulogies made strange reading to anyone with an inconveniently long memory who could remember some of the pungent phrases the identical newspapers had cooked up about the ex-Prime Minister back in April. The British weakness for old dogs, aging actresses, and veteran statesmen is incorrigible, however, and enough was said on the occasion of Chamberlain's death to make one feel that another woolly legend was in the process of being built up. In bars and buses, one heard people say mournfully, "Ar, 'e was too much of a gentleman to be up to their tricks, 'e was." An unlovable personality, he had to wait to be dead to be loved by the nation, for some of the strangest reasons that ever didn't get engraved on a memorial tablet.

IT was perhaps unfortunate that the reprisal raids on Coventry should have coincided with the appearance in certain sections of the press of the cheerful statement that a defence against night raiders had been found. Citizens of Coventry, wandering among the ruins of their homes and public buildings, may well have felt that they might have been let in on the secret sooner. The premature optimism was hastily squelched by Air Marshal Sir Philip Joubert. He told the public that the problem of defeating the night raider was well in hand, but added that there was no single remedy for night bombing. Experts agree that the most effective remedy must be in the air—plentiful night fighters coördinated with guns and searchlights—and not on the ground, thereby dispelling the popular dream of some Wellsian or Jules Verneish machine that would intercept and cripple raiders by the pressing of a button.

All the same, official denials did not stop the totally unexpert but hopeful opinions that something was under way which would soon make evening sirens as relatively unalarming as day ones. That it was not already in existence was only too mournfully evidenced by the vicious full-moon attacks on the capital which were announced by the Nazis as a second reprisal for the bombing of Munich. Many people feel that this chat of reprisals is simply another way of saying that the air war is entering into a new and more bitter phase in which Coventry may be only the first of many terrible chapters.

After a recent big raid on London, the desolation of damaged areas was intensified by a day of rain that helped to put out the fires but also turned dust and rubble into a vile mud in which the rescue squads skidded around as though on a skating rink. Owners of buildings with damaged roofs found themselves alive but damp, for tarpaulins were almost impossible to find.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

★★ ★★

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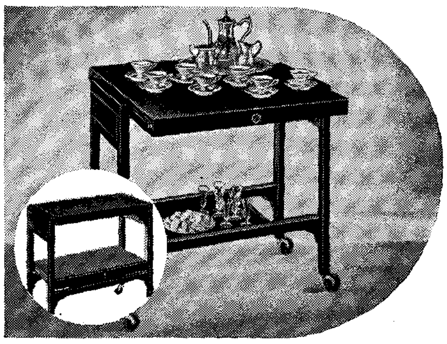

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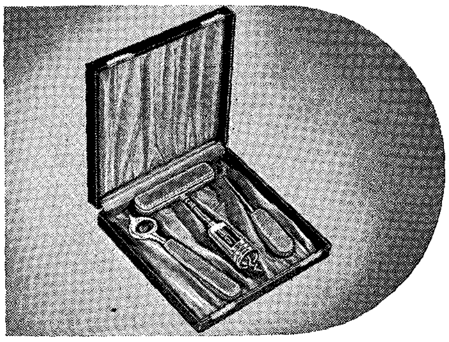

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

HERE'S THE DOCTOR, NOW

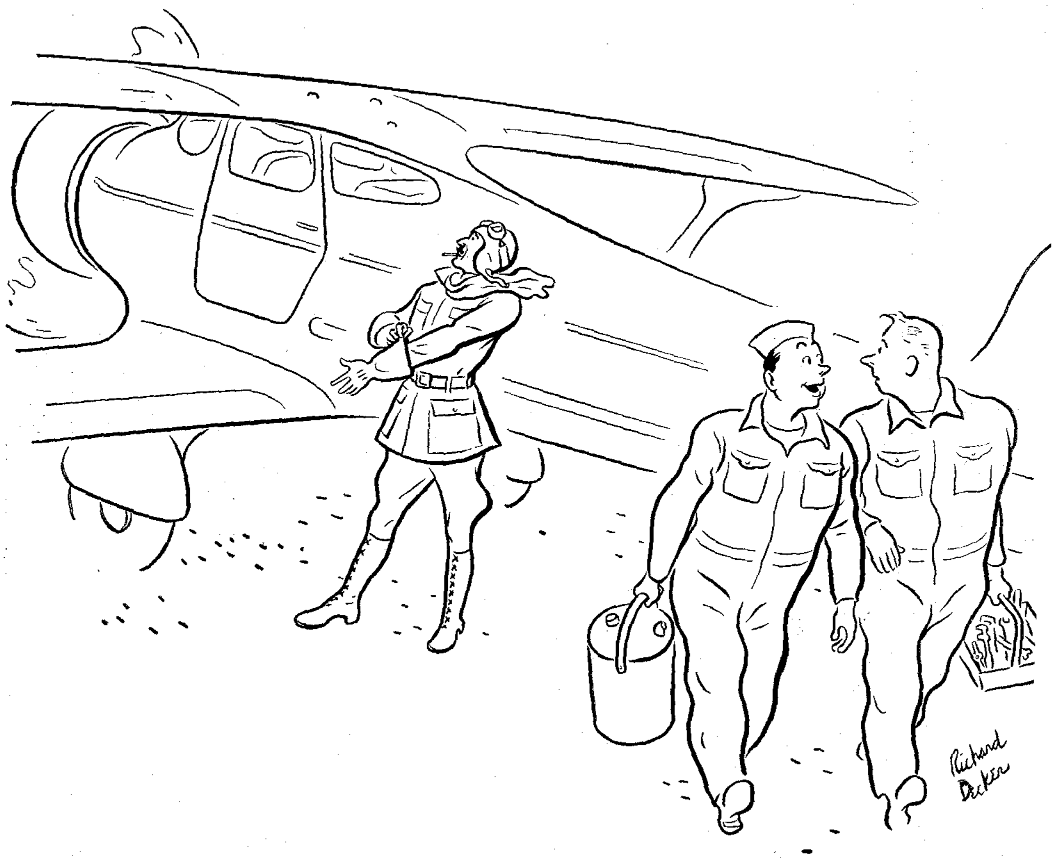
THE nurse in the emergency room of Flower-Fifth Avenue Hospital answered the telephone. The young interne who was going to take me along with him on a few ambulance calls looked over her shoulder at the notes she scribbled. "It's a call for York Avenue and Eightieth, a street injury," he said, picking up his black instrument bag. "Let's go." The driver and I followed him out of the hospital to the ambulance, which was parked on the corner, and I climbed in back with the doctor. We sat among the stretchers, arm and leg splints, and lots of less familiar equipment which comes in handy from time to time because of the unexpected things that happen to people around New York. The ambulance was partitioned like a taxi, with a sliding glass panel between the driver and the rear section. It was a weary old vehicle, painted a disheartening shade of green.

The first thing I discovered was that ambulances don't go as fast as people ducking out of the way imagine they do. The fastest we went on that trip was about forty miles an hour. When the lights were green we simply rolled along with the Saturday-afternoon traffic, but when the lights were against us we cut out into the opposite lane and eased across intersections, with the siren moaning softly. The driver, a mild, bespectacled man named Jack Snider, used it very sparingly. No one paid any attention to us except when the siren was going. Then drivers would look startled and jam on their brakes. Snider seemed to know just how long it would take for other drivers to realize what the siren meant, and he usually gauged the space in which they would stop with amazing exactness. Several times, however, he had to jam on his own brakes to avoid a collision. The first time this happened, we stopped short and I bumped my head on the glass panel. I saw that the interne (Dr. Gallagher, I might as well call him, since he asked me not to use his real name) sat riding crossways, his back braced against one side of the ambulance and his feet against the other, and I sat that way for the rest of the trip. We covered the mile from the hospital, which is at Fifth Avenue and 105th Street, to York and Eightieth in eight minutes. Ambulance drivers, I learned, are told not to take chances for the sake of making time. It seemed slow going to me.

There was no crowd on the street when we drove up to the corner and no cop was in sight. We cruised slowly down the block, with people looking at us curiously, and turned around and came back to Eightieth. A dirty-faced little boy ran out from the sidewalk and hopped on the running board. "He went away, Mister," he said excitedly. "He got on a bus an' he went away." Snider asked what had happened. "Two guys had a fight," the boy said, "an' one guy got a punch in the eye an' fell down. The other guy beat it an' somebody called an ambulance, but the other guy got right up an' went on a bus an' went away. He had a big shiner, but he wasn't hurt bad."

DR. GALLAGHER went into a store and telephoned the emergency room to see if any more calls had come in. None had, so we returned to the hospital. On the way, I asked Dr. Gallagher how he would explain my being along if someone on a case should ask, and he said he'd simply call me Doctor. When we got back to the hospital there still wasn't anything for us to do. Ambulance doctors work in teams of two; each team is on duty twenty-four hours and then off twenty-four. For the first twelve hours of the team's tour, one man tries to take all the calls while the second man rests. The second man can do whatever he wants so long as he is on hand; he can read, sleep, or flirt with the nurses, but if there is a rush of calls, he has to pitch in and answer those the first man can't handle. At the end of twelve hours, the two switch and the second man takes first call. Dr. Gallagher's partner, a Dr. Daly, was to be on first call until nine o'clock that night.

We sat around in the emergency room and Dr. Gallagher kidded the nurse. Dr. Gallagher is tall and slim; he's twenty-seven but looks much younger. This is not a point in his favor, because people, when something goes wrong with them, are inclined to put more trust in graybeards than in youngsters. When Dr. Gallagher first went out on the ambulance, he told me, some patients would have nothing to do with him. "You can't know so much," they would say. "Why, you're just a



"He's a real soldier of fortune. He's flown for Spain, China, and Pepsi-Cola."

kid!" But that doesn't often happen any more. Dr. Gallagher has been out on over seven hundred calls and he's discovered how to act like a man of some authority. An interne doesn't learn very much on an ambulance, but attending cases alone builds his confidence and helps develop a good bedside manner.

After a while the telephone rang and Police Headquarters told the nurse to send an ambulance to 1822 Park Avenue, at 125th Street, for a sick person. Dr. Gallagher was still on second call, but since his partner was already out, he took the case. It was getting dark, so Snider turned on the red headlights. Most of the cars pulled over to let us go by, but once, as we started across an intersection, an auto came at us head on. We were on the wrong side of the street and the driver of the other car evidently didn't understand what our red lights and siren stood for. It seemed certain to me that we would collide, and I ducked. We skidded and swerved and then stopped, and I heard the screech of the other car's tires. Nothing more happened. I raised my head and looked out. The other driver's face was about a foot away from mine. He was pale and he looked very angry, but after a moment the angry look turned to one of fright and he shouted some apology. Apparently he had realized only then that our car was an ambulance. Snider waved carelessly at him and we went on.

No. 1822 Park Avenue is a tenement house facing the tracks of the New York Central. The patient, a six-year-old Spanish boy, lived on the second floor. His mother led us into the bedroom where the child lay, wide-eyed and scared.

"What's the matter with him, Mother?" asked Dr. Gallagher.

She told us that her son had come home from school with a high fever and a sore throat. Dr. Gallagher looked at the boy's throat and called me over. "Just look at that, Doctor," he said. Taking my hand, he guided my fingers over the boy's throat. I felt hard bumps on either side.

"It's follicular tonsilitis," he said, and I nodded with what I hoped resembled a professional manner.

Dr. Gallagher told the mother to dose the boy with aspirin and make him gargle with the stuff. Nothing could be done, he said, until the swelling subsided, and the aspirin would hasten that. He told her to bring the boy around to the clinic when the swelling had disappeared and have his tonsils out. I was glad to leave the tenement. The air,

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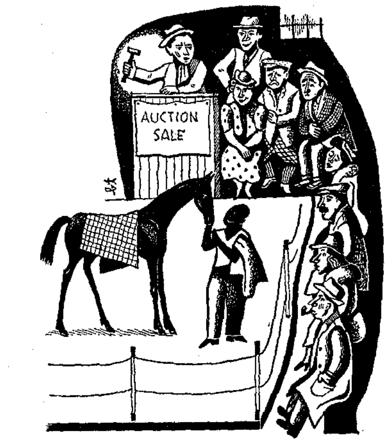
even on uptown Park Avenue, seemed fresh by comparison.

IT was almost nine o'clock. Dr. Gallagher telephoned the hospital from a drugstore. "We got one," he said when he returned to the ambulance. "A drunk at the Nineteenth Precinct." He told me there would be more action from then on because it was his turn to take over first call from Dr. Daly.

At the station house on East Sixty-seventh Street we found a young man, very drunk, sprawled in a chair in the back room. He kept shouting and swinging wildly at an older man who fluttered about, trying to pacify him. A cop was in the room, working laboriously over some sort of report, and every time the young man staggered to his feet the cop jumped up and slammed him back into his seat. The drunk didn't seem to resent the cop's roughness, but he was very angry at the old man. "My own father," he said bitterly. "It's my own father an' he wantsa t'row me in the nut house. Holy Maggie Murphy, my own ol' man!"

The father looked very sad. "There's something screwy in his head," he said apologetically, "especially when he's drunk like this. Look, this will tell you. He's been away before." He handed Dr. Gallagher a letter signed by one of the probation officers of the Magistrates' Court, certifying that the young man was psychopathic and recommending that he be sent to Bellevue Hospital whenever he acted up. "He's been away twice," the father said with a great deal of shame. "Twice!" yelled the drunk. "Twice nothin'. I been in that goddam nut house ten times, but I'm still the best in the house. Yes, sir, the best in the house!"

The cop dragged the young fellow out to the ambulance and the father walked with me as far as the sidewalk. He said he was a hotel clerk and that he had had trouble with his boy for years. "I tried to bring him up right," he said, "but he's just no good, I guess. He comes home and he's roaring drunk and he tries to beat up his poor old mother and me. And the neighbors hear it all."



I left the old man standing there and got in the ambulance. The cop rode with us. All the way to Bellevue he kidded the young man about his many visits to the drunk ward, as he called it. Both of them thought it was very funny. Dr. Gallagher said nothing. The prisoner had forgotten his father and talked happily about the routine at Bellevue. He told us that he would first get a glass of orange juice with some sort of emetic in it, then a thorough scrubbing, and then about ten days on a liquid diet. He was not more than twenty-five, but his face was deeply lined and had that dark-red, almost purple color that hard drinkers sometimes get. "Ah, so what the hell!" he said. "It ain't the first time an' it prob'ly won't be the last time."

We left the young man at the alcoholic ward and drove back to our hospital. Calls were coming in fast; Dr. Gallagher's next one was to a tenement on East Eighty-first Street. There we struggled up five flights of stairs and found a fat old woman lying in bed, groaning. She said she had neuritis in her shoulder. Dr. Gallagher asked her if she could bend her arm. "You mean like this?" she asked, bending her arm all the way. "I can't bend my arm without it hurting something awful." Dr. Gallagher nodded sympathetically. "Neuritis is bad, Mother," he said, "very bad." When he's working, Dr. Gallagher calls all women Mother, no matter what their age. I noticed that it seemed to make them talk more freely to him.

He wrote a prescription and we started to leave. The old woman objected. She didn't want a prescription, she wanted to go to the hospital, but Dr. Gallagher talked her out of it. Going down the stairs, he told me she was undoubtedly a malingerer. "Nobody with neuritis as bad as she said she had it could possibly bend their arm like that," he said. "She just wanted a little vacation at the hospital."

The next two calls were for an old woman with a pain in her side and a young Negress who had asthma. Dr. Gallagher called both of them Mother and gave both of them something to ease their pain and put them to sleep.

THEN we went back to the hospital for supper. While we ate we talked about the custom which requires an ambulance doctor to buy beer for the other internes whenever a person dies or a baby is born on the way to the hospital in his ambulance. "The first day I rode the bus," Dr. Gallagher said, "I brought in a stiff. I had to buy beer for everyone and take a lot of kidding, too." It's a disgrace for an interne to have a death or a birth in his ambulance, Dr. Gallagher explained, because he is expected to be able to judge just how near the crisis is and to treat the patient at home if it looks as though the ride to the hospital might be too long and arduous.

Before we had quite finished our scrambled eggs and coffee, Dr. Gallagher was called out again. We went to an address on East 112th Street, where we found a drunken Puerto Rican who had been beaten and robbed. The man had a swollen jaw and a cut on his lip. After treating him, we went on to the home of a young Puerto Rican girl who had been hysterical for several hours. The Doctor gave her a shot of morphine.

Dr. Gallagher doesn't like Puerto Ricans. "They're the only ones who give us any trouble," he said. "The Spanish, the Negroes, everybody else is fine, but those Puerto Ricans! They know all the laws and regulations about hospitals, and they're the only ones who know they can demand to be taken to a hospital in an ambulance even if they only have a headache. That's the law—if anybody really insists on going to the hospital, we have to take them even if we're sure there's nothing wrong with them—but only Puerto Ricans, for some reason or other, seem to know it."

Back in the emergency room, we found the nurse shaving the head of a young man who was lying on the operating table. He had several large, nasty cuts on his head. Dr. Gallagher looked at them and said he would stitch them up. "How d'you get them?" he asked.

"I was at a dance," the patient said, "an' a fight started, so I started ta walk out. When I toined aroun', some bastid beaned me wit' a chair." He said he was a flyweight boxer. "I fought some o' the best men in my division," he went on sadly, "but I never got a shellackin' like this." Dr. Gallagher sewed ten stitches in his scalp.

IT was now about two-thirty in the morning. Dr. Gallagher said he thought we could take a chance on getting a little rest, so we went down a corridor to some rooms where the internes sleep. In one of them we found Dr. Daly asleep in his pajamas. Dr. Galla-

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gher pointed to him. "Look," he said proudly, "when I'm first call my partner goes to sleep in pajamas. He's sure he won't have to go out because he knows I'm fast." We walked on until we came to an empty room with two cots in it, and lay down in our clothes. Neither of us could get to sleep right away and Dr. Gallagher started to talk to me about himself. It was a strange sort of conversation, almost a monologue. He told me he wanted to become a surgeon, and about his girl, a nurse. He told me how lucky he was in having a wealthy father to help him in his career, and said that some of the other internes, less well off, have a rather difficult time of it, since they get no pay at all. Eight of the twenty-four internes at the hospital were married, he said, all of them to nurses; the single ones go around with nurses, too. Most internes can't seem to get along with girls who aren't nurses, he said, because outsiders can't adjust themselves to the queer hours. "Also," he said, "they don't speak the same language. Some of them don't even know what a compound fracture is."

I dozed off while he was talking, and the next I knew he was shaking me. "We've got two calls," he said, yawning, "one for First Avenue and Seventieth, a gas case, and another for Third Avenue and Sixty-eighth, a street fight."

It was about five o'clock. Snider was waiting for us in the ambulance. We went to the gas case first and found a large crowd outside the building, several police cars, and a rescue squad from the Consolidated Edison Company. A man had been overcome by gas in an upholstery shop. By the time we arrived, the gas-company crew had revived him with oxygen inhalators and put him in a car parked in front of the store. He refused to come out to let Dr. Gallagher look him over. "I don't need no goddam doctor!" he shouted. "I'm awright! Leave me alone!"

One of the cops told me the man owned the shop and had tried to commit suicide. The patient seemed to be ashamed now and wanted everyone to go away and leave him alone. Then he grew violent and punched and kicked the cop who was attempting to quiet him. There were about ten cops and they all took turns trying to get him out of the car. "I won't get out!" he yelled, clinging to the side of the car. "You can kill me, but I won't get out!" A sergeant stuck his head into the car. "Lissen, dumb guy," he said, "why don'tcha come out like a nice fellah? We'll getcha out even if we hafta call more cops." The man kicked at the sergeant, who jumped back, red-faced, and shouted to the other cops, "Git him outa there!" One of the patrolmen took out his twister, a small metal chain with hand grips on the ends, and wrapped it around the man's wrist. He twisted it slowly. The man first howled with pain; then he let go of the side of the car and the cops yanked him out feet first and tossed him into the ambulance. Two of them tied up his feet with ropes and sat on him, working the twister every time he struggled.

We left the crowd, and drove down to Sixty-eighth, where we found a man sitting in the doorway of a grocery store. He was smoking a cigarette. "It's my leg," he said. Dr. Gallagher pulled up the man's trouser leg and we saw a piece of bone sticking through the flesh. One of the cops who was there told me the injured man had been beaten by two strangers who had held him up. The man said he wouldn't be treated or go to the hospital until his wife arrived; he had already sent someone home to get her. Dr. Gallagher argued with him a few minutes, but the best he could do was get him to sign a statement relieving the hospital of responsibility for leaving him there. We went back to the ambulance, where we found our roped patient strangely quiet. He had become interested in the man on the sidewalk and had forgotten his own predicament. "What happened to him?" he asked. I told him, and he shook his head. "The poor feller," he said. On the way to Bellevue he pleaded with a cop to take the twister off his wrist. "I'll be good," he promised. "I swear I won't give you no more trouble." The cop finally removed the chain. When we got to Bellevue, the man wouldn't come out of the ambulance because his legs were tied. "What

do you guys think I am?" he shouted. "A sack of potatoes?" So the cop put the twister on his wrist again, and the man was strapped to a stretcher and wheeled in.

We went back to Sixty-eighth Street then and found the man with the fractured leg where we had left him. His wife was there by that time and the man said he would go along to the hospital now. His wife held his hand while Dr. Gallagher and Snider put a splint on his leg. The Doctor had given the man morphine and he assured the wife that her husband was not suffering. Still, the man was squeezing her hand so hard that she winced. We took him to City Hospital, since he could not afford private care and was no longer an emergency now that his leg was temporarily bandaged. His wife stayed behind, weeping on the sidewalk. On the way back to his own hospital, Dr. Gallagher said, "Well, we had almost everything except a homicide and a childbirth." He looked at his watch. It was seven o'clock. "Maybe we'll still have some calls," he said hopefully.

We had breakfast at the hospital and sat around talking until nine o'clock, but no more calls came in. Dr. Gallagher went off duty then, and when I shook hands with him and left, he called after me, "It's too bad there wasn't a murder or a delivery." I felt a little cheated at the moment, but later, riding home on the sunny upper deck of a Fifth Avenue bus crowded with nice, fresh people in their Sunday clothes, I decided that it was probably all just as well.

—HYMAN GOLDBERG

•

So far as the name of the corporation owning the paper is concerned, it will remain unchanged. The stockholders yesterday authorized the present corporation to change its name from The Newspaper PM, Inc., to Publications Research, Inc. When this change is made, Marfield, Inc., the new owner, will change its name to The Newspaper PM, Inc.—*PM.*

Everybody having fun?

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From Harper's Bazaar*]

The Greeks understood the almost spiritual beauty of pure form, unadulterated and without compromise. Their aspiring columns achieved a serenity and strength that have not been equalled. Today, in a world attacked by disaster, we turn instinctively to that sure simplicity, shorn of flippancy and ostentation—in clothes, in beauty, in every outward and inward form. Helena Rubinstein symbolizes this basic impulse in a new lipstick case shaped like the broken fragment of a fluted column.

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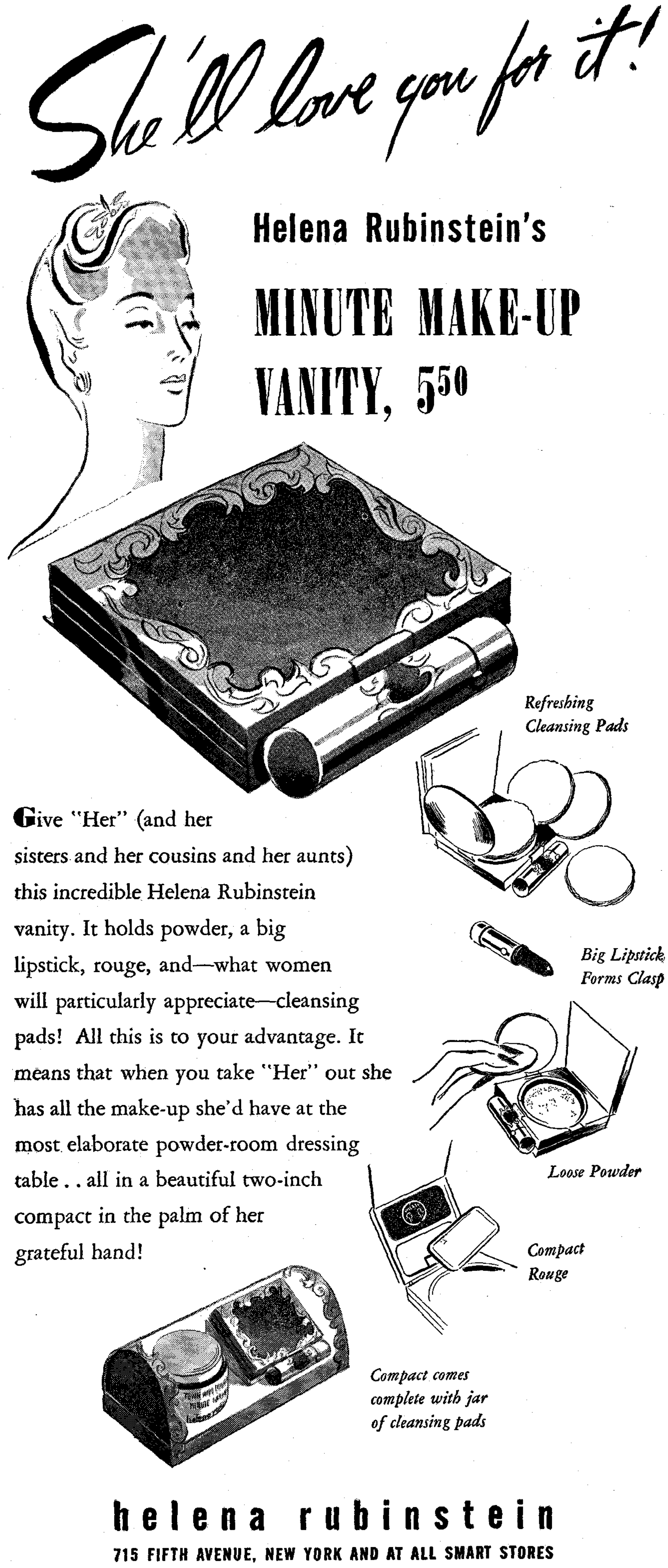

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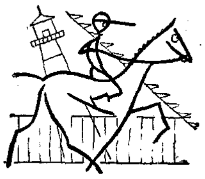
THE RACE TRACK

Handsome Is—



IT'S just possible that watching so many bad horses at Bowie has made me naïve about the result of the Endurance Handicap. Although I don't believe that Magnificent, who won it, is the wonder two-year-old we've been looking for all season, he isn't the worst of the top ten. The difficulty in evaluating the race is that there were so many mediocre animals in it. Cis Marion, who was second (lots of people thought she won, the finish was that close), is no great shakes, nor is Hop Skip, who was third, and the less said about Hasty Notion, Commixion, Big League, and the rest the better. On the other hand, Magnificent was badly ridden; he was rushed along all the way and whipped hard through the last quarter, so it was no wonder that he tired. Also, he has run well with better horses—he was fourth behind Bold Irishman, Our Boots, and Whirlaway in the Pimlico Futurity, and second to Whirlaway in the Walden.

Magnificent, who has raced only in Maryland, is a big, dark bay colt by Challenger II. Sam Riddle bought him at the Saratoga sales last year for $6,000 and sold him next day to Mrs. Elizabeth Graham Lewis. Mrs. Lewis says she called the colt Magnificent the moment she saw him, because he looked magnificent to her. Although inclined to be rather enthusiastic over all of her horses, Mrs. Lewis may not be awfully wrong about this one. Magnificent will winter in Maryland, probably at Mrs. Elizabeth Bosley's farm near Monkton. His first important race will be the Kentucky Derby.

YOU might almost have expected those short odds against Birch Rod for the Prince George Autumn Handicap last weekend if you had studied his past performances, as you should. For weeks he had been one of those every-other-time horses, winning and losing alternately with unerring regularity, and he had lost his last start. So he ran one of his good races this time, catching Pagliacci in the stretch and winning with plenty to spare. Connie Smythe, who had such good luck with Second Helping at Pimlico and with Sir Marlboro on the opening day at Bowie, started both of those horses in the Prince George Handicap, and both were beaten too badly for words.

THE season's riding sensation is going to be either a young man named Earl Dew, who is winning races like mad in California, or Walter Lee Taylor, who is doing the same thing at Bowie. At the moment, Dew has won more races, because he can ride weekdays at Bay Meadows and on Sundays at Agua Caliente, where there are ten or fourteen races an afternoon. Taylor, of course, can't ride Sundays, but he's getting along all right just the same. Last week he rode nine winners, three in one afternoon. Pale, slender, and slightly taller than the average jockey, he was the darling of horseplayers this summer in New England, where he won nearly two hundred races. He comes from Houston, Texas, where he was a newsboy when a track named, of all things, Epsom Downs was running there three years ago. A fellow called Two-Gun Brown got him a job in the stable of Sam Williams, and in 1939 Taylor popped up with 187 winners out of 1,040 mounts. He isn't the best rider you ever saw—he uses his whip more than his head—but horses run well for him, and not every boy has the trick of making them do that.

THE other day, a trainer (it wouldn't be fair to mention names) complained to Jack Campbell, the handicapper, about the weights in a race. Trainers are always complaining about something. "You put a hundred and eighteen pounds on my horse again," he said. "He's been beaten three times now, and you haven't taken a pound off. You must think I'm pulling him." Campbell suggested the trainer run the animal once more just for fun. He did, and the beast won by lengths.

—AUDAX MINOR

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WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

A new one happened to Madeleine Carroll during one of her personal appearances with the other headliners of "Northwest Mounted Police." At a stop on the way to Regina a female fan snatched her brassiere—and then calmly tendered it to Lynne Overman and asked him to autograph it.
—*The News, Oct. 22nd.*

A new one happened to Madeleine Carroll during one of her personal appearances with the other headliners of "Northwest Mounted Police." At a stop on the way to Regina a female fan snatched her beret—and then calmly tendered it to Lynne Overman and asked him to autograph it.
—*Chicago Tribune, same day.*

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MR. RICO AND THE PITCH

MOVING day this year passed uneventfully for me. There was the usual confusion and the accompanying headache, but my real troubles didn't start until about a week after I was established in my new home. It was then I discovered that one of my pictures was missing. It wasn't very valuable, but it was an original etching by an indigent artist friend. He had gone to the trouble and expense of having it nicely matted and framed under glass, and had given it to me as a Christmas gift.

I called up the moving company to report the loss. I don't know who answered the phone; he must have been an unwary underling, because he informed me quite candidly that one of the moving men had broken the glass and that the boss was going to have it fixed. That satisfied me, and I forgot the whole thing until the artist visited me a few weeks later and asked where the picture was. I told him what had happened and that I expected to have the picture back in a few days. The next morning I called the moving company again. I said, "This is Mr. Spectorsky. I spoke to someone there some weeks ago about a picture of mine which was lost in moving. I don't know his name, but—"

I was interrupted by a tired voice that said, "Howa you spella you name?"

Well, my name's a tough one, I know. I spelled out "S" for sugar, "p" for Peter, "e" for Ethel, "c" for Charles, and so on to "y" for yes. Then I pronounced it, accentuating the breaks between syllables.

The voice said, "Atsa wenna you wanna move, boss?"

I said, "I don't want to move. I've moved already. You people moved me. I told you I lost a picture—that is, your men lost it while they were moving me, or so I thought, but a few weeks ago I spoke to someone there who said it wasn't lost, just the glass broken, and—"

The voice said, "We no got da pitch."

I said, trying another tack, "Can you find the man I talked to a few weeks ago?"

The voice said, "Sorry, boss, hesa not here now."

"What's his name?" I asked, intending to call him later.

"His name?" the voice repeated, dully.

I waited a moment, then said, "I said what's his name—the man I spoke to about the picture a few weeks ago?"

"You talk to somebody here?" the voice asked with some interest. "Who?"

At this point I had an idea. I said, "No, you misunderstood me. I want to know *your* name. What's *your* name?"

He said, "Me? Mr. Rico."

"Thank you," I said, and hung up. My idea was that the next time I called, I'd at least know whom I didn't under any circumstances want to talk to.

The next morning I tried again. This time I said, "Let me talk to the manager."

There was some horrible clicking and a loud buzz; then another phone was connected with mine and I could hear truck engines racing and voices yelling, and in the distance, just audible, I heard an "L" train roaring by. Above this background of noise, a hoarse voice yelled "Hello!"

I said, "Is this the manager?"

He said, "Can't hear—talk loud."

I yelled, "Is this the *manager?*"

"Who's this?"

"This is Mr. Spectorsky. A few weeks—"

"Howa you spella you name?"

I spelled it for him. After a pause, he said, "Nope. He's not here."

"*This* is Mr. Spectorsky *talking!*" I screamed.

"Too busy," he said, and hung up.

I LET the late Indian summer drift by for a few blissful days, but my artist friend soon showed up again and rather pointedly asked about the picture, explaining that if I didn't want to hang it, he'd try to sell it. I told him I'd get it next day. I tried the moving people again. This time I had Miss Pine, my secretary, try. I explained the whole thing to her, and she understood it perfectly. She's a very intelligent girl. I said, "Just call them up and tell them I want the picture whether the glass is in the frame or not." I told her to close the door before making the call, because I had to go over some important papers and didn't want to be disturbed. When she went out of the room, I looked at my watch, decided to give her ten minutes, and then turned to the morning paper. I concentrated on an article about nylon hats, but before I got very far, Miss Pine knocked and came in. "They say they haven't got your picture," she said blandly, and when I didn't answer, she added, "Is there anything else?"

"Never mind," I said. "Give me an outside wire and shut the door after you."

I called the warehouse myself. I said, "I want to talk to the man in charge, the head of the whole works." There was a deafening explosion in my receiver, and then, through the ringing in my ears, I heard a disturbingly familiar voice say "Hello."

I didn't waste time. "Listen, Mr. Rico," I said, "be reasonable. Your men moved me last month. They broke the glass on a picture. They took it back to the warehouse to fix it. I want it."

"Who's talking?" he said.

"This is Mr. Spec-tor-sky," I said forcefully, but I was very tired.

"Howa you spella you name?" he asked.

I spelled it.

"Atsa wenna you wanna move, boss?" he said.

"Listen, Rico," I said. "I want my picture. You've got it up there—"

He broke in. "We no got da pitch. Must be somebody else."

I hung up and called a friend who's a lawyer—an important one with a lower-Broadway address and heavily engraved stationery—and invited him to lunch. We ate expensively, and during the meal I told the story of the picture. The lawyer said I should call the moving people up, tell them I was putting the matter into the hands of an attorney, and that unless I got my extremely valuable picture back within twenty-four hours, I'd sue them for its value—two thousand dollars.

That afternoon I called Mr. Rico, actually asked for him. I said, "Mr. Rico, this is Mr. Spectorsky. The picture you're keeping up there against my wishes is worth two thousand dollars. Unless you send it to me today, I'll sue you for that amount." I said it firmly and coolly.

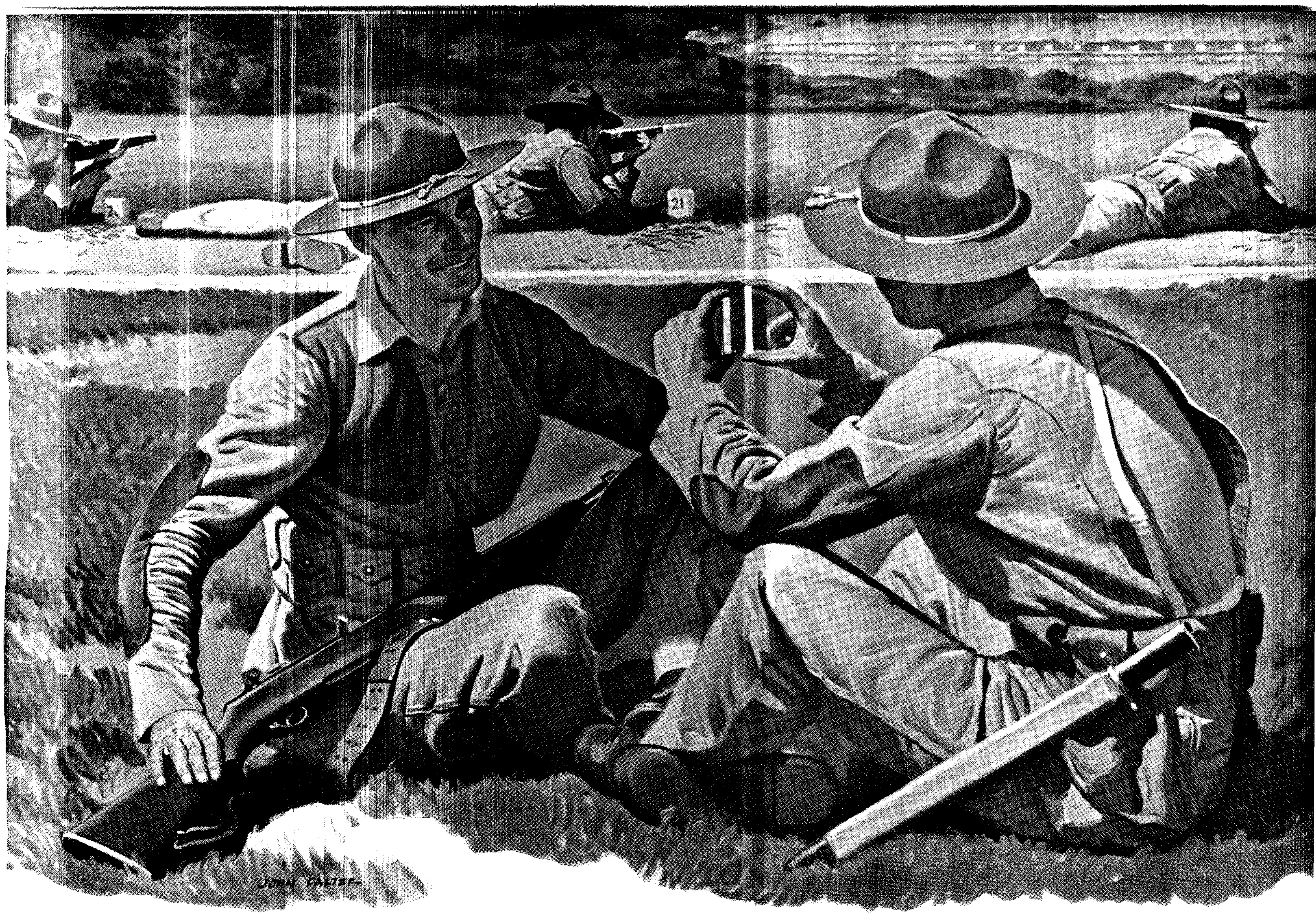
There was a moment of silence, and then Mr. Rico asked, "Who's this?"

"This is Mr. Spec-tor-sky," I said.

"Howa you spella you name?" he asked.

I spelled it for him. That was my mistake; Rico was on home ground now and had things his way. In a rollicking voice, he asked, "Atsa wenna you wanna move, boss?"

I hung up, grabbed my hat, and went to a newsreel. The next morning I called my lawyer friend and asked him to write the moving company a letter. In the afternoon his office boy brought over a carbon copy of the letter for me to see. It was wonderful; it began, "Sirs," austerely, and went on to tell about the value of this original, one and only picture, the anguish and inconvenience his client had undergone, the fact that in the eyes of the law failure to


21
JOHN FALTER

Compare Pall Mall with your old cigarette

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IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
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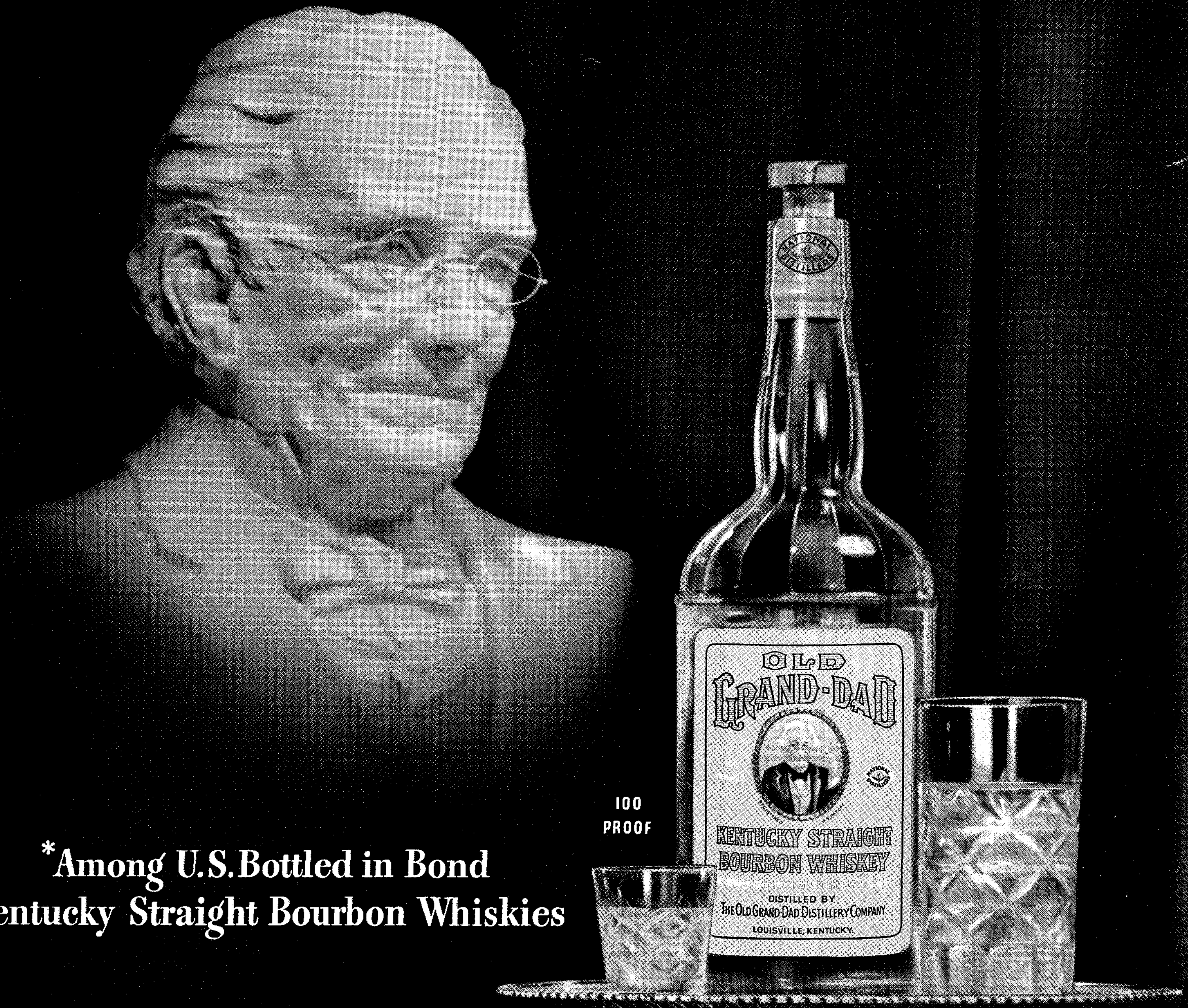
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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskies

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return the picture might be construed as grand larceny, and ended with a threat to sue.

The following day, during Miss Pine's lunch hour (when I answer the phone myself), there was a call from the moving company. A voice said, "Mr. Spectorsky? I have a call for you."

Then I heard, "Hello? Mr. Spectorsky? Thisa you old friend, Mr. Rico."

I didn't say anything.

"Say," he went on, "I think I notice something. The other day maybe the boys forget to leave you pitch in da new house. Ha-ha. I guess maybe they breaka glass or something. We gonna bring right away. Thatsa be all right, hah?"

I said it would be fine.

That evening, when I got home, the elevator man said a truckman had brought a picture for me but wouldn't leave it because I wasn't there to sign for it personally.

NATURALLY, I called the moving company again the next day. This time I asked confidently for Mr. Rico. They told me he wasn't in. "He's gotta vacation," they said. "Call up two weeks," and rang off.

I called again and asked for whoever it was that was taking Mr. Rico's place. I got a Mr. Georgi. I said, "Mr. Rico sent some men down to my house with a picture yesterday. I wasn't home and they wouldn't leave it. I want them to deliver it this afternoon. I'll be home to receive it."

"Who's this?" asked Mr. Georgi.

"This is Mr. Spectorsky," I said, with horrible misgivings.

"Howa you spella you name?" he asked.

"Hold the wire," I said, and hung up. Then I did what I'd suspected all along I might have to do in the end. Depressed as I was, I wrote my impoverished artist friend a gay, cheery letter. I said that, oddly enough, a stranger had seen the picture at the warehouse and admired it so much that he'd tracked me down and insisted on buying it. I then wrote a check for thirty dollars and enclosed it with the letter.

Next day the picture was left at my apartment while I was out.

—A. C. SPECTORSKY

•

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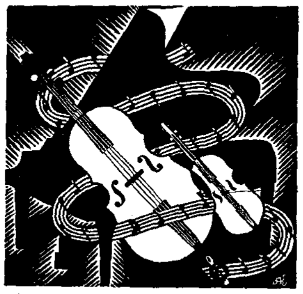
MUSICAL EVENTS

Mostly at Carnegie

ONLY a glutton for conductors could complain of a lack of maestri around town lately. The Messrs. Stock, Koussevitzky, and Toscanini have been heard in Carnegie Hall. Arnold Schönberg has appeared as a director in Town Hall. Leopold Stokowski, of course, is available, bigger than life, on the screen at the Broadway Theatre, where "Fantasia" is showing.



Apparently it took the coincidental golden anniversaries of the Chicago Symphony and Carnegie Hall to bring Dr. Stock and his orchestra back to this city. By way of celebrating its fiftieth season, the Chicago organization swapped auditoriums with our Philharmonic-Symphony for a couple of concerts, and the first Chicago Symphony session on Fifty-seventh Street began with the playing of the "Euryanthe" overture. It was one of the best performances of the overture that Carnegie Hall has heard in a long time.

Dr. Stock, who has been entirely too much of a rarity in New York since he conducted at the Stadium Concerts fourteen years ago, is still a sensitive and proficient music-maker. His performances weren't always so exciting as some we're accustomed to hearing, and his orchestra evidently does not possess the sheer tonal charm that some other ensembles produce on occasion, but Dr. Stock contributed to the season a welcome soundness and mellowness, and a fine sense of balance in his technical direction of the orchestra and in his presentations of the compositions.

Two works, written especially for the orchestra's Golden Jubilee, were introduced locally at these concerts: Roy Harris's "American Creed," a fantasy and double fugue which was rather austerely lyrical and built itself into a striking finale, and a short symphony by John Alden Carpenter, which was skillful and agreeable, as Mr. Carpenter's music always is.

THE first visit here this season of Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony was notable for the revelation of Vaughan Williams' "London" symphony. "Revelation" is the word, because this music, which isn't a novelty, never seemed so directly eloquent as it did when Mr. Koussevitzky conducted it last week. A certain murkiness that had become practically a tradition in the performance of the music was cleared away, and one of the best symphonies of our time came completely into its own.

As for the orchestra, that remains one of the finest and most flexible instruments you can hear anywhere. If you want to hear it next time it plays in Carnegie Hall, take up the matter now with the box-office people, because the Boston band draws like a bank night with $1,000 in the kitty.

ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG'S "Pierrot Lunaire" calls for only five instrumentalists and a vocalist, but it's such a delicately adjusted score that it also requires a conductor to develop its values. The composer, who directed it at one of the concerts of the New Friends of Music, made it clear and persuasive, and he had valuable coöperation from his players and from Mme. Erika Wagner-Stiedry, who was fascinating in her management of the difficult business of speaking or intoning the text.

Mr. Schönberg's services as a leader would have come in handy, too, for the Schubert F-major octet that occupied the first three-quarters of an hour or so in the concert, although he probably couldn't have done much about some of the off-key playing.

A LADY leaving Carnegie Hall after Mr. Toscanini's performance of the Verdi Requiem said, "Every time he conducts it seems the best," and that about sums up the story. The conducting was Toscanini *in excelsis*, and the Westminster Choir helped out the great director and the N.B.C. Symphony with its customary efficiency. Mme. Bruna Castagna took most of the solo honors, although Mme. Zinka Milanov had some superb moments. When Mme. Milanov's use of her voice catches up with the voice itself, she'll be an outstanding dramatic soprano. Jussi Bjoerling, the tenor, and Nicola Moscona, the bass, who completed the quartet of soloists, sang their own contributions energetically, but they didn't seem to be entirely at ease. —ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

Composers Conducting

ASSUMING not only that a composer knows music but also that he knows what he likes in the way of a performance of his own output, there are several definitive recordings of contemporary works in the recent lists. Igor Stravinsky directs the Philharmonic-Symphony in a short suite from his "Petrouchka" (Columbia X-177)—an excellent presentation. If, however, you want the whole ballet on discs, you'll have to get it from Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra in Victor album M-574.

Sergei Rachmaninoff takes charge of the Philadelphia Orchestra for his third symphony (Victor M-712) and a grand demonstration of musical direction. The symphony has its weaknesses, but if you hear the first disc in the set, you probably will want to keep on with it. That is, if you don't object to Rachmaninoff's idiom on principle, or can't stand richly scored romantic melodies.

Béla Bartók doesn't conduct one of his productions, but he appears as pianist in his "Contrasts," with the collaboration of Joseph Szigeti and Benny Goodman (Columbia X-178). It's advanced stuff, played brilliantly, which won't disappoint the Bartók following but may bewilder those who know Mr. Goodman only as a swingster—or as a Mozart specialist.

Leopold Stokowski, as the orchestral arranger of Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," might figure in this roster of those who roll their own, for he conducts the Philadelphia Orchestra through his own transcription on Victor set M-706. Unless you take your original Moussorgsky terribly seriously, you'll enjoy this colorful adventure.

SCHUBERT'S second symphony, a delightful little affair, finally has reached the phonographs, thanks to Howard Barlow, the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, and Columbia album M-420. Another record first seems to be the Ravel sonatine for piano, which Robert Casadesus plays charmingly (Columbia set X-179). The "Mouvement" from Debussy's "Images" also makes its disc début (Columbia 17218-D), and it couldn't have a better sponsor than Walter Gieseking, who pairs it with Debussy's "Cloches à travers les Feuilles."

In the list of new recordings of

material already available, there is the Beethoven violin concerto, played by Jascha Heifetz and the N.B.C. Symphony, conducted by Arturo Toscanini (Victor M-705), which is entirely up to the best standards of Heifetz, Toscanini, and Beethoven. Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra," by Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony, is well played and skillfully recorded (Columbia M-421). If, however, you already have the same work by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony (Victor M-257), the new issue isn't by any means a mandatory replacement. A definite best is Sir Thomas Beecham's version of the overture to Mozart's "Don Giovanni" (Columbia 70365-D).

Mme. Kerstin Thorborg, of the Metropolitan, assisted by Karl Riedel and the Victor Symphony, demonstrates her musicianship and artistic good sense in a collection of excerpts known as "Wagnerian Characterizations" (Victor M-707). Here you will find Erda's Warning from "Das Rheingold," two samples of Fricka from "Die Walküre," Waltraute's Narrative from "Götterdämmerung," "Ich sah' das Kind" from "Parsifal," and Brangäne's Warning from "Tristan und Isolde." Sometimes the necessary vocal heft is missing, sometimes the higher tones are rather edgy, and the recording of the extreme low notes is weak. Discounting these shortcomings, the album is a helpful addition to the Wagnerian shelf.

One of Victor's most recent acquisitions, Miss Helen Traubel, does her best recording so far in Schubert's "Wiegenlied" and Strauss's "Ruhe, Meine Seele" (Victor 17480), to the piano accompaniments of Coenraad V. Bos. Miss Marjorie Lawrence, whose record catalogue had consisted only of operatic excerpts in French and a couple of Strauss *Lieder*, sings "Annie Laurie" and "Danny Boy" in English on Victor 17457. It's good, unoperatic English, too, except for some vowels that the professors would describe as too dark. Miss Lawrence, a soprano, presents the songs in low keys, and there are some deep tones that many a contralto would be happy to rent from her, or buy outright.

—R. A. S.

•

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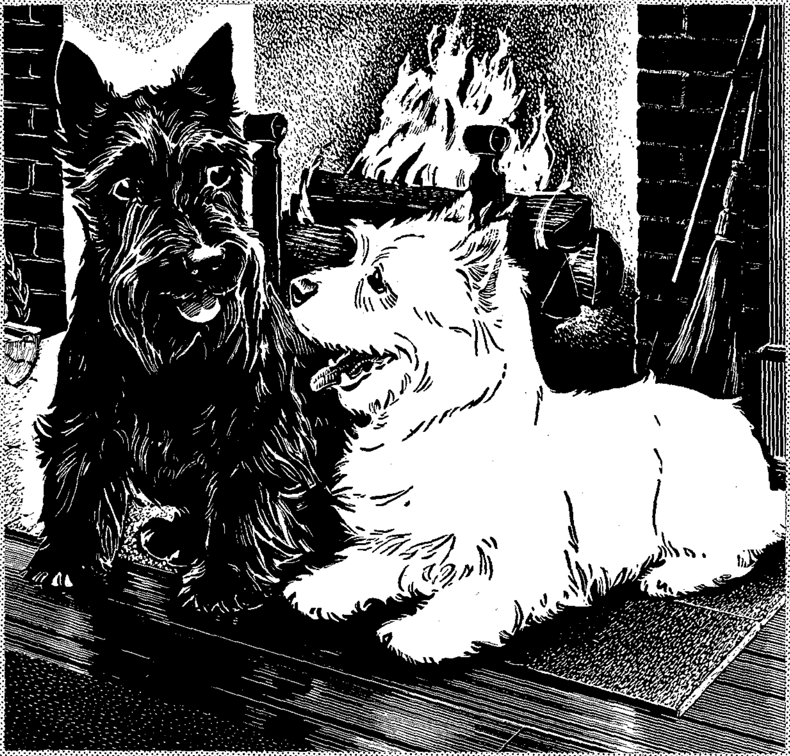

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

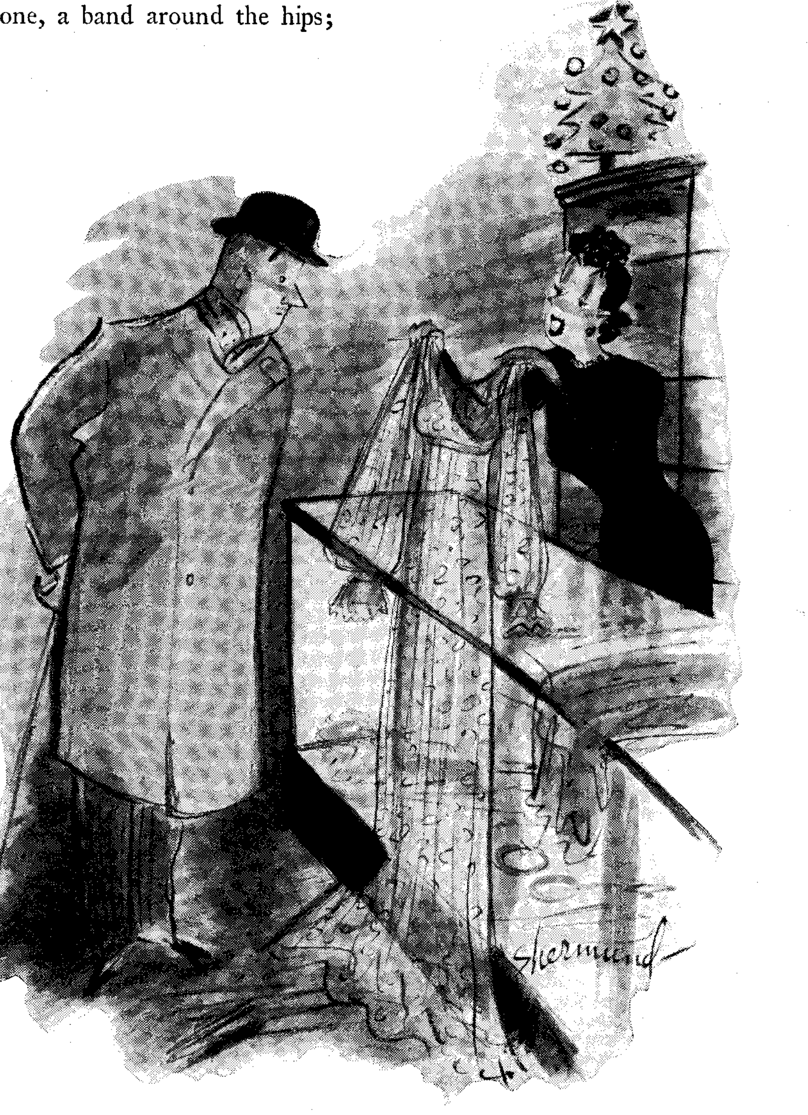
SPORTSWRITERS and political commentators have stomachs inured to the digestion of their own words, but fashion experts are likely to lack such sturdy constitutions. It is therefore in a dyspeptic frame of mind that I prepare to chew up a column I wrote three months ago, rashly predicting that designers in New York, left on their own after the fall of France, would be painfully self-conscious and arty for a while. It didn't work out that way. Peekaboo cuts and Texas Guinan glitter are everywhere, but France had pointed the way for these excesses a year ago, and the murky dramatics I looked forward to haven't yet appeared in any of the prominent shops. I don't think I'll ever feel smug about my foresight again.

The latest blow to my ego occurred when I visited Karinska, 23 East 56th Street, where once again I discovered no trace of either self-consciousness or artiness but, rather, an unusual talent for designing clothes that are Different yet wearable. It is hard to find a good tweed suit that departs from "classic" lines, but Karinska has several knockouts that do. One, of a purple-and-light-green-and-pale-pink plaid, has a jacket, slim and zippered down the front, with great loops of the fattest possible crochet wool making a collar close to the throat and rounded edges on its slanted pockets. Another suit has a short, gathered cape of red-and-white crossbarred black tweed that wraps well over and around the shoulders and is trimmed with a loop edging of the over-sized wool; the round-necked, hand-knit sweater which goes with this is patterned to match the tweed. Vivid hand-crocheted flowers in many colors make a round collar and tight cuffs on a black crêpe day dress that is completely simple and right.

For evening, Karinska shows her candidate for the dinner pajama of the year—a dark-red crêpe with a flowing wrap-around skirt that conceals the trousered line completely; pale-blue and bright-red crêpe twists across the chest and melts into the dress at one hip; this crêpe also makes deep inserts in back. Another dinner dress is made of an elephant-gray crêpe and has long, tight sleeves and a concealed zipper down the back, holding it close to the figure; black and red beads outline its round collar and a girdle at the waistline which descends to a deep V front and back. Karinska's affection for the combination of dark red and pale blue crops out in a dinner dress of dull silk jersey with a pale-blue crêpe vestee front, and in a swashbuckly evening dress of Lyons velvet with blue spangles on deep godets, giving the effect of a peacock train low in back. Pale blue gets along without red, however, in a chiffon dress with black lace panels in a shell pattern trailing down the skirt in back; cutout shells of the same black lace are applied around the square décolletage with lovely results. All of these dresses are custom-made and start at $135.

Among the ready-to-wear things, at $22.50 and upward, you'll find good wool dresses; one has a lumberjack top of red wool with brass buttons and a military-blue skirt. For afternoon, young ladies will love a full-skirted dress in three shades of gray velveteen: the palest shade makes a buttoned bodice; the medium one, a band around the hips; and the darkest, the skirt itself. Worldly women will admire simple black dresses which have pockets, trimmed with black sequins, on the skirts as the only effort toward elaboration.

Accessories here are worth your attention, too, notably gloves made to any specification you desire. The hand stitching is the loveliest you'll see anywhere, and there are sixty shades in suèdes and kids to choose from. Some have palms to contrast with the backs and thumbs; others have single cross-stitches like stars dotting their backs; still others have cuffs that are lined with contrasting color and can be worn turned back if you like. A swell notion is a glove with slits through which you may run a ribbon to match a costume and tie it in a bow at the wrist; there's a suède belt in which the same practical idea is carried out. For sports, you'll croon over gloves with hand-crocheted backs and thumbs and



"Or would you rather break the ice with hankies or something?"

pigskin palms—sturdy and perfect. The gloves are around $8.50, and it takes a week to make them. The handbags here are something, too.

MARTHA WEST, at 444 Madison Avenue (49th) and 770 Madison Avenue (66th), is noted for knitted suits that are so well done they have all the quality of good tweeds as well as extra limberness. Devoted customers of all sizes and ages who look better in sports clothes than in anything else have long been clamoring for a few fillips that would be flattering to them. Hence a sweater of fine chenille with beads and embroidery and sequins around the neck and edges of its zippered jacket. The color schemes are the sort West has always loved, like dark green with gold embroidery and pearl beads on a red sweater; $29.95. You probably know how useful this type of thing is to wear over old evening dresses. She has, of course, high-waisted long skirts in crêpe to match all these sweaters, if you choose. Flower-shaped glass-and-rhinestone buttons march up the front of a dusty-blue chenille jacket and fasten down the points of its revers. You can wear this for evening or, when you substitute less glistening buttons, for Palm Beach in the daytime. A number of knits have slender crossbars to satisfy the yearning of large women for plaids, which ordinarily they must avoid. One is dark green with a red-and-yellow crossbar line; the jacket is double-breasted, with high revers all the way down, and the skirts are dyed to match the crossbar colors. This is $39.95, a representative price for a good suit here. The same fabric makes a one-piece dress that can button up to a round collar, but they believe at this shop that women feel daintier if they wear a white blouse inside and leave the top of the dress casually unbuttoned. Some jackets have tucks at the shoulders and are bloused above a tight band around the hips; a pebbly knit jacket in pale-oyster color with gold-metal flower-shaped buttons could have a skirt to match if it were headed South, but for town it looks just elegant with a black skirt and a blouse that, like all blouses here, is cleverly cut to fit the back of your neck and to ascend in front to that desirable point just on a level with the hollow of your throat. Everything is worked out in color and fabric in such a way that you can assemble your own costume or series of costumes.

Full-length coats include a taffeta-lined belted one with big patch pockets and a casual, masculine, polo-player look; another of elephant-gray suède

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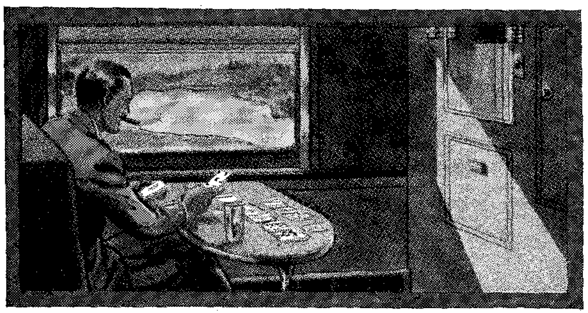

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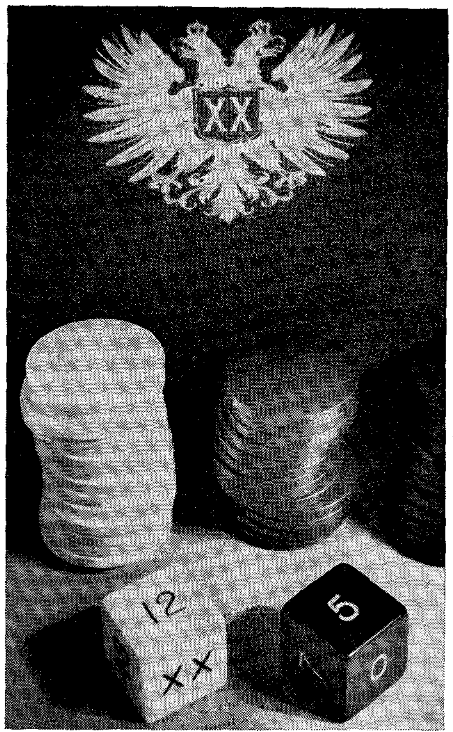

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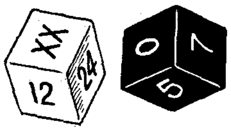

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with a snake belt; and a third, very tailored and towney, with box pleats in back below its yoke and a built-in belt made adjustable by buckles at each hip. These are from $45 to $69.50.

I must again remind you of the Martha West suèdes: women who have worn them continue to report that they really are warm in winter and cool in summer; that a special sponge, which you can buy here and there around town, actually does keep them clean and spotless for long periods, even when it rains; and that they fit like silk. —L. L.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

HERE we are past the half-way mark, with five installments of gift suggestions on hand and three to come. We like to think our readers have been keeping up with us in our breathless quest. Late starters, poor souls, who consult their back copies will find that we've already touched on presents along these lines:

November 2nd. . . . Christmas cards, stationery and playing cards, handkerchiefs.
November 9th. . . . Custom gifts for men, de-luxe lingerie, gifts to order for the house, custom luggage.
November 16th. . . . Gifts for the house.
November 23rd. . . . Jewelry, wrappings for packages, art gifts, food from back home.

We are thinking first, this week, of children, though we have not overlooked grownups, as you can see from the following index:

Toys, below.
Radios and such, page 57
Christmas spirits, page 59

Toys

THE boundless capacity of the new generation for accepting marvels without batting an eyelash may make this year's Christmas playthings seem less wonderful to most kids than they did to us in our whirlwind tour through the toy shops. Only slightly less, surely; a child would have to have a bad case of ennui indeed to withstand such magic. We challenge any little girl not to be enchanted by a doll with magnetized hands that can grasp and hold minute rattles, skipping ropes, and so on, which you buy for it. We defy small boys of mechanical bent to remain unmoved by the new Erector set that builds a motorized working model of the Parachute Jump at the late World's Fair, with chutes that are pulled up and drift down. We think Tony the Pony, the hobbyhorse that can walk around the room with Junior up, is one of the truly great inventions of the age ($10 at Abercrombie & Fitch, among other places), and we applaud the loving care and enormous knowledge that must have gone into the fashioning of Osa Johnson's animals, an incredibly lifelike plush menagerie which has taken the stores by storm (pieces start at about $2). We regard the miniature fighting planes, tanks, and battleships, which are all around, with uncertain emotions.

Nothing can surpass the accomplishments of the doll-makers, who, harried by the most insatiable public in the world (girls from, say, five to twelve), have produced a race of robots which can do practically anything short of their future owners' homework. There's hardly a toy shop in town which hasn't the doll that says "Mamma" when it leans forward and "Poppa" when it leans back, or the one with a surface that feels like a baby's skin (ugh!). Nor will you have any trouble finding the baby doll whose rolling eyes cast sudden, mischievous, sidelong glances that will slay you, if not your hard-to-astonish young. A mere dollar at Woolworth; the layette is ninety-eight cents more.

Before plunging into a shop-by-shop account of our findings, we'll clear up the matter of Christmas entertainment in the department stores. Some of the amusements are free, some are not, but a quarter or so will see your youngster through even the most elaborate of them. Marion Bishop's half-life-size marionettes, following their triumph at the World's Fair, should be at Wanamaker by now, to stay clear through Christmas Eve, giving performances of children's classics ("Puss in Boots," "Jack and the Beanstalk," etc.) at 11, 1:30, and 3 o'clock on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays; every day the week before Christmas. Bloomingdale has a giant snowslide. The snow is fake, but the slide is a thriller, and Santa Claus waits at the bottom to hand out gifts as the kids come down. Gimbel's attraction is called the Miracle Theatre, in which live actors present, alternately, "Little Red Riding Hood" and a modern spy drama. The miracle part of it lies in one of those fascinating arrangements of mirrors that make the actors seem only a foot high—that goldfish-bowl trick. Lord & Taylor offer another fine marionette show, starring the beloved Clippo the Clown in a play designed for children of up-to-ten age; and McCreery provides a merry-go-round and circus entertainment, with a box of candy thrown in. If your brood thrives on screaming excitement, don't miss the Macy extravaganza entitled "Superman Adventures." While adult escorts remain safely outside, the children, in carloads, are whizzed into tunnels under the care of Superman himself, who pushes the car through a rock, a cave-in, and a volcano. The kids emerge, dizzy with joy, to receive gifts and newspapers telling of Superman's exploits. That's all, and what more could you ask for twenty-nine cents?

Another, and quieter, toy-shop specialty worth remembering is the department at F. A. O. Schwarz in which children can find well-chosen gifts for their elders at prices ranging from seventy-five cents to $25.

Now, on to the toys:

Abercrombie & Fitch: A junior fashion-designer's set provides a pattern kit and helpful hints on color schemes and styling for dress-conscious little girls; $3. A hardy wooden train-builders' set has the makings of a locomotive, four cars, turntable, switch, and track; $10. A musical tray plays "School Days," holds crayons and picture books, and can be used for serving breakfasts—fine for sick-abed youngsters; $7.50. Musical animals include a pink pig that gives out "This Little Pig" and a sweet tan fawn which plays "Whistle While You Work;" $6 each.

Altman: Engaging plush cockers, Sealyhams, Scotties, and wire-haireds made in England, with thoroughbred faces and nice, cold leather noses ($7.50, including collar and lead); brachets (an ancient breed) seem less realistic but more cuddlesome—take-to-bed creatures with shaggy, washable coats (from $1). A Scarlett O'Hara doll, wearing a green velvet poke bonnet, long cloak, and lace frills, has Scarlett's own enchantment; $4.95. Sonja Henie in a suitcase (we think this popular arrangement a grisly one, but no one appears to agree) wears a skater's practice suit and has innumerable beautifully made costume changes; $10.50. A larger Sonja, in a Cellophane-covered box, is $16.50. A handsome garage has gas pumps, sliding doors, and a ramp leading to its roof, where the twelve cars that come with it may be stored; $10.

Arnold & Johnson, 963 Lexington Avenue (70th): A dolls' schoolroom, with teacher, pupils, and fittings—blackboard with chalk and erasers, wall map, teacher's bell, etc.—all in minute detail; $7.50. For a doll's library: bookshelves with books, grandfather's clock, library and coffee tables, and a Winthrop desk; $4. An impertinent toy Peke dripping with yarn hair; $2.50.

Bloomingdale: Those lead figures from England, representing historic characters, are here again in reassuring quantities; heroes of the Hundred Years' War, with costumes, standards, and heraldic emblems in authentic colors; from $2.98. A motor-driven drill for a small artist-mechanic has various at-

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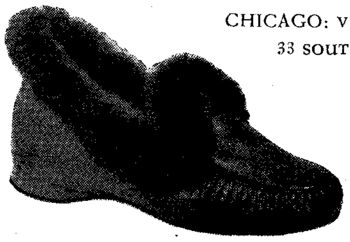
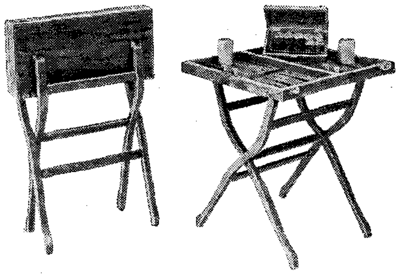


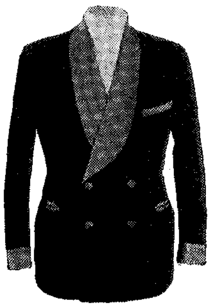
WOMEN'S JAEGER SLIPPERS—Direct from England. Kidskin, fur-trimmed, with wool cloth lining, leather sole. Blue or brown. $5.

WOMEN'S ESKIMO PARKA—Flatters outrageously, yet is extremely warm. Windproofed cotton, wool-lined, with fur-edged hood. Natural, blue, red, navy. $28.50.



FOLDING BACKGAMMON TABLE—Just the right height for comfortable playing. Cork-surfaced board, 1½-inch men, dice, cups, and doubling cube. Complete, $45.

SHOTGUN SHELL JIGGER—One shot out of this sterling silver and gilt shell equals a 1½-ounce drink. Engraved "One Shot." $5.



MEN'S SMOKING JACKET—For decorative lounging. Fine English velveteen, black or maroon. Double-breasted, $40. Single, $35.

OFFICER'S MUSETTE BAG—Patterned after the famous English model. Pockets inside and out contain many essentials. $13.50.

tachments for working in plastics; $24.85 with materials from which to fashion all kinds of things. Toy circus animals have different sets of legs to help them do stunts—sit on their haunches, stand on their heads, and so on; $1 to $3 for six or more. A realistic eight-inch cowboy in Pony Express garb has a steed and a U.S. mailbag to suspend from his saddle; $8.98. A rubber-band-propelled Curtiss dive bomber that releases wooden bombs seems grim to us, but boys love it; $1.49.

Childhood, 32 East 65th: Winsome toy animals. A black French poodle clipped in the classic fashion has his forelock tied with a blue bow ($4.50); a gray plush Bedlington, nice and sheep-faced (with interior music box, $6; not wired for sound, $4). A musical brown plush horse with a long, beige wool mane and tail decked with flowers and blue bowknots; $8. A plastic place mat with your child's name written on it and a picture of his favorite animal (we'll take the prancy red horse) has a napkin ring to match; $2.75 for the set.

Velvalee Dickinson, 714 Madison Avenue (63rd): This doll specialist shows three English portrait dolls—likenesses of Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose ($15 each) and their young cousin Prince Edward ($10). Dolls of all nations in native dress, made before the war in the lands they represent, have new historic interest; $2.50 to $18.

Educational Playthings, 20 East 69th: Although it sounds earnest and formidable, this shop places fun first. A spelling board for three-letter words, presumably to prepare the young for crossword-puzzling careers, makes a lotto-like game of learning to spell; $2.50. A fifteen-piece crèche is designed, unlike most, to be played with; $7.50. A simplified construction set called Morecraft has parts that can be clipped together (no nuts and bolts needed) to make bridges, towers, or just a dog sledge; $2. For the young carpenter: dressed lumber, hard to get in household lots; $4.50 a big bundle.

Gimbel: An indulgent uncle might give a well-done combination pool-and-billiard table for a child's playroom ($39.95), or a three-wheel, chain-drive bike built so that a three-year-old won't outgrow it for many seasons ($10). Desks for the junior junior executive, either flat- or roll-topped, come in maple at from $7 to $20, with a swivel chair. A sixteen-inch winter-sports-queen doll, with complete snow-resort wardrobe in a suitcase; $5. A miniature shooting gallery with a crank-operated machine gun and a mechanism to register hits and return the bullets; $1.98.

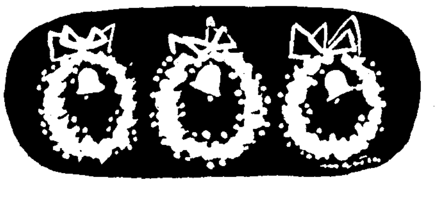
Lord & Taylor: Extraordinarily good toy animals range from a calico kitten whose outside unzips for laundering ($1.95) to an incredible, six-foot, super-de-luxe baby giraffe ($95). A lovable bear family (enormous Papa and Mamma, at $12.95 each, dressed) and small baby *au naturel* except for a lovely red bow ($1.95). A Noah's ark, with Mr. and Mrs. Noah and the animals two by two, has a removable red roof; $5.95. A doll, real-looking as anything, wears a gingham frock, white pinafore, and wide straw hat; $3.95. A nested set of picture blocks squeak and squeal while being piled; $1. A rubber-tired scooter disguised as a locomotive and tender, with bell and whistle; $4.95.

Macy: A fine rope-pull wagon loaded with thirty-six painted blocks, together with an instruction sheet telling what to build and how; $3.96. A suitcase holding an undressed doll, a hand-operated sewing machine, a dress pattern, material, and sewing equipment; $2.98. Chinese character dolls in fascinating native costumes; none over $2. Trend-of-the-times: the celebrated Minic wind-up toys from England now include an army tank; sixty-nine cents. A drawbridge for Lionel trains lifts up at regular intervals, breaking the electric circuit and stopping railway traffic; $10.09. The Sailmaster is a robot pilot, operated by compressed air, to install on toy sail- and motorboats; the youngster stands on the shore and steers his craft by remote control through twenty-five feet of rubber tubing; $4.64.

McCreery: A doll house, with door chimes, carpeted throughout and ready for a little girl to move her pet's furniture into; $15. A chemistry set for boys of inquiring mind comes in a shipshape wooden case and is a real working outfit; $5. Metal tool chests hold everything, from saw to nuts; $3.95. Playroom-size bowling alleys, made of wood; $9.98, and good. New boat toys: a real submerging submarine that zips along either under or on the water, and a wooden airplane-carrier with two miniature planes that take off when the child pushes a button on the deck; $1 each.

New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th): Stocking gifts that will last even after noon on Christmas Day. A wicker bassinet for a small doll is mounted on wheels just like a real one; beautifully flounced and ruffled with pink-dotted white swiss that has blue-satin lining and blue-ribbon trimming, it costs $6.60. Appealing, gnome-faced Brownies, with spindling arms and legs; $1.10. Beanbags, the delight of brownstone New York childhood and still going strong, are made up to look like Humpty Dumpty, bear, squirrel, even Santa; fifty cents.

Saks-Fifth Avenue: A little-girl hatbox fitted with scissors, thimble, needles, and pins, five doll-size hat shapes, and assorted trimmings; $3.95, and a dream present for a nimble-fingered small miss. A white cloth-covered bear on which children may write their autographs in ink; $1 to $8.95 for a mammoth one. A sturdy folding table holding thirty or more kitchen implements, from a pot-holder to a working percolator; $12.95. New animal dolls: a lady and gentleman mink, in costumes of the middle nineteenth century; he is a pompous Henry Clay type, she is in billowing taffeta, and both have neatly brushed tails; $6.95. An angel doll with star-crowned golden hair and heavenly blue robes; $6.95. And, in the next breath, a new Meccano plane-building set with instructions for making pursuit planes, dive bombers, and all the rest; $13.95.



Schoenfeld, 1254 Lexington Avenue (84th): A big gas station with fuel pumps, a lift that raises toy cars off the ground for greasing, and a set of mechanic's hand tools; $7.95. Big set of eighty blocks in a duffel bag, in which they're easily stowed away by the child—an important point; $2. Blocks painted to look like sections of brick walls, for building realistic skyscrapers in a jiffy; $1.75. A doll's bathroom, with running water in the tub and basin, is a lot of toy for $2.

F. A. O. Schwarz, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th): The only overstuffed child's-room furniture we've ever seen: a lounge chair ($9.95), a rep-covered sofa ($16). For young cyclists: a splendid cowhide belt, with reflector buttons spelling out "Stop" across its back and fitted with pockets holding a siren whistle and lantern-type flashlight; $3.95. Window-mannequin dolls, ready to go to boarding school, are true glamour girls; $7.95, with campus costume, date dress, or evening frock; all sorts of costume changes at $1.75 and up. A kitchen cabinet has a sink with running water on tap; $48. Racing-car construction kits, probably doomed to be appropriated by Father ($19 to $25); gasoline motors to make these racers whizz ($12.50 to $23.75). Hangar, with runway and attached garage; $7.50 with three planes and three cars.

Stern: A series of bisque dolls in Mother Goose and fairy-tale costumes; seventy-five cents to $1.50 apiece. A luxurious doll carriage, scale model of a real Whitney pram, is $9.98. A doll's powder table, with a top that lifts to disclose a mirror and vanity equipment; $1. Exercise horses on which tots can bounce furiously and safely; $2.98 and $4.98. An archery set with a five-foot bow, a quiver with six arrows, an unmounted target face, arm guard, and whatnot; $3.98.

Strauss Shops, 257 Fifth Avenue (29th): Durable and good-looking fabric doll, for any little girl who is hard on her toys, has a mechanism to make it clap its hands; $1.98 and $2.98. Washable horses in several bright colors have string manes and bright-red saddles and reins; $1.49, and the kind of thing very small boys adore. A clockwork Greyhound bus that stops and starts at intervals all by itself, as though to take on passengers; $2.50. A sophisticated, golden-haired doll, done up in a velvet frock, fur coat, and posy-trimmed hat, seems all ready to go to a party; $12.50.

Sweden House, 638 Fifth Avenue (51st): Wooden toys that can take it. Hoops, of all things (and the young ones still go for them), in orange or blue, with jingle-bell-embellished sticks to bat them with; $1.50. Hobby horses (heads of donkeys, hippos, and elephants mounted on sticks) with little carts; $3. Three-year-olds will like a chair horse on wheels, in which they can push themselves around with their feet; $4.

Wanamaker: A new version of Flora McFlimsey, the doll which is by now a standby, is a carrot-topped minx with

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. . . Long associated with the famous people of the theatre, the food, the surroundings, and the atmosphere of this old tavern will put you in the mood for curtain-time.

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a freckle-dusted little pan; like her namesake of Madison Square (in the poem) she has nothing to wear—except a full outfit of very stylish clothes; from $4.95. McGuffey doll characters now include Bitsey (female, $2.95) and Butch (male, $1.95), a fetching pair. Parts for building five progressively more-difficult-to-make toys (boat, trolley, locomotive, plane, automobile); $10, in a wooden box. A dashing snow-white Shetland-size rocking horse of molded rubber is gorgeously caparisoned, like a circus pony, with a scarlet saddle; $40, and you can almost hear the calliope. A Flexible Flyer sled (remember them?), nearly five feet long, has an up-to-date touch in its chromium steering gear; $9.95.

Young Books, 714 Madison Avenue (63rd): Exciting stocking toy—a spouting rubber whale (thirty-five cents) to make the nightly tub a picnic for Baby (but what of poor Nana?). Parachute dolls with foolish wooden faces are wafted gently to earth by their chutes when thrown into the air; $2.50 a pair. Dewees Cochran dolls, which look like real children, are always a joy; $12.50 raw, or $25 dressed, from the skin out, in ravishing clothes. A trick book with a woolly bunny glued to one page, a man's face with a sandpaper cheek attached to another, and so on, is silly as anything but nice for toddlers, who are told to pat the various objects. The bunny squeals when patted, but the man remains silent; $1.

Radios and Such

EVERY maker of radios and radio-phonograph combinations, from A (Aeolian-Vocalion) to Z (Zenith), is offering new attractions in his catalogues this season. There is a greater variety of chassis designs and a larger assortment of cabinets. There are radios fixed up so you don't have to move out of a chair to play them, so they'll turn themselves off when you go to bed, so you can switch from one station to another although the machine itself is somewhere else, and so you can park a fairly large record library in the housing. The three most important novelties, however, seem to be (1) Frequency Modulation receivers (FM to most of us), (2) a profusion of home recording devices, and (3) the development of what you might call super-tiny radios that you can carry about in your pocket or your handbag.

FM, not much more than an esoteric mystery last Christmas, is a going concern now. There are at least four radio stations in this vicinity that broadcast programs to be picked up on FM receivers—in some instances, the same programs they put out for the regular radios. Some manufacturers have combinations for receiving both FM and regular programs (with or without built-in phonographs), and some will

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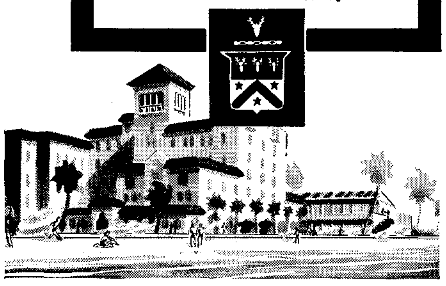

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Is so delicious that you can't blame a man for slipping up to the buffet table for his fifth helping—when nobody's looking! Smoked over hickory fires, oven-cooked with wine, according to a treasured recipe of the old South, it is equally delicious whether served cold or hot. For a rare treat, place your order today!

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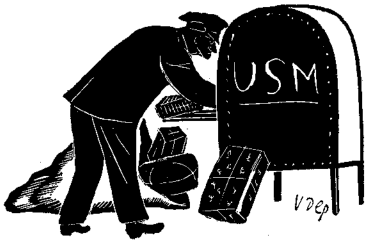
supply units that, in effect, add an FM receiver to the set you now have. If you plan to give your friend an FM unit to attach to his present receiver, get your order in early and give the dealer as much information as possible about the set to which the unit is to be added. Conversion costs from $50 to $75. FM radio receivers start at about $75, and combination FM and phonograph sets at about $140. These are table models. For $225, approximately, there are attractive consoles with AM, FM, phonograph, and the latest thing in record mixer-changers—record changers which handle ten- and twelve-inch records intermixed. From there on, the cabinets have a good deal to do with the cost of the gift.

We've come across a number of brands of FM equipment, which we list alphabetically: Ansley (no FM receivers, but will convert its regular models for $60), Capehart (no FM sets, but will convert for $50 and up), Emerson (an FM receiver for $99.50), Freed-Eisemann (FM receivers at $75), General Electric (table models at $74.50, consoles up to $225, and a "translator" for receiving FM broadcasts on regular sets), Liberty (FM phonograph combinations, starting at $225), Magnavox (FM for its regular sets, $75 extra), Pilot (table models from $139.50 and phonograph combinations from $249.50), Stromberg-Carlson (FM receivers from $169.50, phonograph combinations from $220). This list isn't, of course, complete.

Home recording devices start at $42.50, and the average price for portable radio-phonographs on which you may make your own discs is between $70 and $80. Here are a dozen sources: Andrea, Crosley, Emerson, Federal, General Electric, Magnavox (as extra equipment on its regular sets), Philco (extra on its standard sets), Pilot, Presto, Recordio, and R.C.A. Victor. Don't forget to send along a supply of recording blanks and needles, and perhaps an engineer from the shop to show the recipient how to operate the machine. These things are easy to operate, but you have to know how.

For several years there have been small radios obtainable for as little as $4 or even less. These are machines that must be plugged in on light sockets. In the past year or so miniature battery-operated receivers have become available—"personal" radios, about the size of a camera. General Electric, Philco, R.C.A. Victor, and Sonora, in fact, make models that actually look like candid-camera outfits. Some of these intimate receivers are equipped with headphones, so that people nearby who aren't in the mood won't be annoyed. Generally speaking, $20 should cover the cost of miniatures that you can take anywhere without worrying about a supply of electric current.



Speaking of current supply, before you buy a radio for a gift make sure that the recipient lives in a place where the current is of the type required to operate the machine. Almost every set is designed to operate on alternating current. If your friend has direct current and you send him an alternating-current setup, he may inadvertently burn out the insides of the machine (without hearing anything). Most of the FM sets are designed for alternating current; there are a number of AC-DC sets, but none for direct current alone.

IN the piano-and-organ field there isn't much new to report except the Hammond Solovox, an ingenious device which may be attached to any piano and costs $190. The Solovox is a small keyboard whose keys, when struck, start electric impulses which are amplified into sound and come out through a loudspeaker. By combinations of twelve tone selectors, the performer can produce some forty-four effects—strings, woodwinds, brass, bagpipes, and others not so easily described. One hand plays the Solovox, the other ranges the regular piano keyboard, and the rest is up to the skill of the player. You may use it for duets, too, one player going to work on the Solovox, the other on the piano. Both the Hammond Organ Studios and Knabe will be glad to demonstrate it to you. An unusual gift for musical children is a reed organ. It doesn't take up much space and isn't uproarious, and children generally like to play such instruments. The Estey Organ Corporation, which offers every sort of organ, including huge pipe affairs, has little reed instruments for $32.50, and more elaborate versions up to $780.

IN the small-instrument field, recorders (the wind instruments, not the phonograph recording devices) continue to be popular. Prices run from about $2.25 to $45, which is for the impos-

The Slipper-limpet

that pest, that menace, that enemy of the delicious bivalve, our laboratory tests prove, has gone on a vacation this season.

We hope Mr. and Mrs. Slipper-limpet do not return. Why? Because this leaves plenty of planktons (food for oysters) for our delicious, big, salty, Robbins Island Oysters to feast on.

They are delivered fresh every day to Manhattan cafes and restaurants from pure, cold, deep, Long Island waters. Try half a dozen Robbins Island Oysters for your next luncheon or dinner.

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Ask for them by name. And be sure to get a supply of genuine Will & Baumer pure Bayberry Candles. At your favorite department store or gift shop.

Will & Baumer Candle Co., Inc.
Established Since 1855
15 East 32nd St. New York

Mr. Plover Checks-Off Cousin Bertha

✓ Mr. Plover hadn't seen Cousin Bertha for years. Was it ballet or boats, Vermeer or Vlaminck, she had talked about last? The solution, of course, was a gift certificate for any amount entitling Cousin Bertha to select whatever she wanted from our superabundant stock of reproductions of important paintings.

RAYMOND & RAYMOND—40 East 52 St.
LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO

ing bass recorder. The Old Glory ocarinas, which are tunable, are pleasant and playable instruments, starting at sixty-five cents. In the same category is the Jugarina, a little brown jug with a jug-like tone. You play it as you would an ocarina. It's $1.25.

If noise is not objectionable in the home to which your gift is going, you may be interested in a three-foot-long conga drum at $12, and there is a B. G. (Benny Goodman, Jr.) Sextette drum outfit that includes a whole caboodle of percussion equipment for $35.

HERE are some of the institutions which supply one or more of the gifts suggested, and many other possible gifts too: The Aeolian Company, 27 West 57th; Center Music Stores, 1242 Sixth Avenue (49th); Elaine Music Shop, 9 East 44th; Estey Organ Corporation, 5 West 52nd; Carl Fischer, 56 Cooper Square; Hammond Organ Studios, 50 West 57th; Haynes-Griffin, 373 Madison Avenue (46th); Knabe, 584 Fifth Avenue (47th); Lehman Radio Salon, 985 Madison Avenue (77th); Liberty Music Shops, 450 Madison Avenue (50th) and Savoy-Plaza Hotel; Magnamusic, 161 West 57th; Marconi Brothers, 679 Madison Avenue (61st); New York Band Instrument Company, 111 East 14th; Rabsons, 111 West 52nd; Schirmer, 3 East 43rd; E. H. Scott Radio Laboratories, 630 Fifth Avenue (50th); Steinway, 109 West 57th; Trinity Talking Machine Co., 52 Broadway (Exchange Place); and Wurlitzer, 120 West 42nd.

Christmas Spirits

AS things have turned out, Christmas wines and liquors are going to be easier to come by this year than alarmists have predicted. The fact is that small wine concerns, like small nations, have been hardest pressed by the European war, while big firms, which had immense stocks of French wines on hand before the blockade of France, still have enough to get us over the coming holidays pretty comfortably. It must be remembered, however, that probably not a single bottle of wine has been shipped to this country from France since June, so it isn't surprising that prices are going up too rapidly for us to give you anything but a general idea of where they will be by the time you get around to this part of your Christmas shopping.

CHAMPAGNES: An amazingly diversified collection of the great champagnes is still available, and very few of

Give a
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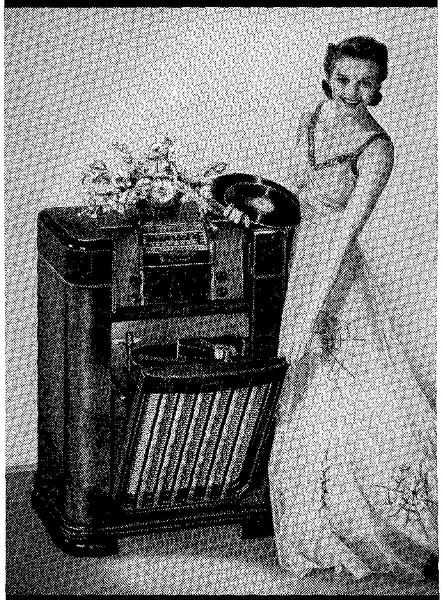
for Christmas



PLAYS ANY RECORD ON A Beam of Light

NO NEEDLES TO CHANGE
RECORDS LAST LONGER
NEW PURITY OF TONE

Brighten your home this Christmas with the joys of recorded music . . . played on a *Beam of Light!* Philco's amazing new *Photo-Electric* radio-phonograph eliminates needles, reduces record wear and surface noise by 10 to 1 and gives glorious new beauty to any record. By an entirely new principle, a permanent jewel floats over the record grooves and *reflects* the music on a beam of light from a tiny mirror to a photo-electric cell. It's the first basic improvement in record reproduction since the invention of the phonograph!

NEW TILT-FRONT CABINET. No lid to lift, no need to remove decorations, no dark, unhandy compartments. To place and play records, you simply tilt forward the grille.

Philco 608P, illustrated, only $12.95 down.
HOME RECORDING is optional equipment.

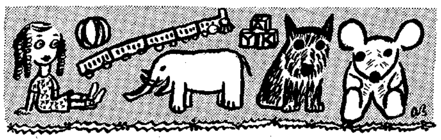
There's a Christmas Philco . . . radio, radio-phonograph or auto radio . . . at any price you wish to pay. See them at your Philco dealer. Ask about his Special Trade-in and Easy Payment Offers.

the famous years since 1911 are entirely missing. M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd), has a small quantity of English Market Veuve Clicquot, 1911, from the cellars of the late Nicholas Brady; it is guaranteed to be in perfect condition and sells at the reasonable price of $85 a case. Mabardi, 6 East 55th Street, has a few cases of Moët & Chandon, 1914, and Lehmann has the 1920 vintage of the same *marque* at $79. The 1921 champagnes were, of course, becoming scarce even before the war, and now, in the famous brands, they are treasures indeed. Sherry Wine & Spirits, 678 Madison Avenue (61st), has some Krug and some Lanson of that year—both of them nothing short of miracles—at $95. At A. N. Luria, 1217 Madison Avenue (88th), Vendôme Liqueurs, 415 Madison (49th), Mabardi, and Lehmann, you can get the beautifully bottled Moët & Chandon Dom Pérignon, 1921, at varying prices; Lehmann has a few cases of 1921 Lanson in magnums, and Vendôme has some Pol Roger of the same great year in half-bottles. These are all the famous '21's we've been able to run down, but you may have better luck. Bates & French, 96 Park Avenue (40th), have a fair amount of Perrier Jouet, 1926, and Lehmann and Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street, have the great 1928 English Market Bollinger for around $110. You will find a reassuring quantity of other fine '28's in all the shops we have mentioned, at prices ranging from $95 for Krug English Market to $65 for Ernest Irroy. Sherry and Lehmann each have the magnificent Krug 1929 at $95. Magnums can be had in a good many of these brands; jeroboams are considerably scarcer. Both Lehmann and Mabardi have small quantities of champagne *rosé*.

BURGUNDY: Supplies of Burgundy—both red and white—have shrunk so terrifically in the past month that it's almost impossible to find a real selection of the great vintages; in fact, Sherry Wine & Spirits, Lehmann, and Bellows are among the few places left to try. Bellows, whose telephone number is Wickersham 2-6000, is a wholesale concern, of course, but will be glad to tell you where its limited supply of these wines can be found. In recent months, Sherry has drawn largely on the impeccable stock of Berry Brothers in London to replenish its own dwindling supply of Burgundies; Lehmann always has had such a large reserve of these wines that the present drought has not yet affected its supply too disastrously. Between them, the two shops can furnish all the recent great vintages of the wines of the Romanée-Conti Domaine, from a beautiful La Tâche of 1933 ($39 a case at Lehmann) to a superb 1929 Les Gaudichots ($43 at Sherry Wine & Spirits). Both these firms, as well as Bellows, have the incomparable Romanée Conti itself in the 1929 vintage for around $14 a bottle.

BORDEAUX: A. N. Luria has a reasonable supply of the beautiful 1924 clarets, notably a Château Lafite-Rothschild at $8 a bottle, and Bates & French can show you some splendid Cos d'Estournel of the same year. The Château Latour, 1929, which Lehmann is selling at $65 a case, would make a grand gift, and a 1924 Mouton-Rothschild, for $54 a case at the same shop, would be an impressive offering, too. Sherry Wine & Spirits has most of the château-bottled clarets of 1929, among them a Château Ausone which seems to us to possess about all the qualities a wine ought to have. For more casual drinking, Sherry has a '29 Château Desplats at $22.75 a case, and Lehmann a '29 Château Lynch-Bages at $24. Both are extremely good. As for white Bordeaux, H. H. Burns, 42 East 48th Street, and Lehmann have supplies of 1921 Château Yquem, and it is hardly necessary to point out that there is precious little of *that* left in the world. Monro, at 2 East 57th Street, Bates & French, and A. N. Luria have fair quantities of most of the white Graves imported by Julius Wile Sons, including the popular Château Olivier, and Sherry Wine & Spirits has some lovely Château Climens, 1929 ($40), which ought to make a fine ending to a festive dinner.

AMERICAN WINES: Frank Schoonmaker has for the past year or so devoted his expert talents to the commendable task of selecting what he considers the best examples of American wine-making. Twenty-six of these wines—from California, the Lake Erie islands of Ohio, and the Finger Lake district of New York State—are now bottled under the Schoonmaker label and are available at prices ranging from $8.65 to $16 a case at Sherry Wine & Spirits; Sumner Wines & Spirits, 629 Park Avenue (65th); Mele, 25 East 56th Street; Granada Wine & Liquor Store, 396 East 72nd Street; and Southgate Wine & Liquor, 984 First Avenue (54th).



LIQUEURS: As you can guess, there won't be much picking and choosing among liqueurs this year, stocks being terribly low and prices terribly high. Hearn and Macy have as large supplies of the well-known brands at as reasonable prices as you will find anywhere. It may be a good idea to remind you that Garnier's Triple Sec is a very satisfactory substitute for Cointreau, which is rapidly disappearing and has more than doubled in price. Also, the comparatively inexpensive Voisin's Triple Sec, at Hearn, will probably be a welcome present to your favorite crêpes-Suzette cook. Lehmann has a few half-litre bottles of pre-expulsion Chartreuse at $50 each, and some pre-prohibition Bénédictine, Cointreau, and Grand Marnier—all in litre bottles from the Brady cellars—at $10 each. A. N. Luria and Bates & French have limited quantities of B. & B.—the successful combination of Bénédictine and brandy imported by Julius Wile Sons—for $8.50.

BRANDIES: Brandies are getting to be worth their weight in gold, or, to be more exact, worth whatever the retailer who is lucky enough to own them wants to ask. There is no point in our reporting on the well-known commercial brands, since you're as familiar with them as we are and since they probably wouldn't be where we said they were by the time you got around to them anyway, so we will just draw your attention to a few of the rarities we have spotted. A. N. Luria has a small quantity of that great Hine's Grande Fine Champagne, of which we thought there wasn't another bottle in existence; Sherry Wine & Spirits and Lehmann have a Grande Fine Champagne of 1865, bottled by Berry Brothers in London; the Sherry place also has the superb 1865 Denis-Mounié in half-bottles; and Lehmann has a small quantity of the eighty-year-old Marie Brizard. These valuable brandies range from around $15 to $25 a bottle and to a brandy-lover are worth every penny of their price. Less expensive cognacs still available are Bellows Very Old, at Bates & French for $11.50; Hine's Imperial, for $10 at Sherry; and the various vintages of Dupuy d'Angeac, at A. N. Luria for from $3.50 to $22.

MADEIRA, SHERRY, PORT, AND RUM: Now that the stock of brandies is so nearly depleted, we predict that people will soon be using their elegant snifters for potables which are easier to get hold of. Certainly the 1820 Old Bual Madeira imported by Greig, Lawrence & Hoyt, of which H. H. Burns has a limited quantity at around $8 a bottle, would do credit to the handsomest glasses. Excellent for after-dinner drinking, too, are the vintage ports of Dow and of Taylor, sold by Lehmann in the vintage years of 1904, '08, '12, and '20. A. N. Luria has the Dow vintage port of 1908. Sherries—thank heaven!—are still with us, although, owing to wartime insurance rates, their prices, too, have risen some. The extremely good Romate sherries, which are well known in England, are being sold over here for the first time, by A. N. Luria, among others. For really grand presents, Lehmann has some vintage Sandeman ranging from fifty to a hundred and fifty years old, as well as a little of the Patito Sherry of 1818 from Berry Brothers. Sherry Wine & Spirits has magnums of Williams & Humbert Dry Sack at $6.50, magnums of Harvey's Bristol Cream at $9.90, and a very small quantity of Domecq's Napoleon at $15.25. Also worth investigating are the twenty-year-old New England rum sold in lovely wicker-covered bottles for $4.79 and a twenty-eight-year-old Lemon Hart Jamaica rum for $8.15 (both at Sherry Wine & Spirits), and the thirty-two-year-old Treasure Cove London Dock rum at $12.50, of which Bellows still possesses a few precious bottles.

WHISKEYS: Scotch whiskey seems to be coming over so regularly and in such quantities that reporting on the well-known brands is unnecessary. However, amateurs of unblended malt whiskeys may be glad to learn where some particularly valuable specimens of this spirit can be found. The Sherry people have a thirty-six-year-old Glen Grant Glenlivet at $14.50 a bottle, and a twenty-nine-year-old whiskey of the same brand at $12.50. These are of an incredible softness, smoothness, and mellow strength. Lehmann and Sherry both have the celebrated Smith's Glenlivet at $5.50, and Lehmann has some Islay malts and Talisker whiskey from the Island of Skye. Lehmann also offers a most unusual collection of rye and bourbon, including Old Grand-Dad of 1917 ($15 a quart) and Old Puritan Rye made in 1916 ($7.50).

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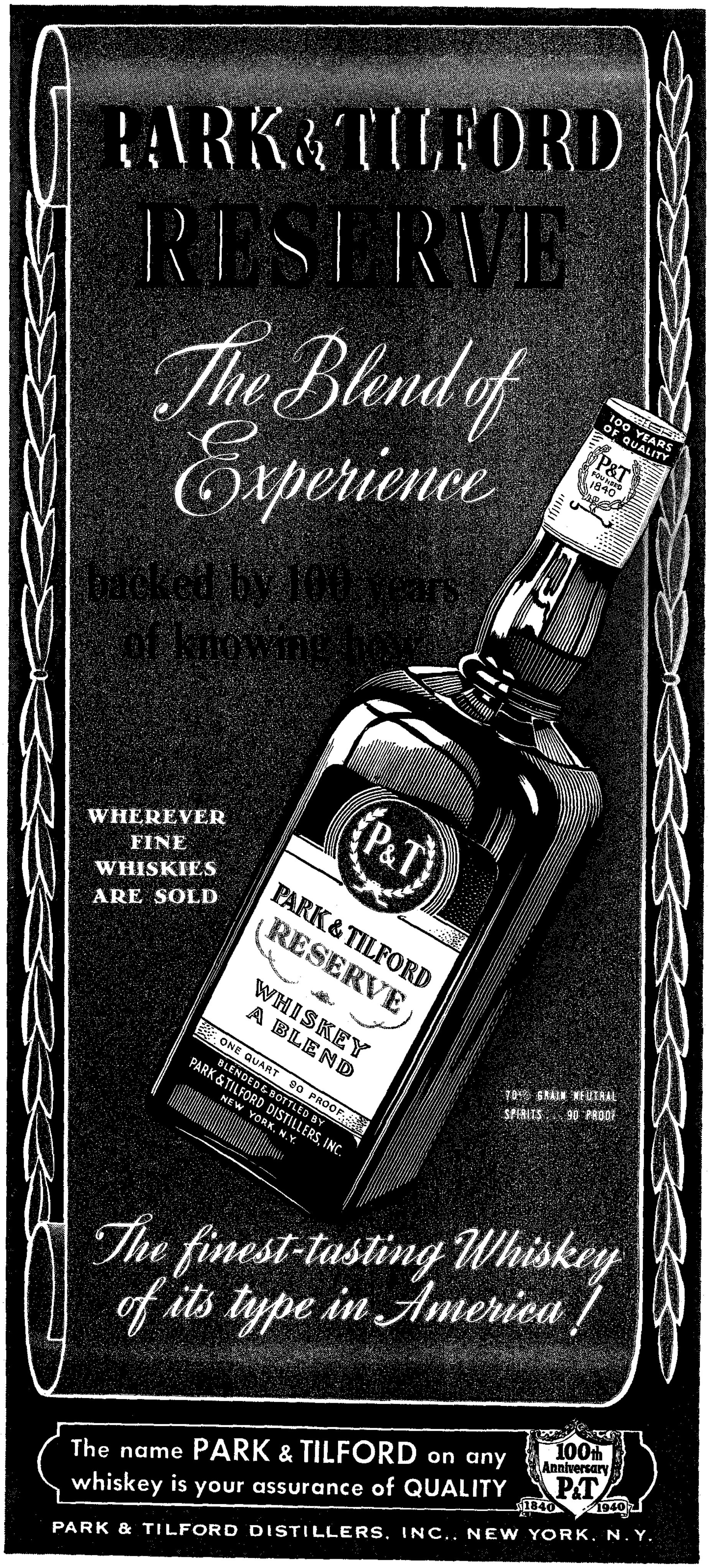
THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[*Virgil Thomson in the Herald Tribune*]

If that is Mozart, I'll buy a hat and eat it.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70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS . . . 90 PROOF

The finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!

The name PARK & TILFORD on any whiskey is your assurance of QUALITY

100th Anniversary P&T 1840 1940

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

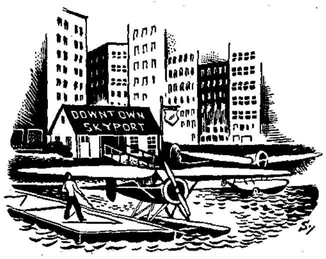
BEAT N.Y.U., AND BEAT FORDHAM, TOO

IN an ordinary year, it would make no difference to me who won the Fordham-New York University football game, and this, at least as far as football is concerned, is an ordinary year. I have no stake in the outcome of this struggle, having neither bet on it nor entered a score-guessing contest, and for all I care both teams can go jump in the Rose Bowl. I am bringing up the subject only because the game was the cause of a recent series of startling events in which, I think I can safely say, I participated more fully than any other man with no Fordham affiliations. I believe it is my duty to tell what happened, because my experience was shared by an impressionable young lady from out of town who is now on her way to southern California to spend the winter. She is, I'm afraid, carrying with her a conception of New York night life which, if spread around out there, might convince a few movie stars that our night life is every bit as absurd as we think theirs is.

Well, then. This young lady, whose name is Audrey, showed up in town from Bangor, Maine, a couple of weeks ago and expressed a desire to go dancing at some of the big hotels. She had just one evening in town before leaving for the Coast, and she wanted to get around to as many places as possible. We had dinner and then started out, going first to the Biltmore, where Will Bradley's orchestra was playing in the Bowman Room, a rather austere chamber, as chambers go. We got there at about ten o'clock. There were only a few people in the room, and Audrey and I kept glancing at the doorway, hoping that some other couples would come in to make the place seem livelier. At my fourteenth glance, I was pleased to see six young men, wearing hats and topcoats, standing at the entrance. I assumed that they had just arrived and that their girls were outside, powdering their noses. I turned to Audrey to tell her we were going to have company. By the time I turned back to look at the entrance, it was filled with twelve boys, no girls, and two assistant headwaiters with decidedly inhospitable expressions. In the next five seconds, the assistant headwaiters were swept backward into the room, protesting and waving their arms wildly, by the original six, the second six, and approximately a hundred and fifty additional young men, all wearing hats and topcoats, who scrambled over the dance floor and landed in a howling heap on the apron of the bandstand. A few of them, on their way across the room, snatched flowers from the tables, and one boy, who said he was thirsty, not only seized a zinnia I had been sniffing but picked up the receptacle it had been in and swallowed a long, noisy draught of pale-greenish water.

Audrey looked almost as startled as the assistant headwaiters, whose ranks by then had been reinforced by what appeared to be the headwaiter, the assistant night manager, the night manager, and the board of directors, all of whom apparently were attempting with singularly little success to persuade their unexpected guests either to sit down or get out. "You should have made a reservation," I heard one waiter say to a fellow in a reversible overcoat and ragged hat, as they grappled over a long-stemmed blossom the young man was trying to insert in his buttonhole.

Nothing much happened, aside from a lot of good-natured shoving, until the new arrivals, in a reasonably unified way, began to sing a Fordham anthem, which they punctuated with remarks like "Beat N.Y.U.!" and "Rah!," or "Rah! Rah!" After they had rendered two choruses with more spirit than harmony, they departed with a rush. As they left the bandstand, we noticed that the musicians, who had been playing when the gang came in, had disappeared from their chairs. A moment later a dazed alto saxophone crawled out from beneath Audrey's. "Well!" said Audrey.



After Audrey had regained her composure and her purse, which Fordham had kicked about fifteen yards in the scrimmage, she suggested that we get on to another, quieter hotel. As, I was bargaining for my coat with the checkroom attendant, who seemed reluctant at that moment to give anything to anyone, I asked him where the crowd had come from. He told me that it was a group of Fordham freshmen who had been holding a class dinner and beat-N.Y.U. rally at the Hotel Roosevelt. "Ought to be a close game," he added.

WE next went to the Pennsylvania, where Glenn Miller's orchestra was playing in the Café Rouge. We sat down at a table near the band and ordered drinks and cigarettes. When the cigarette girl came over, I asked her if by any chance a hundred and sixty-two stags had come in during the evening. "Of course not, silly," she said, "but I wish they would." She started to return to her station across the room and had travelled about thirty feet when a maître d'hôtel staggered back into the Café as if he had been hit by the whole Fordham line, charging low. Before anyone in the room, except Audrey and me, knew what was going on, Fordham had occupied the bandstand and taken Glenn Miller into protective custody. A clarinetist arose hastily in the middle of a solo and hid behind the drummer; the rest of the band played on, hesitantly, like Parisian innkeepers inadvertently serving as hosts to a *Panzer* division. I spotted the Fordham boy who had drunk from the flower vase at the Biltmore. He had hijacked a loaded waiter and was drinking melted ice out of somebody's discarded wine bucket. "Well!" said Audrey.

The Fordham boys stayed at the Pennsylvania only long enough to sing their Alma Mater again. This time they were assisted by Mr. Miller's band, which pulled itself together and gave a nice demonstration of improvised accompaniment to a number it had seemingly never heard before, and certainly couldn't have recognized from the way it was sung even if it had. Then the boys left, waving the flowers they had gathered at the Biltmore and pinching a few girls who had been trapped on the dance floor by the suddenness of the attack. "I think we had better get out of here," said Audrey coldly, "and go to a hotel with fewer transients." As we walked out of the room, the cigarette girl, who was adjusting a shoulder strap, gave me a dirty look. "That wasn't very funny, wise guy," she said.

SOMEWHAT discouraged about our evening of dancing, I decided to take Audrey to the New Yorker Hotel, which has a floor show around midnight. I thought it might cheer her up. We entered the New Yorker ballroom faster than I had ever before entered a room of any kind, principally because, when we were halfway down the stairs leading to the ballroom, we were engulfed by the Fordham tide, which came roaring down behind us and pushed us through an electric-eye door and three astonished busboys. It was by the merest chance that we managed to grab a passing table and avoid having to join a snake dance that was being organized on the dance floor. A few of the boys attached themselves to a microphone and started to bellow their favorite college song, with which I was getting pretty familiar. Someone, presumably figuring that this was part of the regular floor show, turned some colored lights on the boys. Eventually they snake-danced out, all but one fellow who stood alone in the centre of the floor and screamed, "After November thirtieth, there will be no N.Y.U.!" There was scattered applause, and then he said, "Hey, don't leave me behind," and rushed out after his friends, dropping a flower on the way.

I DON'T know what happened to the Fordham boys after that, but I do know that a minute later Audrey announced that a slight headache which she had been keeping secret all evening was all at once beginning to cause her acute suffering, and would I mind terribly if she went home. "Don't bother to take me," she added in acid tones. "I'll probably run into a lot of boys I know on the way." Then she dashed off into the night. Whatever she tells the folks in California, my conscience is clear. I know the blame for our disastrous evening lies squarely on the Fordham-N.Y.U. game. Come to think of it, I do care about the outcome of that game; I hope they both lose.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

HE'S GOT RHYTHM

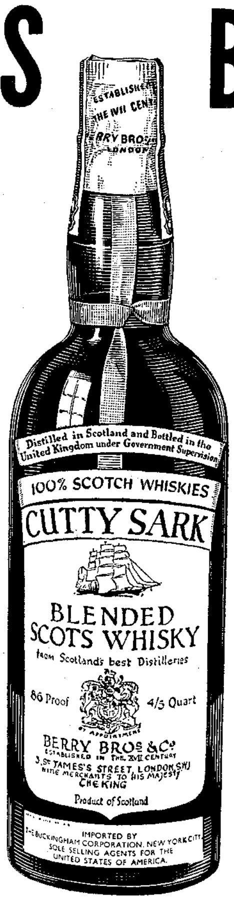
Vyacheslaff M. Molotoff,
I long to do a song for you,
Extol the fame of such a name
From Rome to Plav,
From Nome to Lvov.
Vyacheslaff M. Molotoff!
You are the Muse in all the news
Both rare and fair, so please take care
And do not chaff, Vyacheslaff,
At visits of the fateful RAF,
Nor have an urge, O Molotoff,
To scorn a purge—oh, do not scoff!
For but one single bourgeois *gaffe*,
Most rhythmical Vyacheslaff,
The Soviet can get you yet,
Vyacheslaff M. Molotoff.

—CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

•

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Grace Disorda, daughter of Mrs. Marjorie Disorda and the late Mr. and Mrs. Carl Erickson of Proctor.—*Brandon (Vt.) Union.*

And of old General Disorda, evidently.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CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
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authoritatively fashioned and
of superlative pelts. In the
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for immediate wearing
at these appealing prices—

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Gunther
666 FIFTH AVENUE AT 53rd ST., NEW YORK

OUT OF TOWN

God Bless South America, Too

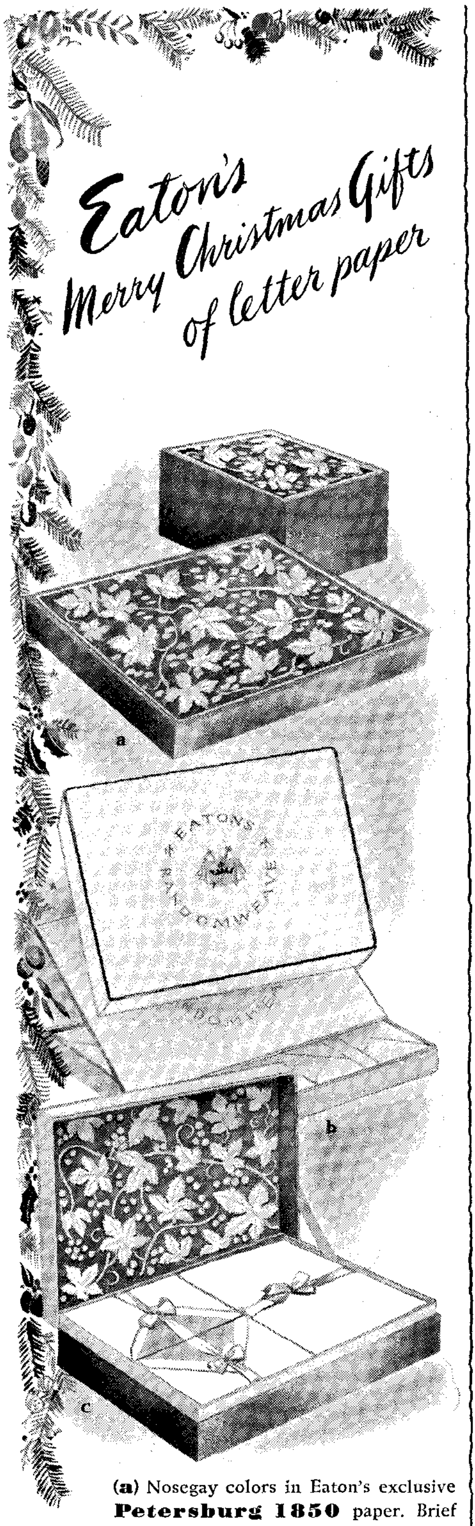
NOW that South America is the place to go (and high time, too), people who had become smug about knowing their way around Europe realize they're at the foot of the class again. It's distressing, this business of being in the dark about what's the best thing to do and of having to learn new languages. It won't surprise me, though, if before long the same crowd is telling each other what to eat in which South American places, where to go that nobody knows about, what carnival week has it over what other carnival week, and above all how to be liked enough by the people down there to be received in their homes. So, if a continent that uniformly takes two hours for lunch and dines any time after nine appeals to you, put your vanity on ice and make tracks for the Berlitz School to pick up a little Portuguese for Brazil and as much Spanish as you can for everywhere else. Of course, if you stick to the big hotels in the big cities, you'll be safe with French, but if you're taking an apartment or visiting remote places (where the hotels are frequently new and comfortable, though rather plain), you'll feel better being able to speak up in the proper language once in a while.

Summer begins in December down there, and it's *the* season in Chile, since it never gets too hot, as it does in some of the other countries. You'll find Chileans leaving Santiago, a city North Americans love, for Viña del Mar, a four-hour drive away, a great place for beaches, racing, gambling, and all that. Tagging along, you'll probably put up at the O'Higgins Hotel. Chileans prefer the beaches a few minutes outside of Viña, and if you do, too, you'll leave the hotel as soon as you get under way in the morning. After swimming, you drive back to Viña and lunch at the Cap Ducal or some other restaurant on the water. A whole lobster is a snack in Chile and a normal lunch is eight courses; the fish is wonderful, the fruit is wonderful, the wine is wonderful—it's not surprising that you're ready for a nap when the meal is over. Sturdy visitors get in some sightseeing during the afternoon, but the frail just fill out the day with dinner, the cinema (possibly), and a whirl at the Casino. Everyone gambles at Viña. Come the middle of March, Chileans who don't retire to their haciendas visit the lake district in the sky-high Andes, six hundred miles from Santiago. You couldn't do better than go along, what with all there is up that way—wild fuchsia, legions of unnamed waterfalls, green-and-cobalt lakes like the Lac d'Annécy, streamlined trains (much of the way), sleepers with windows in their upper berths and showers in every car, and satisfactory hotels. Trout fishing is excellent; you can mountain-climb and even ski all summer if you go far enough south.

The lake-region route from Santiago to Buenos Aires is longer by a thousand miles than the direct one, but it's well worth it if you can spare the time. If you can't, and want to see the Argentine capital anyway, there's a plane right to it from Santiago, or you can try the motor-and-train combination they've worked out between the two cities. In Buenos Aires, you'll get along fine at either the Alvear Palace, where the feeling is pure Argentine, or the Plaza, which has British overtones and recalls our own Plaza, back room and all. There are any number of things to do and see: a harbor called the Boca, where freighters and liners haven't yet crowded out sailing ships; a municipal pawnshop, for antique-chasers; polo and all the ordinary sports; a Christmas lottery, fine food, and elegant night clubs. A lot of Buenos Aires folk go to Mar del Plata, about two hundred and fifty miles down the coast, for the summer, but those who don't mind a climate about like that of New Orleans can stay put and just go twenty miles out to Tigre, which is something of a blend of the Riviera and the Thousand Islands. Even cabarets like the big Tabaris move out there from the city for the season.

IN Brazil, you can fly from Rio to Poços de Caldas for a thermal cure comparable to those of Middle Europe, or investigate modern industry in São Paulo, or push up the Amazon about a thousand miles (eight hours by plane or six days by boat), or be awed by Iguazú Falls, which make our Niagara look like a twirp. You may do all these things some time or other, but if Mardi Gras is in sight (February 4th to 6th), I'd just stay right in Rio. Stop at the Gloria if you like being near shops and looking at the harbor, which is full of islands and mighty beautiful. To be near the ocean, you'll have to go out a few miles to the Copacabana—hotel, night club, and

Eaton's Merry Christmas Gifts of letter paper



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casino all in one. A roadway whizzing with cars separates the establishment from the beach, but that doesn't matter because the swimming there is undertowish and you'll probably prefer to go in the pool instead.

Orchids are everywhere. You slice through them if you golf, and taking the funicular up to Corcovado to see the city at dusk is like being in Switzerland, with orchids instead of edelweiss. During Mardi Gras week the shops are filled with masks, costumes, and confetti, and there are floats, lights, and dancing in the public squares. People reserve tables in restaurants and cafés all over the city, dance, and go around spraying each other with atomizers of perfumed ether (keeps them cool). In addition to the night clubs along the sea front, you may want to visit the Urca, where Carmen Miranda was discovered by Lee Shubert; at the end of a row of roulette tables a block long, there's a circular dining room lined with mirrors that's more Parisian than Paris ever was, if you can stand it. What with goldfish bowls foaming with flowers and lighted from below and all those sambas (their pet dance), it's no wonder everyone down there can keep going night after night on coffee. Their summer, by the way, is something like ours—no wraps at night, several swims a day, and all that sort of thing.

SOUTH AMERICANS say that Lima, Peru, is the most romantic city they've got. They lay it to Pizarro, who spent a pile of money when he took the city from the Incas to make it the capital of South America and apparently spent it well. The Bolivar (which, to my provincial amazement, is pronounced Bo-*lee*-var) is the hotel for visitors; after you've been there a while, maybe you'll find someone to put you up at the country club outside the city. *Limeños*

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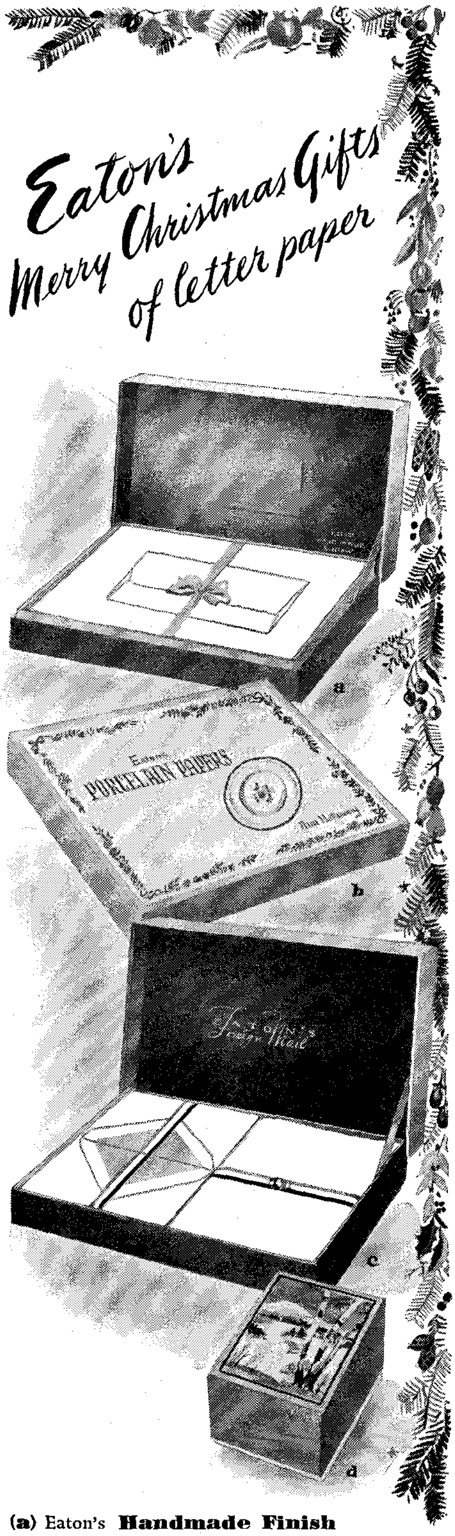

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(they're the people who live in Lima) have a habit of meeting around six for an apéritif and then going to the movies before dinner; they call the pause the *vermouth cinema*, and I don't think the custom will ever be established here. A place known as Chosíca, thirty miles out, is popular for weekends and in weather that's foggy in town, because it's high enough to have sun all the time; further out and still higher, there's Arequipa, where you go to see Inca and pre-Inca ruins. You can fly to Arequipa from Lima in three hours, but if you're archeologically in earnest and want to go on up to Cuzco, the old Inca capital, that's another story—trains are the only way to get there. Wherever you are, when you see something called a *quinta*, better investigate. Translated literally, it means a house with a garden, and you'll find it over the doors of some of the nicest inns in South America. The Quinta Bates at Arequipa is as well known as Claudia Darrell's in Bermuda, and for the same reason—its hostess. Mrs. Bates is a lady from Rensselaer County, in upstate New York, who went down there some fifty years ago and has been there ever since. It's her own house and garden, and she has to like your looks, or you don't get in. A lady named Mrs. Hope Morris runs a newer *quinta* at Chosíca.

Peru has wonderful roads, and the Tourist Club in Lima will be delighted to tell you about them. Pan American-Grace Airways will fly you all over the lot—to Ecuador, to Bolivia, to Argentina, to Chile, or to home, if you think it's time for that. —K. C. B.

•

Superior Samuel H. Blackmer of Bennington stopped over in Burlington last evening.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press & Times.*

Vermont is really getting insufferable.

•

WANTED—Housework, or work of any kind. Good housekeeper. Good cook. Mrs. Eva Lilly, at City Dump, or address Yreka, general delivery.—*Yreka (Calif.) Journal.*

We assume you'll leave the dump in apple-pie order, Mrs. L.

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Stanford University Daily*]

Statistics revealed that 1,714 cases, 41,136 bottles, 246,816 ounces of Coca-Cola passed down the parched gullets of approximately two out of every three persons at the game.

FOOTBALL

Cocky and Careless

SET Cornell down as the most generous team of the year. After handing one victory to Dartmouth when the moving pictures of the game caught the referee napping, Cornell, last Saturday, helped Pennsylvania out of a deep hole and so finished what had started out as a pretty wonderful season by losing twice in a row. I guess you do feel cocky after you've run up two touchdowns, in seven minutes, against a team like Penn, a stunt it took Michigan six times as long to pull. And I guess that, feeling cocky, you start throwing passes even from behind your own goal. Only, if you are really good, you don't carelessly throw them over the head of the man who is supposed to catch them—not when you're throwing them from such a perilous spot. One careless Cornell pass dropped out of anyone's reach. Then Matuszczak, the team's captain and quarterback, called for another pass. Murphy sailed the ball over his head and it dropped into the hands of the wrong captain—Frick of Penn. When the boys dragged Frick to the ground, Penn had a first down on Cornell's eleven-yard line, and when Penn had discovered, as it did in the next two minutes, that the Cornell line wasn't as tough as it might have been, there was no stopping the team.

Though neither squad was at full strength, Penn seemed to miss Dutcher's ball-carrying much less than Cornell missed the line play of Wolff and Hershey and Blasko. Reagan made up for Dutcher's absence. He tricked the Cornell defence into spreading wide by threatening to pass, and then ran with the ball instead; he kicked great, soaring punts that seemed to hang in the sky until the Penn ends got down under them to tackle whoever chose to catch the ball. At the end, he looked just as lively as he did at the start. The most heroic performance of the afternoon, though, was put on by Cornell's McCullough. Twice he had to lie down on the field while a doctor swabbed a huge cut over his right eye and taped and bandaged up his head, and twice he got up again to throw more of his deft and dangerous passes. Toward the end of the game, of course, the passes were only deft, because by then there seemed to be no one except Frick to catch the short ones, and no one at all who could hold onto the long ones.

People who believe in jinxes and such say that Matuszczak should never have carried the ball on Saturday. He had carried it only once this fall—for a three-yard gain against Dartmouth—and Cornell lost to Dartmouth. He carried it twice on Saturday, once for eleven and once for twenty yards, and Cornell lost to Penn. Still, if he had managed to catch the ball himself the time Frick got it instead, you mightn't ever have heard another word about that jinx.

HARLOW'S century plant opened a blossom on Saturday. Watching Harvard when Harlow has got it all geared up is a treat. Never mind if it is a long time between treats. A good Harlow team goes like this: The ball disappears into the backfield, and the line and backfield wheel to form interference for a wide end run. It is magnificent interference, and it has nothing whatever to do with the play. The man with the ball is really a small, mousy chap who hasn't paid any attention to what his teammates are doing; in fact, he is all by himself on the other side of the field, and running like hell for the enemy goal. This is a nice play, and last Saturday MacKinney made fifty-four yards on it against Yale. Just to show how good they are at palming the ball, Lee and Gardella did it out in the open once. Lee caught a punt, and as he started downfield, he appeared to hand it to Gardella. He didn't, but he made the Yale defence shift momentarily to cover Gardella too. By the time Yale knew Lee still had the ball, he was romping along behind a cloud of blockers, and no one could catch him.

Whatever made it such a bad season for Yale, it wasn't the coaching. All year long, ingenious and startling plays have been failing simply because the players who were good enough to learn them perfectly in practice weren't adept enough to carry them out under pressure. I still think that in Pond and Neale, Yale has the best coaching staff it ever has had.

—J. W. L.

• •

BRIGHT IDEAS

A Listing of Some of the More Luminous Sparks Recently Struck from the Minds of Serious Thinkers

LOCALE	THINKER	IDEA
Philadelphia	Dr. George E. Nitszche, recorder of the University of Pennsylvania	He advised Philadelphia to sell Independence Hall ($25,000,000 was his suggested price) and use the proceeds to balance the city's budget.
Washington	Virginia Ellis Jenckes	She proposed that the Japanese cherry trees at the capital be uprooted and cut into firewood in the interests of "true national defence."
Rochester	Mildred A. Yates, president of the Massachusetts Youth's Temperance Council	She suggested that the nation substitute prayer for the "5 P.M. cocktail hour."
Washington	Representative Usher L. Burdick of North Dakota	He told Congress that a century-old statue near the Capitol showing an Indian tomahawking a white woman should be "ground into dust" as a gesture of good will toward the red man.
Chicago	Walter Blaufuss, composer	He wanted the nations of the world to adopt "Sweet Adeline" as an international theme song in order to adjust their differences.
Olean, New York	Harry W. Marcus	He declared that what the country needed was a $25 bill.
Manila	Midgets of Tabayas Province	They passed a resolution that midgets be required to pay only half-fare on buses.
Columbus, Ohio	Dr. John A. Miller	He advocated installing electric lights on the bottoms of mosquito-breeding pools to lure the insects' larvae underwater and so drown them.
Boston	H. E. Williams, D.D.S.	He recommended making heart-shaped fillings for women's teeth, pointing out that "it's ethical, refined showmanship, and besides, the lady will have something nice to show her friends."

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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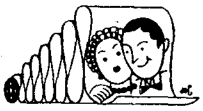

THE prize of this week's collection is certainly "Blackout," another thriller of the war abroad. It's as strenuous as "Foreign Correspondent," though Alfred Hitchcock had nothing to do with it. In both pictures, I find an objective, humorous, and easy use of the pictorial material of war life which I am inclined to consider typically English, for, after all, Hitchcock had just got here when he was put to work on Hollywood's "Foreign Correspondent." Both are frank melodramas, not interpretations of the human species under the stress of war. Both are out just to entertain us and, in that benign purpose, thoroughly successful. To be sure, there's also a care for detail in certain scenes of "Blackout," such as the early sequences of a freighter in the Channel, which may persuade a public no nearer the Solent than Long Island Sound that they have reportorial value.

The general slickness of the piece—not a slickness one resents in a film of this sort—smooths down the plot when it threatens to get out of hand. It's a wild plot of spies, and secret agents, and mysterious hideaways, and a beautiful and highly suspect lady, and awe-inspiring gallantry, too. The outline, you can see, is usual, but the proper British finish adds a fresh polish. Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt undergo most of the terrific adventures concocted for us, Miss Hobson being that suspect beauty and Mr. Veidt the Danish captain of the freighter, who finds a London night rich in variety. It appears to be Mr. Veidt's mission now to present European types, enemy or neutral, and though this particular rôle hasn't the force of his Nazi general in "Escape," requiring of him acrobatics rather than pathology, we may consider it instructive.

THE movie theatres throb with bright tunes this week, few of them new. There's "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby," an ancient lyric which, I am sure, no one has ever rendered with more poignance than Marlene Dietrich. Mme. Dietrich renders it again and again, with delightful results, in "Seven Sinners." It seems to be kind of a theme song here, as it has, indeed, in real life been one to many a yearner, ardent but impecunious. A

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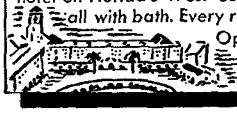

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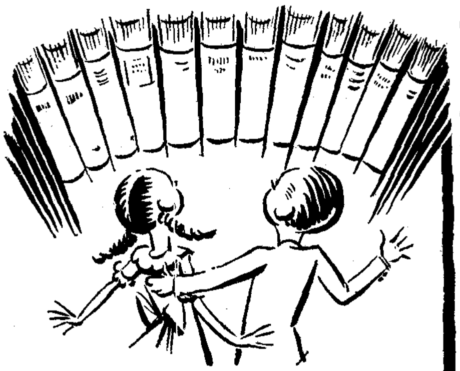

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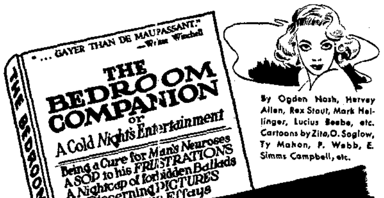
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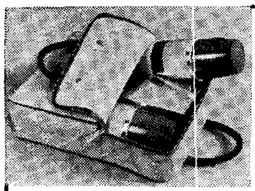

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brawl in a bar is a high moment, the scrappers consisting of all the local bums loose on a South Sea island, as well as a good contingent from the U. S. Navy, which happens to be about, too. The Commander of the Fleet finds Mme. Dietrich a problem. "The Navy has enough destroyers," he says in regard to her. Perhaps the rowdiness sometimes overwhelms Mme. Dietrich, though she has proved that she can withstand more than most. Mr. Pasternak, the producer, known for his triumphs with Deanna Durbin and other small fry, doesn't believe, evidently, that the mature should be spared anything.

Then Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, those intrepid songbirds, have come out of the great north woods, where frequently we have found them trilling, and handed us Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet," with the Coward songs and lots of Technicolor. Also lots of plot. The notable performers are seen often in silhouette, and at the end we are transfixed by a vignette of Miss MacDonald against an evening sky while the Eddy baritone comes out of the clouds. . . . "Too Many Girls" was just lifted bag and baggage to the screen, with Eddie Bracken and the Rodgers and Hart songs all intact. It's nice for New Yorkers who don't care for musicals on the stage. . . . "Tin Pan Alley" touches on Broadway history along around 1910-17, and shows us Alice Faye and Betty Grable in hobble skirts. It was the "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France" era, and the "Moonlight Bay" and "When You Were a Tulip" epoch. Nora Bayes, however, is the only historic figure actually represented, and she is a little slighted. Messrs. Oakie and Payne—John Payne—handle business details.

There's no music, not even "Lohengrin," in "Third Finger, Left Hand," which presents Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas. Mme. Loy is to be seen as a lady editor who finds that her job forces her to invent an imaginary husband for protection—a curious sidelight on editorial society which will surprise Condé Nast Publications and the *Ladies' Home Journal* group, and doubtless scare the pants off the Butterick people. Imaginary husbands lead to trouble, and trouble makes comedy, you know. Thinnish comedy.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

Miss B—— received a thorough petting when the shower overtook her. Sam P——, who happened along, was the hero of the occasion.—*Mariposa* (*Calif.*) *Miner*.

Protagonist might be a better word.

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BOOKS

Mark Twain from the Grave—A Saint and a Falcon

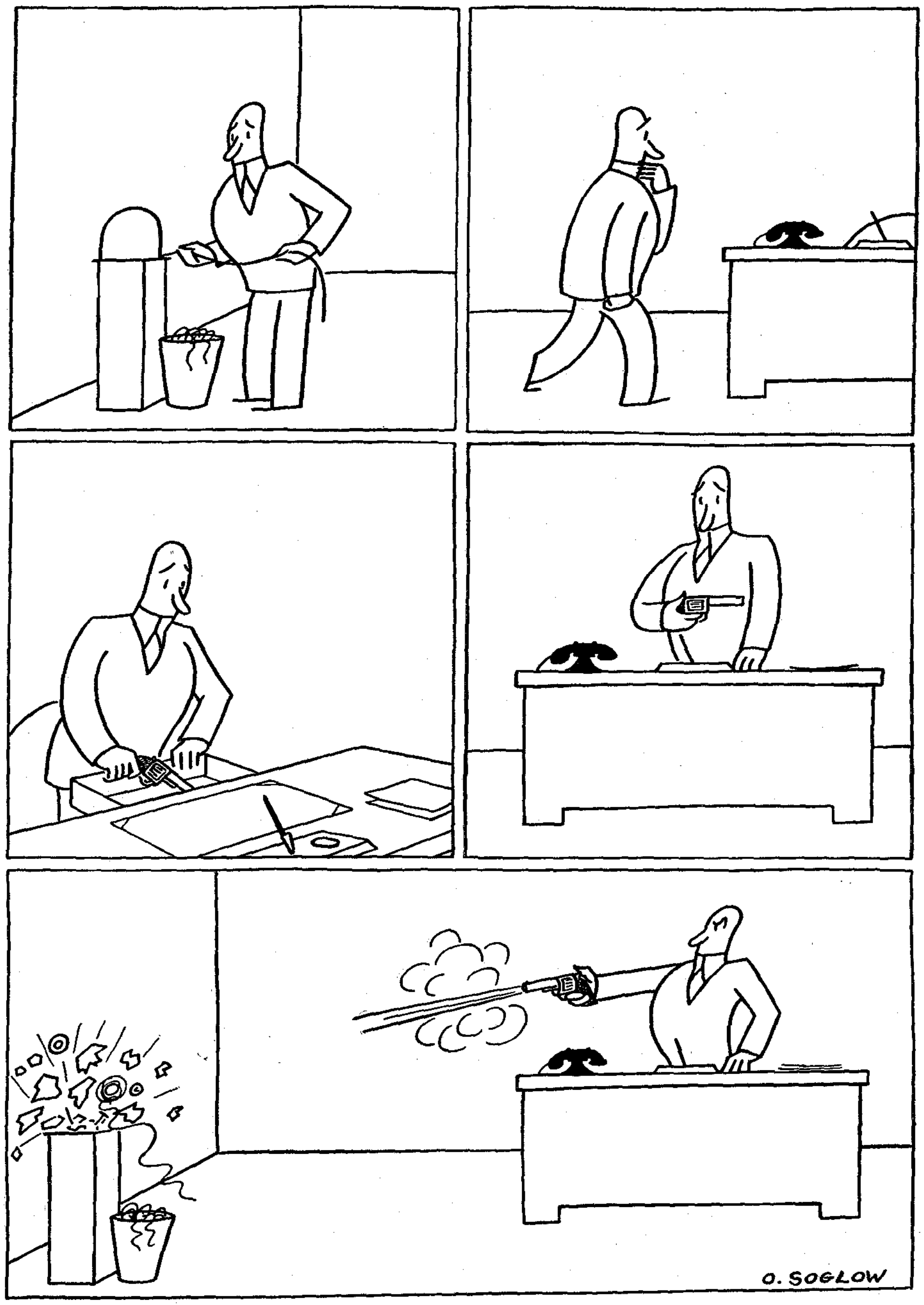
"MARK TWAIN IN ERUPTION" ends forever the legend of the genial Mark, the lovable, cigar-smoking humorist. We may as well accept the fact that he had a bitter, almost a curmudgeonly, streak in him half a mile wide, and that a good deal of what he really thought, he didn't have the courage to publish during his lifetime. All this doesn't make him any the less a great writer; no man is a "failure" who can create Huck Finn and the first half of "Life on the Mississippi."

It seems Mark Twain, scared to death of what Mrs. Grundy would say, left a whole pile of manuscripts to be issued at intervals after his death. Some of these odds and ends were published in Albert Bigelow Paine's edition of the "Autobiography," about as disappointing a book as ever came from the pen of a first-rate writer. Out of a part of the remainder, that sagacious Resurrection Man, Bernard DeVoto, has carpentered a book which may add little to Mark Twain's literary stature but a good deal to our understanding of his split temperament. For these essays, recollections, notes—call them what you wish—are the direct expression of the misanthropic moods he had to reflect obliquely in fictions like "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg" and symbolic fairy tales like "The Mysterious Stranger." "The human race is a race of cowards," wrote the mellow Mark, "and I am not only marching in that procession but carrying a banner."

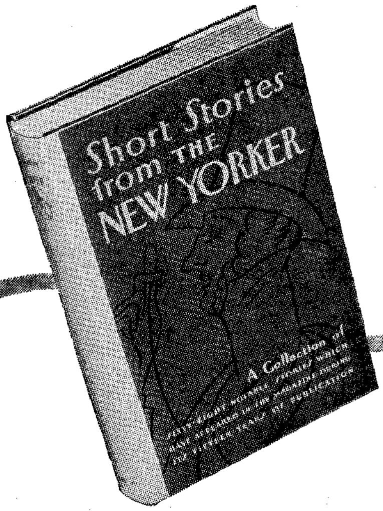
In his excellent introduction, Mr. DeVoto makes clear some of the roots of this misanthropy and explains its captious, moody, unanalyzed quality. It is akin, as he indicates, to the skeptical pessimism of a man very different from Mark Twain—the bloodless, super-analytical Henry Adams. Mark Twain, like Adams, saw America, as the century turned, committed irretrievably to a religion of mechanism and materialism. The most revealing pages in this book are devoted to his conviction that the republic was finished and that inevitably it was sliding into the abyss of monarchy, the Republican Party acting as the medium of transition. Theodore Roosevelt, with whom he hobnobbed, he hated with a deadly hatred. The panic of 1907 he summed up as follows: "A blight has fallen everywhere and Mr. Roosevelt is the author of it." The sentence illuminates the kind of private judgment which Mark Twain rarely permitted to enter his published works. At the same time it emphasizes the limitations of his understanding of the forces that were making his country into something far different from his beloved Hannibal, Missouri.

A strange man, this Mark Twain. In his private diary he could say of Senator Clark that he was "the most disgusting creature that the republic has produced since Tweed's time," but he did not hesitate to attend a dinner at which Clark was the guest of honor. His memoirs of Andrew Carnegie present that worthy as the repulsive windbag of conceit he undoubtedly was, but Carnegie was Mark Twain's friend for many years. Twain hated, as these pages show, the "plutocracy," distrusted the drift toward centralized financial power, saw through the pious trappings of monopolistic wealth, but, apparently by preference, associated with stuffed shirts, financiers, and the like. A kind of masochism seems to have driven him in this direction. Hating Theodore Roosevelt, he declares he will vote for Roosevelt's hand-picked candidate, Taft. Having no hope, he seems to have decided to enjoy sardonically the spectacle producing his despair. Not pretty, and Mark Twain knew it wasn't pretty, but he did nothing to make it prettier.

Not all of "Mark Twain in Eruption" is in this vein. There are some sunny reminiscences of Hannibal days,



This book, published last week, is a dazzling collection of 68 short stories representing the selected best of the short fiction that has appeared in The New Yorker since its first issue more than fifteen years ago.



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including an excellent job of sentimental recollection of the old minstrel show. There are many pieces about his unfortunate experiences in the publishing business which unconsciously reveal him as a vicious publisher-fighter and an eccentric, to say the least, businessman. There are valuable literary notes on a half-dozen of his books and a fine essay on the art of lecturing and platform reading. There are acid recollections of Bret Harte, Elinor Glyn, and Marie Corelli, and sweeter ones of Kipling and the British Winston Churchill. And there is a section called "Miscellany" that contains more than a suggestion of the magnificent artist who wrote "Huckleberry Finn."

All in all, a valuable book, readable in itself and indispensable for the new light it throws on the author. Mr. DeVoto's industry, taste, and knowledge of his subject have combined to produce a volume in which Mark Twain's voice speaks unmistakably, though from the grave. It is not that this is the "real" Mark Twain. It is merely a part of the Mark Twain that was not permitted to appear, except very indirectly, in his published works. It is the part—or part of the part—that his optimistic, expansive, hypocritical era would have frowned on. The indignant, furious, malicious, temper-losing, mediocrity-hating, self-castigating, emotional, despairing Mark Twain lives in these stray notes and jottings, as well as the humorous, skeptical, dry-voiced Mark Twain familiar to us from his canonized works.

MUCH as I admire the Franz Werfel of "Musa Dagh," I fear I cannot turn handsprings for his new novel, "Embezzled Heaven." As a long short story, it might have been a minor masterpiece of limited appeal, but he has so stuffed and overdecorated his slight tale that where it should be impressive it is merely solemn. Perhaps, too, some may object to its slightly sanctimonious tone. The general effect is that of a subtle mind straining to cast off its tradition of sophistication and replacing it, rather too obviously, with a cloak of oversimple piety.

The period of "Embezzled Heaven" is the mid-thirties. Its heroine is Teta Linek, an old Bohemian cook with a medieval soul. Her earthly desire is to serve her employers well. Beyond that, she hopes only to live and die so that she may be sure of heaven. As a guarantee of paradise, she undertakes for thirty years to pay for the priestly education of a scapegrace nephew whom she never sees till very near the end of her life.

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Henry Holt and Company, N. Y.

That life closes in the odor of sanctity, even though she finds that all her sacrifices have been vain and foolish.

I think the values of "Embezzled Heaven" are devotional rather than literary, despite the care with which the book is composed and a few affecting episodes. Had Mr. Werfel shortened it, let us say, to the length of "St. Julian the Hospitaller," he might have achieved the stained-glass religious effect that Flaubert so masterfully wrought. But, as it stands, "Embezzled Heaven," with all its unquestioned spiritual fervor, is a touch prosy.

Glenway Wescott, who has not given us anything of note since 1928, comes across with an odd and rather fascinating bit of neurasthenia called "The Pilgrim Hawk." Wescott is no Werfel; there are only 127 pages, and not a word is wasted. I'm not quite sure what "The Pilgrim Hawk" is about, but it seems to depict one of those D. H. Lawrence situations in which an animal—in this case a trained falcon—plays the rôle of an erotic symbol. The story deals with the Cullens, their love for each other, and the jealousy Mrs. Cullen's hawk arouses in the breast of the husband. The emotions awakened by this strange situation are all very tense and special, and Mr. Wescott does them full justice. One hopes that this is but the prelude to a work of greater scope and appeal. —Clifton Fadiman

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Short Stories from The New Yorker. A comprehensive and varied collection of fiction which has appeared in this magazine during the fifteen years of its existence. Some of the stories are sad, and some are comic; some are refined, and some are tough.

GENERAL

Fifth Column in America, by Harold Lavine. The editorial director of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis explains what the Communists and a few of the more than five hundred Fascist organizations in the country are up to. Thumbnail sketches of Moseley, Pelley, Kuhn, Father Coughlin, et al. Swift, semi-humorous journalism, but much of the data is familiar.

Brazilian Sketches, by Rudyard Kipling. A suite of seven vivid, opinionated travel essays, each prefaced by an appropriate verse, two or three of

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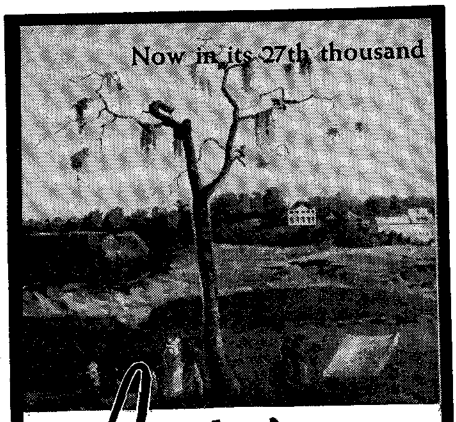

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which are notably Kiplingesque. A voyage to Brazil, a snake farm, impressions of Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo, and so on. Reprinted from various magazines.

WASHINGTON AND THE REVOLUTION, by Bernhard Knollenberg. The librarian of Yale University appraises some of the diplomatic, Congressional, and military aspects of the Revolution. He concludes that Washington was not quite unimpeachable, that the evidence tends to vindicate Generals Gates and Conway, and that the Conway cabal "is probably a myth." Readable and important. Full appendices.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK, by Sven Hedin, translated from the Swedish by Bernard Norbelie. Rambling biography of the Chinese marshal, now fifty-four, before the long, confused background of war and civil war in China. Lots of more or less discursive information and comment, but the book as a whole is too eulogistic to permit a clear analysis. Map and photographs.

THE REVOLUTION IS ON, by M. W. Fodor. The former roving European correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News* tells us what he saw during the invasion of France and the Lowlands, traces the development of Communist and Fascist ideas, and concludes that Italy, Germany, and Russia are in a parallel transitional phase that may lead eventually to libertarian revolt. Dorothy Thompson, in a foreword, tends to disagree with the author about the revolutionary character of Nazism.

THE ANATOMY OF BRITISH SEA POWER, by Arthur J. Marder. Britain's part in the naval race of the pre-dreadnought era, the evolutionary period of modern steel ships (1880-1905): the crises of those years, the constant and quick obsolescence in vessels and armament, the diplomacy of imperialism, and so on. A scholarly job, but not formidable. Appendices and end-leaf maps.

I MUST HAVE LIBERTY, by Isabel de Palencia. Autobiography of a Scottish-Spanish woman who grew up in the provincial society of Málaga but joined the movement for social reform that swept away the monarchy in Spain. After the Franco rebellion broke out, she lectured abroad. She was later appointed Loyalist Minister to Sweden and is now living in Mexico. Narrated with great warmth and intensity, this is probably the most affecting memoir so far deriving from Spain's years of crisis. Photographs.

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The Ill-Made Knight

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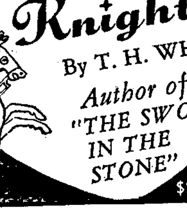


The Old Deal and the New, by Charles A. Beard and George H. E. Smith. Broad analysis and criticism of the Old Deal between 1875 and 1933, plus an assay of the New Deal. The authors are convinced that a permanent solution to the compound problem of underconsumption, public debt, and unemployment calls for the kind of group talent we haven't shown since the Constitutional Convention of 1787. Plays no favorites. A bang-up job. Tables.

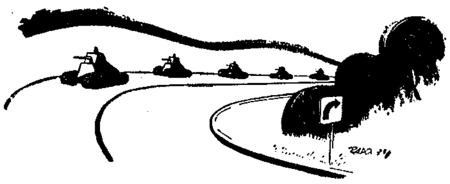
The Fire Ox and Other Years, by Suydam Cutting. Vigorous and superior travel adventure, covering the author's experiences during fifteen years of wandering in Chinese Turkestan, Chinese Tibet, Ethiopia, Assam, the Galápagos, Celebes, Nepal, and Upper Burma. "Fire Ox" is the year 1937 in Tibetan chronology. Maps in color and three color prints, besides 128 pages of excellent halftones.

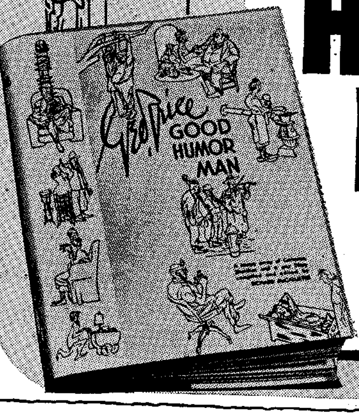
From Thirty Years with Freud, by Theodor Reik, translated by Richard Winston. A scrappy but interesting book by a disciple of Freud. Some recollections, some essays on Freud's ideas, and a few original contributions to psychoanalytical theory.

AP, by Oliver Gramling, illustrated by Henry C. Barrow. A big story: the annals of news-gathering in the United States, as typified by the growth of the Associated Press from its harbor-boat and pigeon-post origins in the early eighteen-hundreds. Fresh material and good reading.

Corn Bread and Creek Water, by Charles Morrow Wilson. Moving, intimate, valuable book about the American soil and the people who make a living from it—or don't, quite. There have been more and more of the latter in recent years, and the author tells why, what is being done about it, and what ought to be done. Photographs.

This Is My Own, by Rockwell Kent. Good, big slice of the artist's autobiography, in which he finds a haven in the Adirondacks, visits Ireland, Puerto Rico, and Brazil, and picks a bone with the Delaware & Hudson Railroad, the Republican "ring" of Essex County, New York, and the United States Treasury Department. The author writes like a fighting





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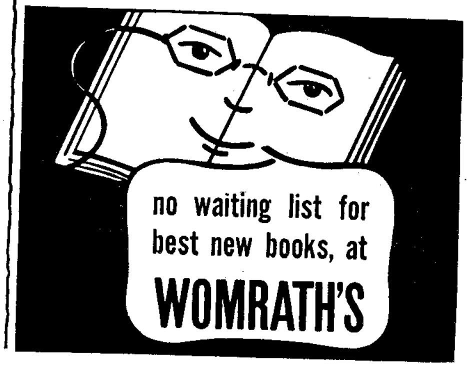

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FELLOW CITIZENS, by Gluyas Williams. The Inner Man, Industrial Crises, Club Life in America, Raconteurs, Literary Renegades, and other cartoons, many from this magazine—a whole book about city, and country, and even suburban life. With a suitable introduction by Robert Benchley.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SECOND MYSTERY BOOK, a good collection of Abbot, Ford, Frome, Rinehart, Stout, and Philip Wylie; the Rinehart contribution is slightly reminiscent of a true-detective magazine. Well worth looking into, especially because of Rex Stout's Tecumseh Fox story, "Bad for Business."

•

All right! Believe it or not, on December 23, 1930, I rose at 5 a.m. AS USUAL, exercised nude in room near zero, windows open all night; shaved, etc., nude, close to open window; took ice-water bath, lying still through 200 pulse beats; frictioned skin with wet washcloth until "turkey-red;" sat in open window, facing north, to dry, wind from north—lay on bed to let wind blow on nude body for five minutes; dressed in only tropic-weight coat, trousers, cotton shirt, oxford shoes and thin socks—have not worn overcoat, vest or underwear for years—and, thus attired, ran five miles to office in forty-eight minutes, over streets so sheathed in ice that traffic was demoralized all day. I'd have beaten the time over good streets. I was 82 on February 23, 1940. Although sweating freely, I was neither tired nor breathless. I immediately "chinned" myself, then suspended myself with each arm singly for twenty seconds, chin above the bar, and took other exercises.—*From a pamphlet issued by Dr. Jackson Foods, Ltd.*

Must be a nice office to work in.

•

GO CLIMB A TREE DEPARTMENT

[*From an article by Anna Mary Wells in Writer's Digest*]

Writing for *The New Yorker*, I've discovered, is a very specialized branch of the business of writing for publication. . . . I happen to have a fondness for the sort of sketches it publishes. They are the kind of thing I used to write for the college magazine.

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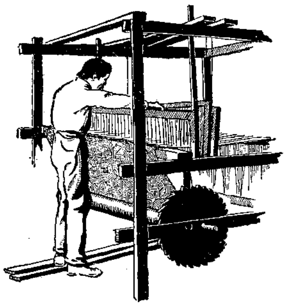

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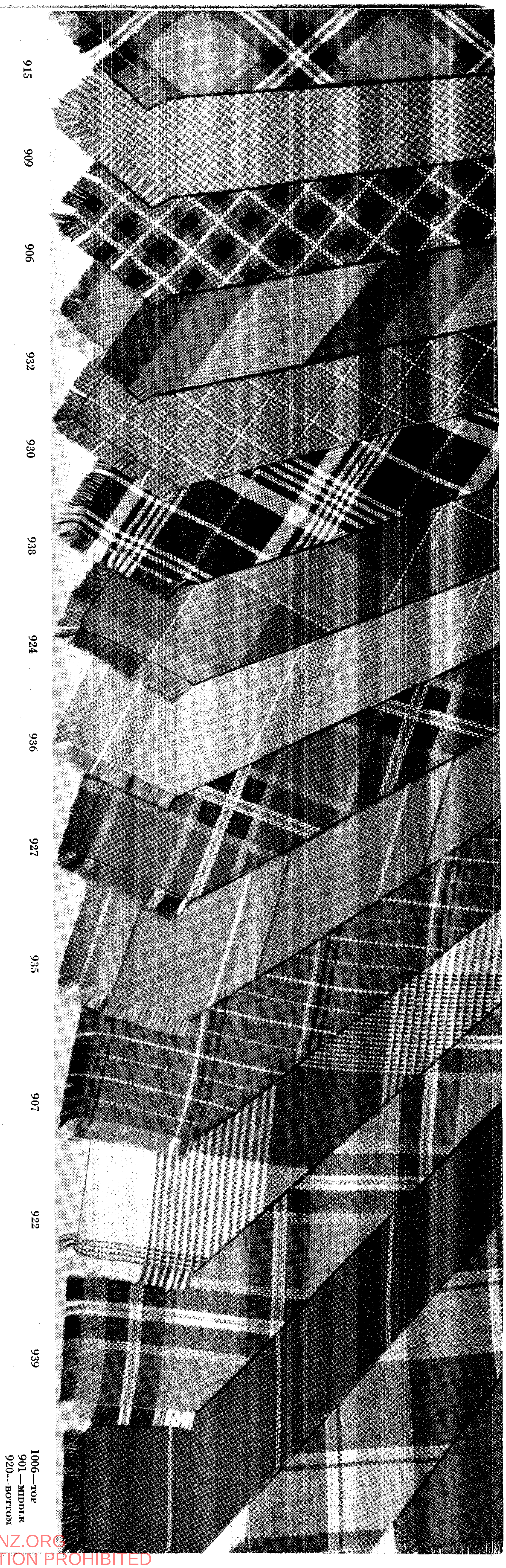

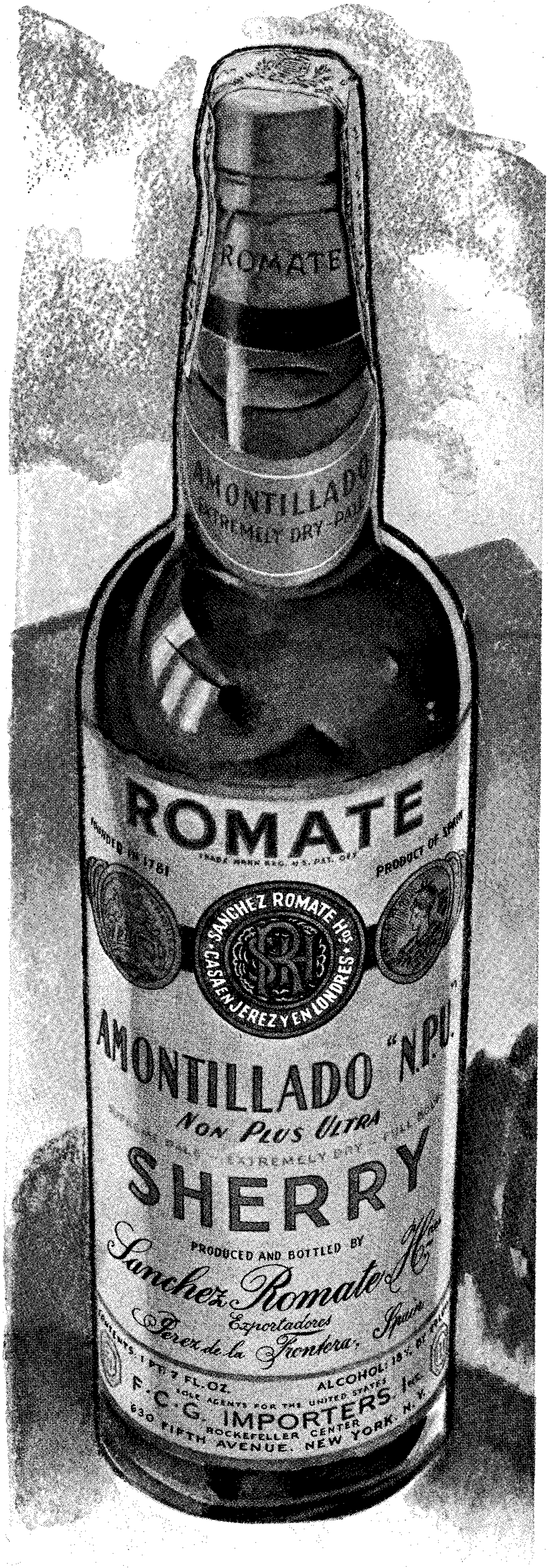

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